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THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

III.

MRS. VAREMBERG.

DAVID LANE'S house was spacious and comfortable, but, with its tower and ornamentation in the capricious style of irregularity that too often marks the early American striving after architectural effect, it could hardly be accounted anything more. It dated from a period long before his going abroad; now he would have done much better, but he had not thought it worth while to build again. He had only added, at the entrance to the grounds, a tall, handsome, wrought-iron gateway, like that of some foreign château. A row of conservatories flanked the house on the right hand, and clumps of shrubbery on the left.

The interior, on the contrary, was in excellent taste; here everything accorded with an intelligent and experienced luxury. As Paul Barclay waited in one of the drawing-rooms, while his name was taken above, his eyes rested upon a warm and harmonious coloring, — upon tapestries, pictures, and carvings, the trophies of travel and exceptional position that would naturally become such a family as this.

Mrs. Varemberg rustled down to him presently in a prepossessing toilette, that seemed to stand a trifle too much in relief, however, as if the frail figure

of its wearer had somewhat shrunk away from it. She was completing the clasping on her wrist of a bracelet of curious pattern, from which depended small tinkling golden ornaments.

"Is it indeed you? Is it actually Paul Barclay?" she asked, with much animation.

"Yes, I think there can be little doubt of it. There must be a certain solidity of effect about me, even now."

There was no lack of it in the strong, manly pressure of the hand he gave hers, which she held out to him in welcome.

"You have grown stouter," she said, beginning with the merest pleasant commonplaces.

"It is the result of long journeys and close confinement; I shall have to train down again. And you" —

"Oh, do not look at me at all! I forbid it. I am a mere bundle of aches and pains."

She was tall, for a woman, — not very far below Barclay's own height. Large, dark, softly lustrous eyes, with long lashes, illuminated most expressively a comely countenance, full of intelligence. A piquant nose and mobile, lovable mouth, seemingly meant for happier things, were contradicted by a pervading air of sadness. The corners of the mouth tended too fixedly downward, and there appeared upon the face sombre shadows of care and illness, which were

not wholly thrown off even under such vivacity of manner as she now chose to assume. Upon her slender and graceful neck turned a head of peculiar distinction, the excellent shape of which an arrangement of her plentiful dark-brown hair in a simple knot at the back well became. Her voice, in speaking, was charmingly sweet,—the voice of Florence Lane of old, modified now by tones of deeper meaning, derived from an eventful experience.

She had at times a harassing little cough, that awakened the concern of the beholder. There was a latent pathos in her smile, an elusiveness in her glance. The languor of weakness appeared in her movements, and an impaired vitality in the touch of her beautiful white hand. Her manner was refinement itself, without a trace of stiffness.

"Fading, distinctly fading," said the visitor to himself; "at this age, and she is five years younger than I. These are time's revenges. Ah, but I did not wish to be revenged."

"Let me see," pursued the lady, reflectively: "about the last I distinctly saw of you, you stopped one day at our château of Varemberg, not very long after my marriage." She slightly hesitated on the last word, and Barclay also winced. "Always impatient, full of the true American uneasiness! The place itself was rambling and curious enough to have detained you a little longer; but, no, nothing could make you stay over more than one train. Since then, I fear I have scarcely even known whether you were living or dead."

"And might one suppose that you have cared the merest trifle?"

"Why, yes, I will frankly admit that I have. I suppose you have been practicing one of your learned professions,—I remember you were accomplished in more than one,—and have forgotten all about us in the mean time. When did you leave New York?"

"I have left Jerusalem, Calcutta,

Cape Town, Tamatave, the isles of the sea, everywhere but New York."

"I do not quite understand."

"I have been making a tour of the world for the past four years, and am only now on my way home."

"You must have seen everything that is rare and curious, in that time?"

"I have been at some few out-of-the-way places,—sometimes so far from civilization as to know very little of its goings-on. I cannot profess even now a very exhaustive acquaintance with them."

There was some hidden meaning in this, but she did not yet know what it was.

"And this formidable air of man of the world, with which you have come back,—do I like it, or don't I?" she said, putting her head playfully a trifle on one side, in a critical way. "Yes, I don't know but I do. Do you mind my saying that?"

"Not if you think you can conscientiously be so flattering."

"Oh, I can for once in a way."

"This is the second time I have been referred to as a man of the world to-day. I must do something to get back my native air of modesty, my natural look of student and recluse. These false pretenses will not do."

"You will never get that look back again. And you had more of it than you may think, for all your scoffing. It was a charming look, too. Yes, you have changed."

"Yes, I have changed," he admitted, and smiled with a certain pleasure in the effectiveness of his new panoply.

"Who was the other that called you a man of the world?"

"A little Miss DeBow, whom I met on the steamer."

"Ah, you came on the steamer, then?"

"Did you not know it?"

"How should I have known it?"

"It was in the papers," he said simply.

"I do not always even read the papers; I live so quietly."

No further mention was made of the accident, and it was not till later that she knew of it and its real significance. She was thinking, too, of other things in his regard, and yielded to the momentary inadvertence of a mind that, though perfectly courteous in intent, has been a little strained and wearied.

"Miss Justine DeBow is one of our local beauties of the younger generation, whom I observe from afar off," she next said. "I believe she holds herself on quite a high and peculiar pedestal of her own."

"On what does her unusual claim to distinction rest, if one might inquire?"

"Ah, that is it,—she holds herself so, that is all. When one makes claims of that kind, persistently enough, he generally ends by overcoming the resistance. She has her little ambitions. Did she not treat you very graciously? She is by no means gracious to all, I am told."

"I suppose I can hardly complain of my treatment."

"You are one of the kind she would naturally like. Did you lose your heart to her? You will be made much of by all the Keewaydin belles, and notables of every kind, if you will stay. Learned travelers and *dilettanti* are by no means common among us — But I forget: probably there is a Mrs. Barclay, by this time?"

"There is no Mrs. Barclay."

The visitor mentally accused her of a lack of fineness. This was not her natural manner, as he had known it; she seemed to have borrowed another for the occasion, from some source lower down. It was well to skim over the surface of things, to pretend that nothing of unusual moment had ever taken place between them, and treat the past as irrevocably settled; that was what he had meant to do, that was what he was doing himself. But need she have gone

far out of her way, as it seemed, to put her finger on a wound which, for aught she knew, might still be open and bleeding? She was not to be supposed to know that it had entirely healed.

"Then you *will* stay?" she rattled on. "I assure you, as a resident, that our small city will feel flattered to be added to your collection of rarities. May I ask how it already answers to your expectations?"

"It could hardly have surpassed them; the exceptional charms of Mrs. Varemberg had given me too high an ideal of it for that," he replied, with one of those courtly satirical bows used in this kind of parley. "You may remember, in the old times, that I always wanted to see it. I have relatives here, the Thornbrooks,—absent, by the way, just now,—and my father died here. But it is a matter of business that brings me at present. I shall have to be off again to Eau Claire and Marathon County, tomorrow. I may stop a few days, on my return, but even that is uncertain."

"It was doubly good of you to come and find me, under the circumstances. But tell me, lost so long in the wilds and jungles of the antipodes as you were, how did you know where I was? How had you heard anything about me?"

"I have to confess that I really knew very much less than you may suppose. I followed your name up the river, on the revenue cutter, and the young girl I have mentioned began to talk of Mrs. Varemberg."

"And then you went over the list of V's, and said, 'Dear me! it seems as if I do remember knowing a person of that name once.'"

"Yes, all that is, naturally, what one would say."

Again the forced note, the slight jarring upon his sensibilities. Was it bravado, was it defiance, lest he should gloat over her sufferings? For that she had suffered, mentally and physically,

no one could look at her and deny. Far, indeed, was it from him to think of gloating over her. He was grieved beyond measure at her invalid aspect and the hint of her misfortunes he had heard. He would once have given his life to spare her uneasiness; and nothing that had happened, or could ever happen, could set aside the fundamental regard he had entertained for her, or replace it by small personal pique.

He was facing his past, the central episode of his existence, the woman who had disrupted his life, like one of those cataclysms in nature that leave nothing behind them as it had previously stood. He had said long since, "It is for the best. Everything that is is right;" and he was half tempted to add to it now, "We would never have done for each other. It is very clear."

When something terrible has happened to a man, in this world of ours, he does not necessarily go about rending his garments and crying it at the top of his voice. He need not do this even at the time of its occurrence; still less when he has wholly recovered, and feels himself reconciled to his fate. It was not that Barclay had been formally jilted. He had not proposed and been rejected in so many words; pride, diffidence, a multitude of circumstances, had prevented that. But he had loved and lost the Florence Lane whom he had described to Justine DeBow. He had had to see her become the wife of another, when she must have known of his own absorbing devotion and desire to offer her his hand. His remote visit to the château referred to had been an attempt to harden himself to the sight of her new happiness, a desperate remedy which he could not endure. He had fled from it, and, unsettled in all his habits, views, and plans, had begun a desultory course of wandering over the face of the earth, which had lasted till now.

He had long considered himself cured.

He felt quite callous to his pain, and cynically disposed to make light of it as a small matter, — something very commonly happening to young men, and no doubt wisely intended to give their sentimental economics a proper exercise. It was probably better than not for him to have gone through this experience.

He had been uncertain, even, which hemisphere contained her when he found her here. He said to himself that, in this brief visit, he wanted only to see how she looked; what she had become; how she, on her side, had stood all these years and her altered fate. There was pathos, it is true, in the fragment of her story he had heard, and he was moved by it, but, apart from this, he believed himself stirred by no warmer motive than a calm, retrospective interest. The interview was going to have a kind of pensive luxury for him; he was going to conjure up a faint, sweet spectre of his buried hopes. It would be like tracing the path of some imminent danger he had escaped, or walking, convalescent, on a battle-field where he had been left for dead.

He had both a better opinion of himself than formerly, and a worse. He put down his slight feeling of irritation, and said to her in effect, if not in so many words, —

"It was by no means a person to be regretted that you have missed. I have had ample experience of him in the mean time, and can speak with full authority."

They began to chat of many common reminiscences of their life abroad. A listener must have gathered that they had once been on most excellent terms.

"Do you remember," Mrs. Varemberg asked, "our rides in the forest of Saint Germain? We used to go out in our habits, dine at the Pavillon Henri Quatre, and return on top of the train."

"And do you remember," her companion rejoined, "our evening at the *fête foraine*, on the exterior boulevards?"

"Yes; you had dined with us at the Legation, and you made us go, on the pretext that it was 'local color' and characteristic foreign life. My poor aunt, Mrs. Clinton, nearly caught her death of cold, with your local color, and your tombolas, and the 'Four Horrible Tortures' " —

"And the 'Bird Lottery,' and the 'Torpedo Girl' " —

"And the 'Man of Fire.' 'Entrez, Mesdames et Messieurs! Moi, je suis l'Homme du Feu,' " she said, quoting. " 'Pas dix sous, pas huit sous' " —

"Pas six sous, — not even five sous, only four miserable sous, — to come in and see the most wonderful, the most incredible, phenomenon in the world," added Barclay, promptly completing the jargon.

"You were forever trying to drag us about to some crumbly old ruin or other, or some impossible rookery with a lot of queer people in it."

"I must do you the justice to say you did not always come."

"Of course I did not. I remember you always picked out even your hotel by its picture, and would rather have one that had been a mediæval donjon than another with the *cuisine* of a Vatel or Blot."

"You speak with the proper American contempt of such things."

"Still, I shall never quite know how much you had to do with influencing my destiny, by inspiring in me the same sort of unprofitable fancies."

She laughed, but her laugh was broken by the harassing cough.

Influencing her destiny? Had he, then, ever influenced it in the slightest degree? Ah, if she could but know how she had influenced his! As he sat there, it gave him an involuntary thrill to look back upon such an absolute waste and devastation.

"And now that you have returned to your native land, no doubt you have some extraordinary avocation in view?"

"None of the ordinary avocations greatly attract me, to tell the truth. I do not seem to care much for the honors they have to give, and I have money enough for my moderate wants."

"Naturally, with your many opportunities for enjoyment, you will avail yourself of them, and be a man of leisure," Mrs. Varemberg amended, as in polite deference to his probable intention.

"Why, no. I had thought of taking up some form of business."

"Now it is *you* that are American, — the greed for gain, after all, 'the ruling passion strong in death.' "

"Who was that celebrity," asked Barclay, acknowledging this only by a smile of indulgence, "who said that but for his cursed thirst for glory, how contented he could be in private life?"

"It was not I, — perhaps it was Frederick the Great."

"Well, I am something like him; I have an ambition."

"Ah, he has an ambition," she repeated after him in soft raillery.

"I wish to put in a stroke for the good of humanity."

"That is an ambition, indeed."

"Yes. How does something in the way of a manufacturing enterprise strike you?"

"Like Alice in Wonderland, I'm afraid I don't quite understand. Do you mean to manufacture some article of such exceeding use that the whole level of human comfort will be raised? Let me see, — it will hardly be pianos; perhaps it will be a good waffle-iron, for which I am told there is a popular demand."

"You are a scoffer; the bears will probably come out of the woods and eat you up. The fact is that I have a certain interest in the working classes."

"Really!"

"I fell in, on my travels, with a philosopher, who interested me in this class of questions." He went on to give some

account of a man, part dreamer, part thinker, of keen and original opinions, whom he had met, retired amid the orange groves of Southern California. He had already written a treatise that had made a wide stir in the world; and Barclay had been admitted to his confidence while he was at work on another. "He finds that poverty keeps pace with progress, and is even promoted by it. Competition is forcing even the prudent and industrious to take the bread out of one another's mouths. And, on the surface, it all seems to be nobody's fault; only the slow, grinding effect of natural laws."

"Your sage tells nothing we have not heard before, it seems to me."

"No, but the difference is that *he* is *hopeful* about it; he thinks something can be done."

"I supposed it was a kind of dispensation of Providence; that is the usual way of talking."

"I had rather not think so meanly of Providence. I prefer to lay it to the greed and indifference of men."

"And you are going to put this remedy you speak of into operation?"

"Hardly that, though at first I believe I was almost a convert to his theory. It seemed, however, rather too simple and straightforward to be true. It proposes a state ownership of the land, and that sort of thing. My conservatism got the upper hand of me. I conclude only to be a fellow investigator, and devote myself to finding out the conditions of the problem,—the great problem of our age and the immediate future."

"There are too many *people*. I have heard it proved at my father's dinner-table."

"There are *not* too many people, and there never will be till all the waste places of the earth are made to blossom as the rose. Is there not created with every mouth a pair of hands to feed it?"

"Why, yes, it would seem reasonable to suppose so."

"Every man's labor ought to add a value to every other man's. Under a proper state of things, we ought to look upon one another, even in the most swarming crowds, with a friendly warmth, and consider that we directly benefit one another's existence. We should hear no more of the profane vulgar and keeping them at a distance."

Nobody could have had a more pleasing modesty than he in the statement of his views. There was not a trace of the prig or egotist about him. At the least sign of wearying the attention or appearing to make high-flown pretensions, he was ready to stop, turn aside, and laugh, even at himself.

"It sounds beautifully," said Mrs. Varemberg. "And all this you propose to accomplish in your manufactory?"

"In an establishment of one's own, you know, he could study the character, habits, needs, and possibilities of his working people at first-hand; he need no longer hear them from demagogues or task-masters. Some sort of political career might be the best way of putting his information in practice. Why should I not take a little different career from others, if I choose? Am I not one of the kind that can afford it?" he asked, as if defending himself.

"What will you do for *me* in your millennium?" his companion broke in.

"Anything that is possible. What shall it be?"

"Ah, that is hard to say, unless it be to recommend me a new doctor. Everybody recommends me a new doctor; it is really quite remiss in you not to have done so already."

"Ah, you are not well!" exclaimed Barclay, with deep sympathy. "Let us talk no more of these vagaries. Tell me of yourself! What is the meaning of this distressing cough?"

"It is only a cold I took, at the theatre at Brussels, and I do not seem to

quite shake it off. It may have touched some pulmonary organ a little. But it is not an interesting subject."

"You must be cured; this will not do."

"Then there is need of the physician who can 'minister to a mind diseased.'"

It was the first reference to her troubles.

"I feel awkwardly in speaking of it," said Barclay, hesitating, "but may I say how pained and shocked I have been to hear of the unfortunate circumstance, of the — the — termination of?" —

"Oh, do not think I complain," she rejoined hastily. "Having chosen one kind of life, why should I find fault because it is not another?"

"I find it hard to understand. You seemed so adapted to each other, — you seemed so content with him."

"He lost his money, and I left him," said Mrs. Varemberg, looking at her visitor fixedly.

"What!" he cried, incredulous.

"He promised to endow me with all his worldly goods, and if he lost them, instead, or had none in the beginning, why should I stay with him?"

This was clearly perversity. No really mercenary nature would accuse itself thus openly of its baseness. But was there, too, an atom of truth in it? Had she become mainly hard and flip-pant, taken all the worse instead of the better turnings, and succumbed to a thorough-going worldliness, concerning which, he remembered, he had once entertained misgivings? Or was this but the pathetic bravado of one who would not display her sufferings before witnesses? He was puzzled, and could not determine.

"You have changed, too," he sighed.

"How?" she asked, prepared to receive a serious answer.

But he thought best to turn it all aside lightly with, —

"Oh, in your liking for personal ornaments. 'Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,' he quoted. "Once

your taste was simplicity itself; jewelry was your pet aversion."

"It is my poor attempt to conceal the ravages of time," she replied, clasping again at the bangle with its tinkling ornaments. She had seized it in a nervous way, at the last moment, as she came down. "The years are passing, my friend."

They had risen, and made a few steps towards the door, when a noise drew Mrs. Varemberg's attention to the library, adjoining.

"Papa," she called, awaiting the answer in a listening attitude, "this is Mr. Barclay. Will you not come and see him?"

She went to the handsome *portière* which separated the rooms, and drew it aside.

David Lane was there, stock still, but he now moved a little towards them. He looked old and broken; his face was phenomenally seamed with wrinkles. He almost glared at Barclay, and breathed in stertorous fashion.

"You are quite well, I trust?" he said, in a stiff, formal way. "It is many years since we last met you."

He had risen but now from his meditations over the evening paper. The journal still lay as it had fallen from his hand on a richly-draped table, by which stood his chair, protected from draughts by a high, folding screen.

There was also present an elderly lady, Mrs. Clinton, David Lane's sister and the manager of his household. She was dressed in some sort of durable black bombazine stuff, after her most usual custom. She had a figure in very good case, a peculiarly florid complexion, and a good deal of "manner," as the saying is. She would beam suddenly in her greeting, as if overjoyed to see the visitor, but the next moment this rapture was apt to die out and leave a certain blankness, as if she had already forgotten his existence. She was a mistress of all the arts of routine, a person of

good judgment in the more ordinary affairs of life, but without any marked individuality, and she remained as she began, a figure of minor importance in these affairs.

How well Barclay remembered the last meeting with David Lane at Paris! His brief retrospect took somewhat the following form:—

“I went to him for counsel, in my distracted state. I had met his daughter in the heyday of her youth and beauty. She had a prestige in two hemispheres. Suitors of title and fortune had offered themselves. The great Bradbrook himself, reputed for his eccentricity and his millions, had come over expressly from New York in his own yacht to win her, and been rejected. She gave me her friendship, — happy that I was! — and next, I aspired to nothing less than herself, dazzling though her prospects were. I was then self-critical, self-torturing, full of scruples, squeamishness, and an unpractical reverence. I saw in her every excellent quality of head and heart, and her beauty possessed me with a perfect madness. How well and strong, how lithe and round and fine at every point, she was! How her white teeth sparkled! What a fascinating malice in her smile, innocent, nevertheless, of conscious guile! The siren had sung to me, and my bones were bound to bleach on the shores of her island as sure as that I was alive. I harrowed my soul with devices for testing her favor. Now I said, ‘She loves me.’ Now, ‘She loves me not.’ In despair, I flew at last to her father, and asked him for his good offices.

“‘Do not for one moment think of it!’ he replied. ‘You will but incur the pain of a certain refusal. I can now speak only vaguely, but she is not free. Other views are entertained for her, and I beg you, as a gentleman, to do nothing to embarrass a course that is in accord both with her own inclinations and her best good and happiness.’

“These ‘other views’ must have been Varemberg. I had no idea that he had already made such headway in her affections and the general favor. He was of brilliant parts, a handsome presence, and at home in all the usages of society. He seemed to amuse her. She had met him with her father in their travels, and been entertained by him at his quaint, time-honored château. They had met, also, at the court of Berlin, a sister of his, married to a chief lord in waiting: and this proud dame, an associate of all the Radziwills, the Hatzfelds, the Trachenbergs, and the princes of Thurn and Taxis, had, no doubt, contributed to the bedazzlement. This match was pushed rapidly forward. As in a kind of paralysis, I stood and saw it go on. Surely she must have known my feelings towards her, and must have heard from her father what I had said to him.”

“Mr. Barclay has magnificent ideas,” explained Mrs. Varemberg to the others; “he is going to reform the universe.”

“There is so much questioning now of all that custom had considered settled,” sighed her aunt drearily.

“Perhaps some divine rights of custom will have to go, like the divine right of kings,” rejoined the new humanitarian.

“I’m afraid you are rather dangerous,” commented the aunt, casting at him a look of certain suspicion.

This good lady herself did not indulge in drollery, and comprehended only the most conventional aspect of things.

“Oh, he *is* dangerous,” insisted Mrs. Varemberg: “he thinks there ought to be charities to keep people out of the gutter, instead of lifting them when they are in it. And the worst of it is he has all but brought me around to the same way of thinking.”

“My brother,” said Mrs. Clinton, “has done a good deal in that way, by

means of his public library, industrial schools, and the like."

David Lane had taken but small part in the conversation; he appeared preoccupied, and watched the young man in a keen, nervous way, apart. With a final civil commonplace or two to the visitor, he withdrew, and Mrs. Clinton, summoned by some household care, soon followed him.

"I never quite get over the impression that your father does not like me," said Barclay.

"Why should he not?"

"How can I tell? I have felt this adverse influence when near him, and yet he has done me many favors when at a distance. It puzzles me."

"He has the best heart in the world. Allow us our little eccentricities."

There stood a large geographical globe in the room. Placing a hand upon it, Mrs. Varemberg revolved it, nonchalantly, and said, —

"Show me where you have been!"

Barclay pointed out a few of the places of his more remote expeditions. He said he had at one time thought of mining in South Africa; and again, of planting coffee in Mexico; and again, sugar in the Sandwich Islands.

"But you came back, after all?"

"Why, yes, I came back. This is the field for new experiments, this is the country of the future."

"I do not quite understand your interest in the working classes. Why should a young man of fortune bother his head about the working classes?"

Barclay could not tell her his true motive. It was not in order; it would now, probably, never be in order. He could not say to her that the pain she had made him suffer had softened, not hardened, his heart, and turned him upon observing the miseries of others. If he had formulated his motto, it might have been, "Taught by misfortune, I pity the unhappy."

The interview was now at an end.

Barclay's imagination sighed over this lost love of his more than he had deemed possible. It was all just as he had expected, but he had not meant his philosophy to be so much disturbed. He wished he had not to go away and leave her thus suffering; then he should have been much easier in his mind.

"Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," echoed Mrs. Varemberg. "You have drawn me out of myself; you have been a distraction to me. Sometimes I scarcely see a living soul from one month's end to another. Now I shall return to my medicine-bottles with a new zest."

And she rounded out with a smile of latent pathos a poor fiction, as if her illness were really one of the most agreeable things in the world.

David Lane, meanwhile, had gone to his chamber, and sat down, in deep melancholy, by a window that commanded a view of the *Golden Justice* afar. Even at night some wandering gleams of radiance sought her out, and it was rare that she was not visible.

"She does not forget," he muttered; "she is still waiting for me."

"What fatal portent is it that brings this young man here?" he said, again.

Some hours later, when the house was dark and presumably sunk in slumber, he made his way along the wide halls, and knocked at the door of his daughter's chamber.

"Are you well? Are you warm enough?" he asked. "I was afraid the furnace was not working as it should."

Receiving replies in the affirmative, he added, as if by the way, in turning to depart, —

"Will this young Mr. — Barclay stay long in the place?"

"Oh, no, he is only passing through; he goes to-morrow."

With this, he went back, easier in his mind, to his own apartment, to seek the repose that had fled from his pillow.

IV.

A TRUER PICTURE OF MRS. VAREMBERG.

Paul Barclay departed, next day, on his journey to the upper part of the State, as he had proposed. On his return, he found himself detained at Kee-waydin rather longer than he had expected to be. The scheme of establishing a colony on his lands in Marathon County had much taken his fancy; he closed with an offer made him, and was obliged to wait for and confer more or less with the leading parties to the transaction. Then there were new adjustments to make in regard to his city property, now that he had taken the management of it into his own hands; and there was Maxwell. Maxwell, half forgotten meantime, but by no means himself forgetful, had prepared a written statement, carefully carried out in detailed figures, displaying the condition and prospects of the Stamped-Ware Works, and had been several times to his hotel to seek him, in his absence. The rescued manufacturer talked a great deal, with a warm enthusiasm natural to him, and finally induced Barclay to go down to the factory and look at it for himself.

"It needs only a little more money," he said, "to set all these wheels going again to their utmost capacity. Supposing, merely for the sake of the argument," he suggested in fine, "that you should feel disposed to join us, and put in the mortgage you hold on the concern as your share of the capital: why, that alone would float us, and a most profitable future would be insured."

Curiously enough, Barclay was rather impressed, in the sequel, with the representations made him, and thought good to advise upon this, together with some other of his affairs, with his relative Thornbrook, who had been an excellent and conservative man of business in his day.

"It looks well, — in some aspects very well," said Thornbrook. "If you were one who could stay here and look after such an enterprise, or personally take a hand in it, I should see no objection to it at all; but to go away, and leave it behind you as a mere investment in the charge of another person, is a very different matter, and that I should by no means recommend."

The unforeseen duration of Barclay's stay in the place made it incumbent on him, or at least furnished him an excellent reason, to renew his visits to Mrs. Varemberg. With his limited acquaintanceship, and the but slight demands on his time in the hours when he was not engaged in his business matters, it would have been strange indeed if he had not gone to inquire again after her health; he assured himself that it would not have been even civil not to do so.

Mrs. Varemberg welcomed him in pleasant surprise, and showed a friendly interest in all his recent doings. Her father, she said, was absent at the East; he had been called away on business, and would not return for a month.

Under her encouragement, Barclay described his journey at full length. All his knocking about the world and his trying experiences had not yet spoiled a receptive and impressionable nature, nor made him a *blasé* traveler. He had still a large fund of freshness remaining, and could be depended on to find almost everywhere — even in places that would have seemed the most unpromising — some entertaining or picturesque feature or novel matter for reflection. On the present occasion, he went on to speak of the high, healthy farming region he had traversed; of the bold, thriving inhabitants; of villages of polyglot foreigners, Germans, Scandinavians, Dutch, Poles, and Swiss, keeping up their own manners and customs and languages; of the sturdy lumbermen, rafting their logs down the swift Chippewa and Wisconsin to the Mississippi; and of the un-

broken forests of his own remote domain. He had come upon a pretty spot that had once been picked out by an eccentric Prince Paul of Würtemberg to be the retreat of his old age; and, again, an Indian reservation, where the wrinkled old chief, Yellow Thunder, squatted and sunned himself at his wigwam cabin door, like some archaic image in bronze.

All this he told her, with a certain enthusiasm and a vivid way he had of making the most of small details when he chose to exercise it; but he did not tell her how much she had filled his thoughts in the mean time. Some notion of offering himself to be a medium in effecting a reconciliation between her and her husband had even floated vaguely through his brain. For his part, he recollected Varemberg as a very pleasant fellow. Varemberg had endeavored, in those old times, to be particularly civil to him; and though he could not accept these overtures, it was a date when he had been easily touched by kindness, and he cherished a grateful remembrance of them. He knew that these domestic ruptures are too often but the result of some wretched misunderstanding, trivial in the beginning, and widened to a tragic gulf by willfulness and lack of judgment on both one side and the other. There were such cases, at least, whether this were one of them or not, and a sympathetic mediator, acting with prudence, might do a great deal towards repairing them.

He made his first suggestions, however, in regard to her health. Some remedies that had proved beneficial in cases rather like hers occurred to him, and he ventured to recommend them to her. He recommended also exercise; he was a great believer in it on his own account, had always much to say in its favor, and was inclined to regard active motion as the sovereign panacea.

"If you only keep moving actively enough," said he, "the reaper Death, who goes but a hobbling gait with his

scythe, will have a long chase, and hard work to catch up with you at last."

No doubt he was rather unpractical in some of his ideas. Mrs. Varemberg smiled at some of the propositions offered by one of his own robust physique to one of hers, but she conceded somewhat to his theory by saying with a certain bravado, —

"Illness, after all, is the only real misfortune."

Barclay showed a considerable bent towards taking charge of things, and had the limited period of his proposed stay permitted he would perhaps have endeavored to take charge of her, in this particular direction.

When he came to trench, delicately, on the subject of her domestic unhappiness, she adhered to the tone of audacious flippancy she had adopted at first; she seemed to take a perverse pleasure in trying to put herself before him in the worst possible light.

"By your own showing," said he lightly, availing himself of the license she thus gave him, "we must admit you have treated Varemberg rather badly."

"Of course I have treated him badly. Has it taken you all this time to arrive at that brilliant conclusion?"

She was certainly amusing in this mood, if it were taken entirely from the worldly point of view, but Barclay went away from these interviews with doubt and sadness in his heart. It was the devastation of an exceptional character, the searing over, as with a hot iron, of the tender sensibilities, in the loss of which no fine and delicate moral touch was possible, that he seemed to witness.

But he was shortly to be undeceived. He sat on one of the cushioned sofas in the lobby of his hotel, where a business acquaintance had just left him, and was occupied with a paper, when he heard himself hailed in a hearty way. Looking up, he saw an old acquaintance.

It was Ives Wilson, the chief editor of the Index.

Barclay had found the cards of this gentleman left for him on two successive occasions. Ives Wilson bustled out from a little group standing by the elevator shaft, and shook hands with him in a vigorous, pump-handle fashion, still keeping hold of the arm of a third party, whom he dragged forward with him, and introduced, as if he did not consider it fair to abandon one friend without giving him the advantage of the acquaintance of another. This was Lieutenant Gregg, and it seemed that he was a regular boarder at this same hotel when he was ashore. Lieutenant Gregg was a somewhat awkward, diffident man, not fluent in conversation. He had come up from a low origin, made his own very good position entirely for himself, and was not as fully at home in all the minor social observances as he would no doubt finally become. He stayed but a few moments, withdrawing after the exchange of some sentences about the tug-boat explosion.

"You had a close call, that day," said he admiringly.

"It would have suited me much better to make my *début* like an ordinary private citizen," responded Barclay.

"Well," began Ives Wilson, when Gregg had gone, "I had about given you up; I never expected to find you." Then, seating himself comfortably, "A little different this from old Andover days, eh? You have n't changed much, though. Here you are, as large as life and twice as natural."

They had been schoolmates, in the remote past, at one of the large preparatory schools of New England, and might have met once or twice since, yet Ives Wilson inclined to presume upon this as if it had been friendship of the most intimate sort.

He seemed a person so permeated with the zeal of his profession that it showed all over him; left tangible signs upon him, as it were, just as the shoemaker has a particular stoop, the hod-

carrier one shoulder higher than the other, and the baker his hands calloused in a certain way. It was perhaps the great nervous energy by which he was characterized that had left so little flesh on his bones. He was dressed neither well nor very ill. When he took off his easy felt hat you might have seen his hair bristling and awry. From the apex of his head waved back a particularly rebellious lock of it, which had served as a sort of oriflamme in many a political convention and the like. In other respects, when you came to know about him, language seemed to be for him only an ingenious medium to juggle with; the severest allegations had for him no real and lasting significance, but only served his temporary purpose. All, or nearly all, with him, was professional; the individual, or private, aspect of his life but a very small fraction. He was regarded in some quarters, whither his interference and powers of invective had been particularly directed, as a monster of ferocity; but in reality, his professional point of view admitted, nobody was less ferocious than he. He would have shaken hands the next moment with the most roundly abused of his opponents, had the human nature of others in the community been enough like his own to afford him opportunity to do so. In strictly private life he did many amiable things, for which he did not always get the credit that was his due.

Paul Barclay had the standing interest in human nature that made him, up to a certain point, well within the limits of boredom, an excellent listener. Added to this, perhaps unconsciously, was the quest for the unexpected, the possible novel revelation, from some unforeseen quarter, that might have a fortunate bearing on his own destiny. He was rather fond of letting people exhibit themselves. It was no hardship for him, therefore, to let Ives Wilson go on, as the latter was disposed to do,

at considerable length, with an account of his migration to the West, his various struggles and successes, and his rise to his present exalted position. The history included the late establishment of an evening edition of the Index. "We had to give the papers away at first, and then go into the streets and buy them ourselves," said he; "but now they go off like hot cakes."

He laid down as in a nutshell the rules he had adopted for the guidance of his own paper, and advanced these *ex cathedra*, as if setting forth the immutable, everlasting laws of journalism.

"Always have somebody to abuse; hit hard and all the time," said he; "have at least one new sensation every day. You, for instance, were a godsend to us, the day you were all but blown up by the tug. Never back down; support the paradox, or the unexpected side, — people are sure to come round to it in time; and claim to be infallible," he concluded.

"If you are going in for infallibility, why not earn it by avoiding the errors instead of glorying in them?" suggested Barclay. "And then, all this bragging, — is it strictly necessary? It sometimes seems as if a newspaper expected to flourish on about everything a gentleman would want nothing to do with."

"Good!" exclaimed Ives Wilson. "There's material in that for a first-page paragraph. But it's clear you don't speak from practical experience. Readers expect a journal to have a proper respect for itself; and there is nothing so weakening to it as backing down. Readers don't want it; readers don't understand it; they won't have it. No, sir, the Index has stood more than one libel suit rather than back down, and it proposes to stand plenty more."

No one, apparently, could have been less offended by an onslaught on his favorite views than Ives Wilson; on the contrary, he welcomed it with jovial cheerfulness, and made a hasty note of

the opinions, as above, for use in his paper.

"If any of our men could have found you in time, the day of your arrival here, we should have had at least a half column more about the accident, — an interview, you know, and that sort of thing."

"Oh, I assure you, I am quite as well content."

"You may, or may not, have noticed how well that report was done," continued the editor, airing a technical pride; "how spreadingly, if I may coin a word, and how fully, for an afternoon paper. A few more little things like that will put the evening edition where we want it. It was a big 'scoop' even on the morning papers. The full reprint we gave of all the particulars connected with your father's death left them hardly anything to say. All they could do was copy from us. It gave me a chance, too, to put in a good word for a man that I always like to oblige when it comes in my way, — David Lane. He showed up well in that affair, trying to work the bridge, and so on, and I guess he was glad to have us remember it. They say the Index is hard on its enemies; well, it's good to its friends, also, whenever they give it an opportunity."

"David Lane is fortunate, as a politician, to stand so well with the press," said Barclay tentatively.

"Oh, if I had money, I'd have a reputation from here to Timbuctoo. I'd just lay out a little sum annually on the papers, — liberal advertising, special articles, and that sort of thing, — and they'd look after me; see? It needn't cost a great deal, either. But this is not a case in point. Lane is not in politics now; he's had the best of everything, and there is n't anything else that could tempt him. Besides, he has a genuine record, that doesn't need any puffing; he was one of the best officials ever known in these parts."

"And it is on his own merits you praise him?"

"Yes, that, and because he gave me a lift when I was starting in the management of the paper. I don't mind telling you that he took stock in my name, so I could control the leading interest. Oh, yes, the Index stands by David Lane, every time."

The editor discoursed further of his patron, touched lightly on the business matters with which he occupied himself now that he was out of public life, and finally of Mrs. Varemberg. Barclay had felt, with inward agitation, that this topic was approaching.

"Here is a man," he had reflected, "who, with the least encouragement in the world, will speak freely of her. It is his business to be a repository of information, and he will know all that has been said and all that can be known about her."

Up to this time he had learned no more of her affairs than he knew on the first day of his arrival; he had asked no one about her, sought no information, but, on the contrary, scrupulously refrained from it. He shrank from discussing her sorrows with an outsider almost as a species of desecration, and how much more so when it promised but to make a certainty of the vague, disagreeable imputations she had cast upon herself! His way of thinking had not changed, but now, as in a sort of spell, he sat and listened to the comments of this indifferent person, who nonchalantly volunteered them without a word of invitation from himself, and even against an effort he made to turn the conversation aside.

"His daughter, Mrs. Varemberg, is a mighty fine woman, a lovely woman; she is one that was born to shine," said Ives Wilson. "It's a pity all this trouble of hers seems to keep her from taking the place that rightfully belongs to her."

Upon a word or two further, the early

reluctance of the listener was turned to an eager thirst for enlightenment. It proved to be no tale of cynical heartlessness he was called upon to hear, but one that had imposed a tone of sympathy and respect even upon the careless tongue of public gossip.

"Her husband was one of the greatest villains unhung," said Ives Wilson. "Lane told me a little about it, at the time, but it was naturally a subject on which he would n't want to talk much."

"And Varemberg treated her badly?"

"He did pretty much everything but kill her outright."

"That polished, entertaining Varemberg?" muttered Barclay, in wonderment; but the other went on, not heeding him.

"He had such a devilish disposition as you would n't find in a million times. He had made a very plausible show in the beginning, it seems, but he soon dropped that, and went from bad to worse, till there was no living with him."

"I had a vague impression, from some source, that — that the difficulty was of a financial sort."

"Varemberg never had any money to speak of; he was tangled up in every direction, and relied upon what he got with her to straighten him out a little. When he had made away with that, he took to reckless courses that got him into trouble, — put other people's signatures to paper, and that sort of thing, — and finally had to leave his country for his country's good. He dropped out of sight entirely, and at one time they thought he was dead; but he turns up again every once in a while, for their sins, and whenever they hear of him it is in some new deviltry."

"He does not dare come here?" And the questioner's eye flashed fire.

"Oh, no, that would be a little too brazen; he would hardly try that, I think, where she is so well protected. Added to which, he has nothing to gain by it."

"It was not she who left him, then?"

"Very far from it. As I have said, he ran away; he left her behind him, the prey of his angry creditors, in a gloomy old rookery of a château. She was moping herself to death, when her father came and took her away. She was ashamed of her situation, and tried to conceal it, and it was more by accident than her own disclosure that it got out. I happened to see her when she first got home; you would hardly have expected her to live a month."

"I suppose there are divorce proceedings pending?" threw out Paul Barclay in a nonchalant way.

"Why, no, not at all; and it's singular, too, when you come to think about it. They say she does n't believe in it; they say she'd stand almost anything rather than resort to that."

"Oh!"

"Bah! life is too short not to take advantage of all the opportunities it affords. I wish it were my say whether a divorce should be got or not,—that's all," concluded the editor vigorously.

In the course of this talk, Ives Wilson asked Barclay questions, in a casual way, on a variety of subjects, to which replies were as easily returned. All was grist that came to the journalistic mill, and most of this appeared in next day's Index, in the form of the conventional "interview." It was meant to be, and no doubt was, a considerable tribute to Barclay's importance. It was written in the form of question and answer. He was represented as a world-wide traveler and Eastern capitalist, temporarily sojourning at the Telson House. His views of Keewaydin and the State were given. He was made to speak in a very eulogistic way of Keewaydin, and to foresee a grand future for it. And finally—this thrown in quite gratuitously—he was said to favor the Index's candidate for governor.

Barclay next brought up the name of

Mrs. Varemberg before his relatives the Thornbrooks, and led them, as discreetly as possible, to speak of her. With beating heart he listened to what they could recall of her history. They spoke in a sedate and measured way, with the cool pulses of their age, and their feeling, as far as they understood the case, was wholly in her favor.

It happened that there came in, the same evening, still another person, who added emphatic testimony of the same kind. This was Mrs. Miltimore, the principal of the seat of learning locally esteemed of quite an august character, the Keewaydin Female Institute. Old Mr. Thornbrook, it appeared, was the president of its board of trustees.

"Florence Varemberg, or Florence Lane," said this lady, turning to Barclay, when she learned the object of his interest, with a certain stiff manner of her calling, "was our favorite pupil and a great credit to us, in her time. She was a lovely character,—as lovely in mind as in person; and no matter what may happen, I never have believed, and never shall believe, anything ill of her."

"The separation, then, is not to be regarded as her own fault?"

"Her own fault? If there ever was a cruelly wronged woman in the world, it is Florence Varemberg."

With how different a feeling did Barclay now hasten back to the object of these inquiries! How callow and besotted must he be, how prone to bad motives himself, since he was so ready to credit them in others! He had been all but persuaded of the truth of her assumed venality and heartlessness. He looked at her with new eyes, but carefully refrained from any change in his manner that should betray to her the new light of which he was in possession.

They made two or three brief excursions together, about the town and environs. Mrs. Varemberg drove him in

her own handsome, quiet conveyance, assuming a duty of hospitality.

"You are the stranger within our gates," said she, "and, in my father's absence, I must see that you are not neglected. You must be shown the points of view on which Keewaydin rests her lofty preëminence."

She had a pair of large, well-broken horses, christened Castor and Pollux, in whom she took a friendly interest, as she incidentally seemed to do in pets of almost any kind. Castor and Pollux were fortunate enough to have a personal visit from her sometimes in their stable, and she had them brought to her nearly every day, and daintily fed them on lumps of sugar, from the porch, with her own hand.

She drove Barclay first to a little park, or grassy esplanade, on the margin of the more fashionable residence part of the town, with steep, neatly turfed bank extending down to the water's edge. It afforded a most charming prospect, with a great sense of openness and light, over the wide expanse of Lake Michigan. Keewaydin was seen, hence, to spread out thickly along the central shore of a great bay, curved like a not too tautly bent bow. There were the two long breakwater piers, with their small light-houses on the ends. High on the bluff, far to the northward, was a larger light-house, and behind it the great green slope of a reservoir, which resembled the glacis of some fortification. Southward, the most prominent feature, amid thick-clustering roofs, was the shining tin spires of the Polish church of St. Stanislaus. Then, details fading into indefiniteness, and long lines of black smoke drifting seaward from the blast-furnaces of the suburb of Bay View.

"It is magnificent, magnificent!" pronounced the young man, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction at the sight. "Here is a place to exclaim, like the Greeks of old Xenophon, when they

came to the sea again, '*Thalatta! thalatta!*' It is very like the sea, your lake."

"But more cruel and treacherous, somehow; we live by it, but never seem to get very well acquainted with it. A man could be chilled to death, in its cold waters, even in midsummer."

"Are you not going to astonish me with some statements about the place where we now stand having lately been a howling wilderness? I have been led to suppose that was the Western custom, and I miss it."

"The place where we now stand was all simple bluff, and forest, and tamarack swamp, say thirty or forty years ago. A hardy French trapper, of the *voyageur* kind, came along and built a block-house here, to trade peltries with the Indians, and — behold Keewaydin as it stands!"

"And he married the Indian princess, of course, the last of her race. Where do I get a vague impression of that kind?"

"Why, no, the engagement must have been broken off. Princess Pearl Feather made a very unromantic figure about the streets of Keewaydin, in her last days; she took to drink, in fact, and, it seems to me, died in the county poor-house."

"Alas, our fond illusions! But I don't quite believe this is real, you know," he went on; "it may give us the slip. To one accustomed to the Eastern way, a city like this, solidly built as it appears, is suspiciously like Jonah's gourd. At the East it takes the procession a couple of hundred years to pass a given point, as it were, and then, as you might say, it does n't reach it."

"Will you believe there were once such fierce jealousies between the different divisions of the town that the West Side cut down the only bridge uniting it with the East Side, and planted a cannon to prevent its being rebuilt?"

"I will try and do so, for this once,

if you will tell me further what it was all about."

"They thought there never could be settlers enough for both sides of the river, and, as the boat from Buffalo landed on their side, they wanted to keep a monopoly of the new arrivals."

But now the thriving city stretched for long miles on either side of its petty dividing stream, which seemed a mere canal. The once envious West Side climbed, in long lines of compact streets, to a considerable rising ground. Our friends mounted thither, and looked back from those heights at the spires of the section they had left, — the dome of the city hall, with its figure, most prominent among them, — cut out in a strongly serrated edge against the lake, which gleamed behind them like a strip of silver. On their return, they came to the city hall, set in its quiet, grassy square.

"Here is our Plaza, — Place d'Armes, — Piazza, — the focus of the civic life of a people with a mighty past of thirty-five years," said Mrs. Varemberg, in lively travesty of this kind of description as applied to the picturesque foreign market-places.

"I know it already, as a locality; my Thornbrooks live over there," said Barclay. He indicated, with a gesture, a large, comfortable-looking house, with a considerable space of door-yard before it. "But as to traditions, associations, is n't it really heart-breaking, now, that the central square of a populace of more than one hundred thousand souls, should be utterly without them, — absolutely unworthy of interest?"

"It is true that no counts Egmont and Horn have been beheaded here, nor any Mark Antonys, Rienzis, or Van Arteveldes aroused sedition by their stirring harangues," replied his companion, in the same lively vein; "but our best people have crossed the square from time immemorial. The most influential ladies of the Seventh Ward traverse it to their shopping, and our most eminent

store-keepers bustle across it to and from their dinners in the middle of the day. What would you have worthier, more thoroughly American, than that?"

"Are we to decide that an interest in tradition is a form of entertainment entirely gone out, and to look for something else to take the place of it? Perhaps something in the way of ornamental effects, buildings, and so on, finer than any that have yet been seen, will ultimately be substituted. The worst of it is that we not only have no traditions, but are not even in process of forming them. Day after day passes over this grassy square, and what does it add, in that respect? Not an iota, not a hair's breadth, of romance. If there were only some weird, remarkable story, even of modern date, hanging about, — that would be something to be thankful for."

"A weird, remarkable story hanging about an American city hall? That would be rather too much to expect."

"Come, there might be a worse scene for something romantic even than this," maintained Barclay. Their conveyance was now proceeding very slowly. "That Mexican-looking cathedral, over there, is n't so bad, as an accessory, and trees and shrubbery are always good; and then the city hall itself has its good points, — first among which *I* am inclined to put the Golden Justice, up there on her dome. Do you know, I have taken quite a fancy to the Golden Justice."

"Have you, indeed? You would little guess whose head she has on her shoulders, whose likeness she is supposed to present."

"The French trapper," he replied, promptly.

"Nonsense."

"Pearl Feather, then."

She looked at him reproachfully, and affected to move her own profile this way and that, as if to throw it into greater relief, for his inspection.

"It is so far off — Surely not you?" said he, looking inquiringly from the fair model, who thus offered herself to view, up to the image, glinting resplendent and yellow in the soft, hazy autumn atmosphere, and then looking back again. The *Golden Justice* appeared like some visitant from a celestial sphere, new lighted on the heaven-kissing dome.

"I suppose it might be called a distant resemblance, from here, but it was meant for me, nevertheless."

"It dazzles me so, — but that is the more like the original. I shall verify it at the first opportunity with a field-glass. And so it was modeled after you?"

"It is a long story."

"The longer the better, since you are to tell it."

"Oh, if you take it in that amiable way, I will cut it very short."

They had come to a stand-still for a few moments, and now drove on again.

"The *Golden Justice*," she began, "was a prolific source of discord in its early stages. It was like the wooden horse of Troy. Dissensions commenced over her that have scarcely died out even yet."

"And how could that have been?"

"The contest in the first place was as to what the subject of the statue should be. The early pioneer, the French trapper, was proposed. With his rifle and hatchet and his costume of fringed deer-skin, you see, he would have done very well."

"Ah, I was not as stupid as it appeared."

"But other pioneers had claims also. The question of race came up, and it was held, by zealous partisans of each, that the first German, Irish, and purely American pioneers had as good a right to the place as he. Still another party supported Pearl Feather."

"Why, I was divination itself!" protested Barclay.

The narrator smiled, indulgently. "This party threw a romantic light

around Pearl Feather. It was chiefly a committee of ladies, with Mrs. Rantoul, our leading strong-minded agitator, at their head. They thought it would be an additional step towards vindicating the true position of woman, to have a feminine statue. Bear in mind, also, that there was a South Side party, that wanted no statue at all, because it could not be well seen from that part of the town; and lastly, a party of economy, that begrudged the expense."

"I begin to see," said Barclay.

"Oh, no; you may think so, but you don't half begin to see yet. The question of nationality came up in connection with the choice of the sculptor, or designer, of the figure, and then of those who were to have the contracts for casting and setting up the work. The local residence of these persons and the relative advantage to be gained by the different sections were next considered. The South Side would have had the casting sent abroad, to be done at Munich, because it had no proper foundry for the work, itself; but the West Side had one, and secured it. You must get my father to tell you about the effect in the elections, and the like."

"It is more like the history of a *Belona*, goddess of strife, than of a peaceful *Justice*."

"The *Justice* was a compromise. There are law-courts in the building, so it is appropriate. And it is conventional and safe. Just then a young sculptor happened to arrive from abroad, on a visit. You may remember him, — Schwartzmann. He used to come to our house, sometimes, in Paris."

"Schwartzmann? I remember him very well. I have been at his studio in the Rue d'Enfer. He has done some first-rate work."

"Well, he did this. He was looked upon as a product of home manufacture, and got the order. My father had helped him to go abroad and prosecute his studies, and out of gratitude he want-

ed to make a bust of my humble self. Of course I was only too delighted. At that age—for you remember that this was at an early date—a provincial young woman, who had seen little or nothing of the fine arts of any sort, would naturally be taken by the idea of having her poor features cast in monumental form.”

Barclay recollected a winning unconsciousness of her own loveliness, even in its brightest day, as one of her greatest charms.

“But this Schwartzmann was an original sort of person,” she continued.

“I recollect him, myself, in connection with various cranky doings.”

“He prepared for us a surprise, which he intended as an extraordinary compliment. What do you think it was? From the study he had made of my head he modeled that of his statue, and added more or less of my figure. He let no one know till it was complete and set in its place, and then triumphantly called upon us to observe the distinguished honor he had paid me in raising me thus aloft, six times as large as life, a couple of hundred feet above the pavement. Neither my father nor any others had made the discovery; most people are very unobservant about such things, unless their attention is especially called to them.”

“I, for one, feel greatly obliged to your original sculptor for his pretty idea.”

“My father did not by any means take it so amiably. He was angry at Schwartzmann for not having consulted him, and would have nothing to do with him for a good while afterwards. I was not quite sure, myself, that I liked being exalted so conspicuously before high heaven; but when I came to see how little attention was paid to the matter of the likeness by anybody else, I became reconciled, and duly appreciative of the honor.”

“My interest in the Golden Justice is at last intelligible,” said Barclay.

“I suppose you are going to gallantly pretend that you knew this all the time?”

“Not at all, but I assure you there has been a certain *rapprochement* between us from the first.”

The statue with its surroundings was by this time well behind them. They followed the sylvan upper reaches of the Keewaydin River, favored of swimmers and the light skiffs of merry-makers in the pleasant summer time; thence, by a winding road, through the rich autumn woods, full of the pensiveness of the season; and struck the lake again, a considerable distance above the city, at a charming cove and fishing-station known as the White-Fish Bay. They stopped a little at this place, to watch the fishermen drawing their nets. The water was placid and silvery, and the fish leaped in it, as the seines shoaled under them, and turned their pink and silver sides to the light.

The air was impregnated with a peculiar smokiness and fragrant smell of burning said to come from distant forest fires. Indeed, in that season there had been great fires to the northward, which had destroyed a populous town, and burned many of its inhabitants to death while standing up to their chins in the river, to which they had fled for refuge. The road homeward lay along the line of the bluffs. In the fields was encamped the corn, bivouacked in its russet sheaves, while at the door of every tent, like a goblin sentinel, squatted a yellow pumpkin. On the other side stretched out the lake, azure blue and boundless as the ocean, veiled only by scattering, thin-stemmed trees, with foliage exquisitely dyed.

“In one particular you are not in the least like the Golden Justice,” said Barclay, returning again to this subject.

“So much the worse for her, then; statues should resemble models, not models statues.”

“Why are you, who serve as emblem

of justice to others, so unjust to yourself?"

"It was not I who assumed the post of emblem, remember; it was an accident. No one who knew would ever have chosen me."

"Ah, no, you are better than that. I knew it, I knew it; I did not believe it," he protested strongly. "I have at last heard the other side of your story."

"What do you mean? What have you heard?" she demanded, turning towards him, startled and flushed.

"That you have suffered innocently, with a heroic fortitude; that your career has been a cruel martyrdom."

"Let me hear no praises, no compliments, on that score, I beg of you. I scarcely knew what it was. It has all passed, like a troubled dream. But you speak of your discovery as something recent; is it possible that you did not know of this — of all this before?"

"Only in the vaguest mention, on the first day of my arrival. Nor do I now know any of the details. I did not wish to talk with others about you; it seemed an irreverence, a kind of profanation. And then, you had almost made me afraid to ask. You had almost made me think — Why did you delight to so misrepresent yourself?"

"It is a way we women of the world have of talking," she replied, with a hollow gayety.

"Was it quite fair?" he urged, gently. "We were friends once; you might have trusted me a little more. Instead of sympathy, you tried to excite" —

"Do I want sympathy? No, I will not have it," she interrupted, almost

fiercely. "Do you suppose I am not ashamed to think of what is passing about all this in the minds of those who used to know me? And I thought you knew; I thought I had been the gossip of two hemispheres." Then, in a sudden revulsion of softer feeling, with tears starting to her eyes, which she vainly turned away to hide, "Ah, what a life! what a life! And I who had expected so much from it!"

They were again in the streets of the town. Barclay saw that, with the best intentions in the world, he had struck some sort of false note. They remained silent a while, then spoke of indifferent things, and were presently at her own door.

So far from being an absolute recluse, Barclay found that Mrs. Varenberg showed in many ways a feverish activity. She drove about on charitable errands, visited her father's industrial schools, took a certain oversight of his public library, and the like. At parting, on this day, she said she had taken charge of preparing a somewhat better exhibit than usual for the "art department" of a state fair, which was about to hold its annual session on its own grounds in the western outskirts of the city.

"I am to go there to-morrow," she said. "Would it interest you to accompany me, and see what a state fair is like?"

"Nothing would interest me more than to go with you, and see what a state fair is like," he responded.

So a new appointment was made between them for an early hour the next afternoon.

William Henry Bishop

A ROMAN GENTLEMAN UNDER THE EMPIRE.

EVERY traveler who has left Italy by the St. Gothard railway must remember that visionary view at the head of Lake Como, which seems to resume, in one swift and shining tableau, all the multi-form aspects of loveliness and grandeur, the graces of nature and the glories of art, which constitute the rich dowry of the queenly country to which he is bidding a reluctant farewell. For one supreme instant, he has all Italy in view: infinite breadth of deep blue water and infinite translucence of caressing air; a bright little town, with arched piazza and climbing *loggie*, cathedral dome and clustering *campanili*, set like a jewel at the meeting of the lake's encircling arms; majestic mountain outlines floating away upon either hand, a silvery gleam of snow upon the topmost peaks, if the season be yet early; fortress towers and airy belfries and penciled spires of the cypress crowning every outlying spur, and leading the eye down through shimmering olive orchards and smiling vineyard rows, to where modest hamlets dip their feet in the lapping water, and stately villas gleam out from amid their ilex and laurel shrubbery, far down the vanishing shores. "Te, Larie, maxume!" are the words that spring unbidden to the lips of Italy's parting guest, as he gazes, with an eye twice dazzled, it may be, by the consummate beauty of this great transformation scene and the sudden dimness of his own vision; and other words of the Mantuan come sighing through his memory, and he thinks of that piteous company of the shades, flinging out their wan arms toward life itself as it receded from them, *ripæ ulterioris amore*.

One moment more, and it is all snatched away. The tunnel has engulfed him, as the shadow of the dark valley may close over a man who has received his death-warrant at a banquet, and Italy is hidden from the eye of sense.

Fortunately, the frontier station at Chiasso, on the other side of the mountain, is not, after all, an "unreturning bourne," and one may die to Italy many times in the course of a natural life. The last time that the present writer did so was on the Tuesday of Easter week, 1885, after having passed the better part of Sunday and Monday in and about the singularly rich and quaint cathedral of Como, which has been so little *exploité* by artists and travelers, in comparison with most, that one revels in its negligent splendor with something very like the delight of discovery.

Up the singular façade on either side the deeply sculptured portal rise, one above another, a long line of niches, and as we explore them in their order, trying to identify by his or her symbol the mitred or palm-bearing occupant of each, we come upon two figures which display no Christian insignia whatever, but sit there, nevertheless, with all the tranquil dignity of antecedent right, simply robed in the sculpturesque folds of the senatorial toga. Long since made happily at home among the invading saints, the two Plinies, uncle and nephew, father and son by adoption and by devotion, look benignly down upon their beautiful and beloved native place,¹ the *Novum Comum* of later Roman history. Nay, these two gifted sons of the elder world, and especially the delightful and communicative junior, through

some one of the ancestral estates on the border of the Larian lake.

¹ Though identified by long residence with Verona, it seems almost certain that the elder no less than the younger Pliny was born at Como, on

whom almost alone the other is personally known to us, are far more deeply associated with the long life of the little town and the ideal beauty of the region than any of those others, with the solemn name upon their foreheads, who declare so plainly, by all we know of their doings, that they ever sought, while here, another and an unearthly country.

"What is doing at Como?" writes the younger Pliny to his friend Caninius Rufus, in one of the earliest of his first series of letters. "What of that delightful country-seat of yours, with the unfading greenery of its cloister, its impenetrable plane-trees, the grassy banks, flower-studded, of its little canal, the lake lying beneath you, subservient to all your needs?" And then there is the merry epistle in which he thanks his friend Romanus for affording him a precedent for his own extravagance:—

"You write that you are engaged in building. I am enchanted. Now I can cite you as an example, for of course it is reasonable to do what you are doing! The only difference is that you build by the Bay of Baiæ, and I by the Larian lake." And then he goes on to say that, amid the rather extensive property which he holds along the lovely shores of Como, there are two places for which he has a special predilection, the villas which he has named Tragedy and Comedy: because the former is, as it were, set up on buskins, while the latter dawdles in socks. Tragedy stands high, on the dorsal ridge of a steep promontory, with a wide outlook over two bays. Comedy nestles on the water-side, in the shore's encircling arms.

And again he writes to Caninius, in whimsical impatience of the toils — *nay, the chains* — which happen, just then, to bind him to his busy life in Rome: "Are you studying, or fishing, or hunting, or all three? They may all be managed at once beside our dear Como. For the lake gives you fish, and the surrounding

forest game, and the deep quietude invites to study. . . . Ah me, I envy you! It exasperates me to think that I cannot have what I long for as sick men long for wine and baths and running water."

The most casual allusion to Como is enough to make the younger Pliny's diction thrill, and to inform it thoroughly with life and color. No matter if the story be a sad one which he has to tell, the warm touch of his own loving pride in a most fair birthplace is never absent. "What a difference it makes *who* does a thing!" he says on one occasion, beginning a letter to Marcus, at once abruptly and reflectively. "I was sailing the other day on *our Larian lake*, when an old friend pointed out to me a villa, with a chamber projecting over the water." From the window of this room, Pliny is told that a husband and wife, bound fast together, had lately leaped into the waves and perished. The wife, when she found that her husband was attacked by a cruel and incurable malady, had encouraged him to the deed, offering to go with him and show him the way to death. "I do not see," muses Pliny, "that there is any difference between this action and that famous one of Arria, the wife of Pætus (*Pæte, non dolet*), except that Arria was a great lady, whereas the other was a comparatively obscure person, of whom one never would have heard but for my old fellow-townsmen."

It was all, as we know, in accordance with the highest morality of the time, and we shall see hereafter how strongly Pliny was all his life swayed by his intimate connection with that illustrious family of confessors and martyrs for freedom, the descendants of the first Arria and of Cæcina Pætus. At present we are concerned only to picture to ourselves the scene of the quiet tragedy in question, and to note the softening of the Comensian's voice as he describes it. Fate had ordained that the

varied action of his own crowded life should pass in scenes which were almost all of them conspicuous for natural beauty: with his uncle at Verona, in which Ruskin long since taught us to see one of the three cities in all the world most beautiful for situation; on the pleasant foot-hills of the Apennines, near the sources of the Tiber; by the matchless Gulf of Baia; and among the haunted shades and rosemary-wreathed avenues of that property of the Chigi which we call Castel Fusano. But whatever degree of truth there may be in the popular persuasion that the men of the old world in general cared little for landscape beauty (and we fancy there is not much), here, at least, was one who enjoyed scenery exactly as we enjoy it; who was never quite happy unless nature turned a fair countenance upon him, and he could feel, or fancy, himself in sympathy with earth and sea and sky; on whom we have abundant evidence to show that his rare privileges of "location" were by no means thrown away.

Caius Cæcilius, who was later on to receive through adoption by his already famous uncle the name of Plinius Secundus, was born at Novum Comum, A. D. 62. His gentile name Cæcilius, though not among the most *élite* of all the Roman patronymics, was yet an old and excellent one, and he displays an amiable and not unbecoming touch of family pride in the letter to the grandfather of his second wife, Calpurnia, in which he laments the disappointment of his first hope of issue by her; but he presses his confidence (not justified, by the way) that there will yet be a family to transmit his name, and to whom he will be able to leave his *non subitas imagines*,—as who should say, "Our family portraits were not painted yesterday."

His own father, also a Caius Cæcilius, died while he was a mere lad. They were not, apparently a physically vigor-

ous or long-lived race. He had a very distinguished guardian, the general Verginius Rufus, who also held estates on the Lake of Como, and who was absent with the army in Spain when the elder Caius died, A. D. 71. The boy's maternal uncle, the elder Pliny, by whom he was now adopted, was something over forty years of age, and a man of irregular but extraordinarily varied capacity and achievement. Soldier, sailor, statesman, and courtier, beside being the author of seventy-five books of natural history and political and military memoirs, many of which have come down to us, he was at this period in the full prime of his laborious life. A highly distinguished man, yet what we know of the sensitive and affectionate nature of his adoptive son makes us particularly glad of the assurance that the boy's mother went with him to his new home in her brother's house. The younger Pliny always writes of his uncle with loyal reverence for his imposing character, and humble and unfeigned admiration of his tireless energy in study and the encyclopædic nature of his attainments, while he has left us a thrilling narrative of his tragical end. But there is nowhere the glow of filial fondness, the touch of tearful enthusiasm, with which he writes of those other great friends of his family and guardians of his youth, Verginius and Corelius Rufus. It is hardly possible, in fact, not to infer a something of at least outward asperity and sternness in the elder Pliny, an almost fierce preoccupation with his own affairs, and a rather ostentatious disdain of the ordinary weaknesses of humanity. There must have been drawbacks to the pleasure of visiting a man, however illustrious, who insisted upon always having loud reading during dinner, and who once, when a guest begged the reader to repeat a passage which he had pronounced hurriedly, turned sharply upon the gentleman, and asked if he had not understood

the words. The latter admitted that he had. "Why did you interrupt the reading, then? We might have had ten verses more in the time it took!" In that house, indeed, education must have been conducted as by steam-power. But the boy from Como proved an apt pupil. At the age of fourteen, or about four years after his adoption, he produced a Greek tragedy. "What sort of a thing was it, do you ask?" he says to the friend to whom he has just laughingly cited this proof of his precocity. "Ah, that I don't know! They called it a tragedy."

In the lurid light of the next scene in which he is brought vividly before us, we see our young gentleman almost unnaturally preoccupied with his books. For he was not yet eighteen, when, on a certain sultry noontide late in the summer of the year 79, anxiety was excited in the seaside villa at Misenum, where the elder Pliny was then commanding the Roman fleet, by a singular spectacle, visible on the further side of the lovely bay. The high lands of the opposite shore were, in those days, barely distinguishable one from another. The fatal cone, with its gracefully sloping sides and the delicate amethystine tints the æsthete loves, was not there, and all the fair hills alike were occupied and tilled to their summits and bright with vines and corn. From one of these, however, which proved only too soon to be Vesuvius, a dense column of smoke was now discerned, spinning upward, and spreading itself abroad when high in heaven, into the semblance of a gigantic parasol-pine. The four-oared galley, which served the admiral as a species of light cutter, was ordered to be manned at once, and the enthusiast set forth, tablets in hand, to investigate and take notes of so unparalleled a phenomenon. He gave his nephew permission to accompany him, but the youth declined, on the score of some writing which he had to finish.

There is no need of repeating here for the thousandth time, in all its ghastly particulars, the tale of what followed. The elder Pliny went to his death, as the world knows well; and "the mood," to quote his nephew, "of mere philosophic curiosity in which that voyage was undertaken gave place to one of sublime self-devotion." He pressed on, though the very shore appeared to shudder and recede as he drew near it, intent upon reaching the point from which all others were flying, and on carrying encouragement, and if possible aid, to friends whose frightful danger became every instant more and more apparent. He effected a landing, with difficulty, not far from Herculaneum; and, if we detect a touch of stoical affectation in the elaborate dinner toilette which he made in the quaking villa of his friend Pomponianus, and in the assumed cheerfulness of his behavior during the evening, there can have been none, it would appear, about the profound slumber into which he afterwards fell, and from which the awe-stricken servants dared not arouse him until the court into which his bed-chamber opened was so filled by the horrible ashen snow, which had now been falling for hours, that his escape seemed doubtful. He might almost as well have been left to die in his first heavy sleep. He quitted the house along with its other occupants, all having first tied pillows over their heads to protect them from the continually dropping pumice-stones. Their hope was that they might yet be able to reach the boats, and put off from the wreck-laden shore; but the fragile philosopher sank down, at no great distance, suffocated, apparently, by a sudden burst of sulphurous vapor from the now flaming mountain side, and the slaves who were supporting him fled in terror. Two days later, when the horrible darkness which had engulfed the devoted region was beginning to clear, his body was found, undisfigured, lying as if out-

stretched for peaceful slumber, and the suspense of those whom he had left so lightly was at an end.

The great author Tacitus, writing years afterward, in the interests of his history, to the younger Pliny for the particulars of his uncle's death, was so moved by the letter in which these details are given that he replied begging for an equally minute account of what befell the mother and son at home in the villa. No wonder Pliny prefaces his answer with the "*Quonquam animus meminisse horret*" of Æneas at the court of Dido. But having done so, he proceeds to bring before our eyes with startling distinctness the scene at Misenum. The pupil, too, bitten, as was quite natural by the same stoical mania as the master, made a feint, at first, of despising the awful peril, and although unable to sleep through the first night, for the incessant earthquake shocks, he sat himself down, early on the livid morning of August 25th (*dubius et quasi languidus dies*), in the court between the villa and the sea, and called for his books. "Was it courage or mere *braggadocio*?" he says. "I was only seventeen. I told them to bring me a volume of Livy, which I proceeded to read with the utmost coolness, and even to make extracts, according to a plan which I was following." His mother came and sat beside him, with the speechless patience of a brave woman in extremity; but the average reader will doubtless feel more sympathy with the indignation of the "gentleman from Spain," who was visiting at the villa, and who did his best to dissipate both the apathetic resignation of the lady and the insensate security of the boy.

The earthquake shocks were now increasing in violence every moment; the shore upon which they looked began to broaden out, from the awful recession of the whole body of water, and deep-sea fishes were seen sprawling upon the sands, while a wall of dense blackness,

incessantly riven by blades of tortuous flame, "like lightnings, only greater," and revealing a background of active fire, moved slowly toward them from the further side of the bay. "Then that friend from Spain said sharply and with authority, 'If your brother, lady, and your uncle, boy, is yet living' (he was dead, as we know, hours before), 'he certainly desires you to be saved. If he is dead, his last hope was that you would survive him. Why, then, do you not quit this place?' And we answered that we could not, we dared not, take measures for our own safety, while still in doubt about his." The Spaniard appears to have washed his hands of them at this point, and made off for a place of possible shelter, and the mother and son were soon fain to follow. The darkness was close upon them now, and the sea seemed yawning. Capri was already hidden, and the projecting point of Misenum. "Then my mother began to entreat, to command, me to save myself. I was young, and could fly. She was too old, she said, too unwieldy. She would die happy if she had not to think that she had caused my death as well. But I answered that I desired not safety apart from her, and I flung my arm around her, and compelled her to hasten her steps. She yielded, but sadly accusing herself, all the while, of being a drag upon me. Ashes had been falling for some time, but not very thickly. Now, however, on looking behind, I saw that impenetrable blackness close upon us, pouring over the land like a deluge. 'Let us turn aside,' I cried, 'while we can still see, lest we stumble and be trampled under foot by the great crowd of fugitives!' And we had scarcely sat down when darkness swallowed us up; not the dark of a cloudy and moonless night, but that of a tight room when the lamp has just been extinguished. We could hear the shrieks of women, the sobbing of children, the clamor of men. Some called their little ones, and some

their parents, and some their wives. They sought and recognized one another by the voice only. Some mourned for themselves, and others for their friends. In very terror of death, some prayed for death to come. A good many invoked the gods, but the greater number concluded that the gods themselves were no more, and that the last eternal night of prophecy had settled upon the world."

Who can ever again round the exquisite Bay of Baia without thinking of that scene? Through the voluptuous content of the idle voyager in the dazzling loveliness of the prospect there runs an involuntary shiver of awe, when he remembers what was once concentrated there of human anguish and terror. Are the sleepy splendors of that matchless view one whit less treacherous than of old? "*Ecco il monte nuovo, signore,*" says the *insouciant* coachman, waving his whip toward a bare, conical hill at no great distance, and proceeds to relate how that particular eminence was thrust up in a single night only a century or two ago, one time when the earthquakes were astir. It is a grewsome sight. "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath," and there could not well be a more effectual *memento mori* at the great feast of beauty than the smooth sides of the *monte nuovo*.

The letter from which we have been quoting goes on briefly to describe the slow lifting of the pall of darkness from the altered and desolated land. The mother and son must have returned to the villa as early as the following day, since it was there they got the authentic news of its master's death, and perhaps received his body for burial. The insignificant town of Pompeii, at the foot of the mountain, which was afterwards known to have been entirely destroyed, is not so much as mentioned in either of these letters.

It is no marvel if Baia wooed the

younger Pliny no more, nor did he, so far as we know, ever revisit it. He was to complete his education under the auspices of his guardian, Verginius Rufus, already mentioned, a Roman yet nobler than his uncle in the sense of being a living exponent of the best traditions of the republic. That great man had already, for nearly a decade, been living in retirement. In A. D. 68, the last year of the sinister reign of Nero, Verginius had been consul and commander of the Roman forces in Gaul, and had quelled a formidable rising there, headed by Julius Vindex, proprætor of the province. When the news of Nero's death reached the army, the troops at once and by acclamation offered to place Verginius on the imperial throne, but he refused. Galba, on whom their choice next fell, may very naturally have distrusted the popularity of Verginius with the soldiers. At all events, he superseded him in the command of the army, and took him back with himself to Rome, as his own most trusty counselor. When Galba's brief reign had ended in his violent death, and Otho had succeeded him, Verginius was made consul for the second time. When Otho also perished, after a six months' ascendancy, the empire was again offered to Verginius, and again declined. This second refusal was regarded as so insulting by the army that they turned furiously against their former favorite, and he was arraigned on a capital accusation before Vitellius, whose inglorious reign occupied the remaining six months of the eventful year 69. Verginius escaped death, but turned his back forthwith upon ungrateful Rome, and deigned to take no further part in public affairs for many a long year. It was chiefly, no doubt, from his hereditary estates on the Larian lake that the high-minded soldier looked sadly and sternly on at the iniquities enacted in the city during the ten years' rule of Vespasian and the two years' rule of Titus, culminating in

that veritable Reign of Terror which came to an almost despaired-of end when the unspeakable Domitian drew his last hated breath in the year 96.

Corellius Rufus was of the same family and the same politics as Verginius.¹ Both men were of an antique type, and steadfastly attached, though fallen on evil days, to the civic and domestic ideals of a purer time. Both died, Verginius in very advanced years, just as a better era was beginning fully to declare itself under the auspices of Trajan, and Pliny records with profound sorrow, in two of his first-published letters, the end of each. Verginius had been recalled from his retirement at the age of eighty-three, and made consul for the third time, under Nerva, in 96. Pliny says that he was apparently in perfect health, and showed no sign of senility except a slight tremulousness in his hands; but, unhappily, he met with a fatal accident on the very day of his investiture with office. When he rose to make the ceremonial speech of acknowledgment to the Emperor for the honor he had received, his foot slipped upon the marble pavement; he fell and broke his thigh, and the aged sinews refused to reunite. He lingered for some months in great suffering, and then died. "He has gone full of years and honors," writes Pliny to Romanus, "as even his enemies admit; but we, — how can we help mourning and missing him as a figure of the by-gone time? And I, in particular, who loved him in his private as much as I admired him in his public capacity, who lived next door to him, who was left in his charge, to whom he was a living monument of my own father's love for me, I must needs weep as though his death had been premature; and yet mayhap it is wrong to weep at all, or to call that death which is rather the end of this great man's mortality

than of his life. . . . I think of Verginius, I see Verginius, in my vain yet vivid fancy I hear him speak, I address him, I hold him by the hand. It may be that we have, and that we shall yet have, other citizens who will be his equals in valor. We can have none who will rival his glory."

The circumstances of the death of Corellius Rufus, who was possibly a younger brother of the preceding, were far sadder. He had been all his life a victim to hereditary gout, which he managed to control for many years by the strictest temperance in living. After he had reached middle age, however, his sufferings became terribly aggravated. "He was racked," as Pliny says, by intolerable anguish, not in his feet alone, but in every joint of his frame. "I went to see him," he goes on, "once in the time of Domitian, and found him lying at his suburban villa. The slaves left the room, as their custom was, when an intimate friend came in, and even his wife, though worthy of all confidence and able to keep any secret, withdrew. Then when he had rolled his eye around" (to make sure that they were alone), "'Why,' said he, 'do you suppose that I have endured these torments all this while? Simply that I might have the satisfaction of surviving *that scoundrel*' (meaning Domitian) 'by a single day.' Ah," continues Pliny, "if he had had a body equal to his soul, he would have *done* what he so ardently desired." We know that the patience of Corellius held out — the interval was probably short — until the end of Domitian's tyranny actually came. Then, under the influence of a yet more terrible access of his malady, he began quietly to abstain from food. At the end of the fourth day, his wife Hispulla, in an agony of alarm, sent for Pliny to come and try to dissuade him from suicide. Pliny hastened to the spot, but a messenger from Hispulla met him, on his arrival, to tell him that his interven-

¹ So, doubtless, was Caninius Rufus, whom Pliny envies his easy country life at Como, in a letter already quoted.

tion would be of no use. The physician had just been pressing food upon him, and he had answered by a single Greek word, *κερρικα*, — *My mind is made up*. "The word," says Pliny, whose pulses always beat quicker at any trait of heroism, "thrilled me as much with admiration as with sorrow. What a friend I have lost! What a man! He had completed his sixty-seventh year, which is a tolerably long life even for the robust. I know it. He is released from perpetual suffering. I know it. He did not forsake his family until the republic, which was dearer to him than all his kindred, was in a flourishing condition. I know that, too. But I mourn as for the departure of a young and strong man. I am distressed — perhaps you will think it weak — on my own account. I have lost the witness of my life, the monitor, the master. In short, I can only say, as I said to my comrade Calvisius in the freshness of my bereavement, 'I fear that I shall henceforth live more carelessly.'"

What tenderness is here! What simplicity and rectitude of spirit! If the modern mind shrinks from the calm acceptance, not to say acclamation, of suicide as a conclusive solution for the ills of life, even Christian moralists know how difficult it is to fix, on strictly ethical grounds, the guilt of the man who takes his own life in extremity. There is plenty of proof, scattered all through the correspondence, of Pliny's untiring devotion to the interests, especially of the women, of the family of Corellius, after his death. There is the letter in which he recommends to Corellia Hispulla, the daughter of the deceased, a tutor for her son. "It would be hard to say whether I more loved or revered the very saintly and weighty character of your father; and you yourself will be ever dear to me, not for your own sake only, but for that of his memory. Needs must, therefore, that I should desire, and strive also as much as in me

lies, that your boy should be like his grandfather. And on the whole, though his father and uncle were prominent men, and their father was widely known and esteemed, I would rather he resembled his maternal grandfather." The mother was young, no doubt, for the child in question was evidently her only one, and, up to this time, she had kept him always with her. But now Pliny strongly recommends her to place him under the care of a certain Julius Genitor, whose manner and method may be thought a little severe, he says, by contrast with the lax fashions of the time, but his eloquence is in universal repute. "And then there are such obscure depths and secret hiding-places in the life of man! You may accept me as guarantee for Julius about all these. Your son will hear nothing from this man which will not profit him. He will learn nothing which he had better never have known."

It was, no doubt, the same Corellia, the daughter of Rufus, whom he held himself bound, by his obligations to her father, to defend in a lawsuit she had with one Caius Cæcilius, a consul elect, and probably a near relative of his own; albeit, as he observes to his friend Gallus, the case was an odd one for a woman to be involved in, and likely to bring some unpopularity upon himself. The same fascinating mixture of chivalrous deference and kindly good sense marks all his correspondence with and about women. There is the amusing note to his mother-in-law, Pompeia Celerina, a very great lady indeed, apparently, with several big houses, which Pliny has been visiting in succession, and where he finds the service so exact and so admirably ordered that he thinks with comic despair of the free and easy fashions of his own people. "I hope you will come and see us, however," he says in substance. "I would like at least to make an effort to return your hospitality, and perhaps my servants

might be a little waked up by your coming, although they do not put themselves out in the least for me. That's the way it is when masters are too easy."

It seems almost certain, both from the slightly ceremonious though bantering tone of this letter and from its position early in the first book, which we know to have been collected and arranged, and probably published, by Pliny himself in 97, — the year of his second marriage, — that Pompeia was the mother of his first wife, of whom otherwise we know much less than of the charming Calpurnia, who succeeded her. Calpurnia, moreover, must have been very early left an orphan, since she was, of a certainty, a mere girl at the time of her marriage; and the guardians invariably mentioned are her aunt and her grandfather. It was the latter, Calpurnius Fabatus, who was also one of the landed gentry on the Lake of Como, and probably connected, at least by marriage, with the family of Corellius Rufus, who wrote to Pliny to inquire whether he were prepared to stand by a rather romantically generous bargain, just concluded, in his name, by his freedman Hermes, whereby he agreed to sell, at considerably less than its market value, to Corellia, the *sister* (not the daughter) of Corellius Rufus, his share — five twelfths — of an estate on the Larian lake, to which, with two others, he had just fallen heir. The whole estate, it seemed, had been advertised for sale, and Pliny replies, explaining the circumstances in full. Of course, he says, he shall carry out the agreement. He is much attached to Corellia, both for her brother's sake and because she was his (Pliny's) mother's most intimate friend. Her husband, Minutius Fuscus, is also a valued friend of his own. The last time he was in those parts, Corellia had told him of her strong desire to own some land upon the lake. "I offered her," he says, "anything of mine, at her own

price, except my paternal and maternal estates. These I could not part with, even to Corellia. So when this legacy fell in, I wrote her that the farms of which it consisted would be for sale, and Hermes was the bearer of the letter. She said that she wanted my share immediately, and he promised it to her. You see, of course, that I must sustain the man, who in fact acted just as I should have done myself. I hope the co-heirs will not be vexed at my having sold separately, which, however, I had a perfect right to do. They are not obliged to follow my example. They are not bound to Corellia as I am, and may consult expediency where I can think only of affection."

We are glad to know that the lady in question fully appreciated Pliny's generosity, and that her hurry to conclude the bargain was not sharp practice, but mere feminine impatience to have what she had set her heart upon. Here is Pliny's last word upon the subject, in the shape of a little note to herself, so handsome, so neatly expressed, and so entirely modern in tone that we must give it literally and in full: —

"It is extremely honorable in you, my dear Corellia, to request and even require so imperiously that I would permit you to pay me for those fields after the rate of ninety thousand sesterii, the whole estate¹ (at which rate a twentieth part has already been sold at auction), instead of seventy thousand, on which we agreed. But I, on my part, 'request and require' that you would look a little to my honor in this matter, as well as your own; and that, for this once, you would suffer me to oppose you in the same spirit in which I usually obey."

The same frank courtesy between the sexes, the same prevailing sweetness and refinement of family and social relations, meet us on almost every page of the

¹ Say the difference between four thousand and three thousand dollars.

miscellaneous correspondence, and lead us gradually to the cheering conclusion that even under the worst of the emperors the state of the great body of Roman society was less black than it has been painted for us by dramatic literati and despairing politicians. Of the manners of the imperial "set," and of the enormously rich in the city, *par excellence*, and in the great provincial centres, the less said, no doubt, the better. But it is perfectly clear that many of the old republican nobility stood disdainfully aloof from the orgies of these magnificent snobs, and cherished with rigid exclusiveness their own simpler and nobler fashions; while the great body of the ever silent middle class is likely, from the very limitation of their means, to have followed their example, rather than the other. In short, it may be doubted whether the passionate epigrams of Tacitus and the matter-of-fact coarseness of Suetonius illustrate any more fairly the average morality of the Roman people in the first century of our era than the *Pall-Mall Gazette* illustrates the immemorial sanctities of English domesticity; than Zola and his crew the prevailing wholesomeness and simplicity of family life in the French provinces; than Tourguenief (I will not say Tolstôï) the steadfast and rather puritanic piety, the religious resignation and virtuous traditions, long and loyally preserved, of innumerable Greek Christians in Russia. The great censors tell the truth, — alas, yes! — and tell it in words of fire which we do well to heed; but there is always another truth, humbler, broader, let us trust more fundamental, whose disciples are too modest and too truly delicate even to speak directly in their own defense.

How could there be a purer and more artless ideal of girlhood than may be gathered from Pliny's dolorous lament over the death of the daughter of his friend Fundanus? "She was not quite fifteen, but she had the composure of a

matron, the discretion of an old lady, while yet she was full of girlish graces and virginal modesty. How she used to cling to her father's neck! How shyly, yet affectionately, she would salute us, her father's friends! How she loved her nurses, her masters, her tutors! — every one for the service which he rendered her. How diligent and how clever she was in her studies, how refined and restrained in her amusements! How patiently, quietly, heroically, she bore her last illness! She obeyed her physicians, she encouraged her father and sister, and, as her strength declined, she still kept them up by the buoyancy of her spirit. All this lasted until the very end. Neither the tedium of illness nor the fear of death itself could break her down. . . . She was betrothed; the wedding-day was fixed; we had been bidden. What a change from joy to anguish!"

The vivid glimpses which we get of Pliny's youthful second wife, Calpurnia, both in the letter to her aunt Hispulla, in which he thanks the latter for having made the young lady exactly what she is, and in the two or three charming letters to herself, which are included in the collection, reveal a similar type of character; animated, perhaps, in the case of Calpurnia (since we know that she studied, with enthusiasm, the subjects in which her husband was interested), by a more brilliant and striking order of talent. For one, at least, of the love letters, the shortest, it is quite necessary to find room: —

"My longing to see you, Calpurnia, dear, is incredible. I account for it, first, by my love; and secondly, by the fact that we have so seldom been separated. This is why I lie awake so far into the night, meditating upon you. This is why, in the hours when I have been used to see you, my very feet carry me to your apartment, only to turn away again from the vacant threshold, sad and sick at heart, like a man who has been

shut out. I never forget my trouble save when I am in the Forum, engaged upon the cases of my friends. You may fancy what sort of a life I lead, when my rest is in labor and my solace in anxiety."

But there was a grander and more commanding type of Roman womanhood than Calpurnia's, or that of the poor little rose-bud whose untimely withering Pliny has so pathetically recorded; one with which the course of his life made him intimately acquainted, and which cannot have failed to exercise a deep influence on the mind of a man so sensitive to sublime and stirring emotions. The whole family history of Fannia and the two Arrias is so remarkable, and so clearly illustrates the position of the aristocratic *irréconciliables* under the empire, and the obstinate vitality of some, at least, of the primitive Roman virtues, that space must be made for an outline of it here.

In the second year of the reign of the divine Claudius, A. D. 42, twenty years before Pliny's birth, Cæcina Pætus had been sentenced to die for participation in the revolt of Scribonianus. His wife was the famous Arria of the Latin *anecdota*, with whom every schoolboy (and girl) is familiar, who stabbed herself in her husband's presence, and then handed him the knife, saying, "Pætus, it gives no pain."

But Pliny has recorded for us, in a letter to Nepos, which he prefaces by the remark that it is not always their most illustrious deeds for which people are most renowned, sundry other anecdotes of the same queen of tragedy, which invest her with a slightly softer and more human interest. Her husband and her son lay very ill at the same time. The boy died, and the mother, fearful lest the shock should prove mortal to his father, managed to conceal the fact from him for many days. She made all the arrangements for her son's funeral, giving way, when alone, to the

agony of her own grief, but contriving to assume, before her husband, a mien of perfect brightness and composure, promptly answering the father's restless inquiries by, "Bene quievit," or "Libenter cibum sumsit," — "He has rested well," "He has taken food with a relish." "And when," says Pliny, "her tears would have their way, she would go out for a little and weep freely, and then come back, her face quite serene, — *tanquam orbitatem foris reliquisset*, — as if she had left her bereavement outside the door."

She was in Illyricum with her husband when he was arrested; and when the officers would not allow her to embark with him, she hired a small fishing-smack, and followed close in the wake of the vessel to Rome. The wife of Scribonianus was one of the witnesses against Pætus, and Arria reproached her, in the Emperor's presence, with unutterable scorn, for having survived her own husband. "Shall I listen to you," she cried, "who saw Scribonianus slain in your very arms, and yet live?" Her son-in-law, Thræsea, suspecting her purpose of suicide on the condemnation of Pætus, tried earnestly to dissuade her, and asked her if she would wish his wife, her daughter Arria, to do the like if he were condemned to die. Her answer was, "If my daughter had lived with you as long and as harmoniously as I have lived with Pætus, I would indeed." And when her children still continued to entreat her, she rose in a sort of fury, dashed her head against the wall, and fell senseless to the ground. "You see," she said to them, when they had restored her to consciousness, "I shall be able to find death by a hard way, if you deny me an easy one."

The man whom she defied was already following in his father-in-law's footsteps. Thræsea was a native of Padua. His family name was probably Fannius, whence the name of his daughter, and he was in some way related, no

doubt, to the accomplished Caius Fannius, who was engaged, at the time of his death, on a work upon the crimes of Nero, and to whom the Emperor's ghost appeared and interdicted his work, one night when he was composing in bed, according to custom. Thræsea was a prominent Stoic, and his beautiful house in Rome a favorite resort of the Stoic philosophers from Greece, and of the old Roman party generally. He was no less wretched and restive under the tyranny of Nero than Pætus had been under that of Claudius, and about the year 57, the third of Nero's reign, he incurred the undying spite of one Cossutianus Capito by supporting the Cilicians in their complaints of the maladministration of the latter, when he was governor of their province. Two years later Thræsea gave deep offense to Nero by rising and leaving the Senate before his turn came to speak, when Nero attempted to browbeat that body into a formal sanction of the murder of Agrippina. He had been accustomed to assent by silence to the craven acts of approval continually passed by the intimidated Senate, but could not, on this critical occasion, forbear a more significant protest. Nero took no notice of it at the time, but treasured his revenge. When the Senate went in a body to Antium, to congratulate the Emperor on the birth of a daughter (by Poppæa), Thræsea alone was forbidden to enter the imperial presence, and received the prohibition very calmly, as an intimation of his approaching end. He had frequently said, in his Stoic phraseology, "Nero can kill, but cannot harm, me." Now, however, instead of courting death, as his own more headstrong son-in-law, Helvidius Priscus, was to do, he simply retired from public life, and lived very quietly; but Nero was not to be appeased, and "having," in the words of Tacitus, "already put to death many eminent men, he resolved to slay virtue itself in the person of Thræsea." The

prosecution was placed in the hands of Thræsea's old enemy, Cossutianus Capito.

A certain fiery youth, — *flagrans juvenis*, — Rusticus, a tribune of the people, offered to veto the decree, but Thræsea would not suffer it. The Senate met in the Temple of Venus Genetrix, and bodies of troops guarded the place and all its avenues of approach, and intimidated that once august body into a condemnation, not, however, without the expression of many misgivings and much pity, especially for the son-in-law Helvidius. A friend of Thræsea's was appointed to carry the news of the decree to the house of the accused, and found him, at nightfall, sitting tranquilly in his garden, with the usual circle gathered about him, and talking with the Cynic philosopher Demetrius; "as it seemed, from the expression of his face, and from certain words which were overheard, concerning the nature of the soul and the severance of the spirit from the body," — *de natura animæ et dissociatione spiritus corporisque*. There was a burst of lamentation from his assembled friends, all of whom he begged to go quietly away, and not emphasize their association with a condemned man; and when his wife would fain have followed her mother's example, he forbade the sacrifice, for their children's sake.

The manner of his death being left to his own choice, he took with him into his bed-chamber Demetrius, who had brought the message, and Helvidius Priscus, the husband of Fannia, and there had the veins of both arms cut, saying as the blood gushed forth, "Let us offer a libation to Jupiter the Deliverer." "Look on, young man," he continued (no doubt to Helvidius), "and may the gods long avert the omen! Still, considering the time in which you have been born, it is well for you to stay your soul by examples of constancy." Afterwards, when he had begun to suffer agonies through the slowness of his death, he turned to Demetrius, and said —

And here, with painful abruptness, the curtain falls upon Thræsea. The Annals of Tacitus, from which these details are taken, break off at this point; and never was the pen of the peerless historian more potent, his concentrated phraseology more thoroughly charged with emotion, than in these, which, to our irremediable regret, must remain his last words for us.

It was now the turn of Helvidius Priscus, the husband of Fannia, to represent for a time the high traditions, descending regularly in the female line, of this intrepid race. He too was an ardent Stoic, "and in his youth," says Tacitus, "he had studied much, in order that he might enter upon public life with a mind fortified against misfortune."

His name was already in the mouths of men, for he had been quæstor in Achaia, where he won the love of the provincials by his righteous rule, and tribune of the people six years before. He also had a son and namesake, by an earlier marriage, at the time when he wedded Fannia, whose relations with her step-child were always, however, of the most tender and intimate character, and who appears to have succeeded in thoroughly imbuing him with the spirit of her family. A strong affection subsisted between the elder Helvidius and his father-in-law, Thræsea, and perfect accord in their political as well as philosophical principles; and they kept up until the death of the latter, according to Juvenal, the habit of solemnly celebrating, at Thræsea's house, the birth-days of Brutus and Cassius and other great republican festivals. This was, of course, a proceeding most obnoxious to the government, and Helvidius had far less of tact and circumspection than his elder. He would seem systematically to have courted the dangers which his education had prepared him to affront, and can hardly be acquitted of a certain perversity and foolhardiness in his republican protestantism. Having

escaped with only a sentence of banishment at the time of Thræsea's execution, he went with his wife, Fannia, to Apollonia in Macedonia, and remained there until Nero's death in 68. Recalled to Rome by Galba, he immediately brought to trial Eprius Marcellus, one of his father-in-law's accusers, but failed to effect his condemnation. When Galba was murdered Helvidius obtained the corpse, and saw it buried. A prætor in 70, he put himself resolutely forward in the Senate, in opposition to the tyranny of Vespasian, who was then in the East; and on the return of Vespasian to Rome, he appears to have given himself seriously and systematically to the business of browbeating the Emperor, omitting his name from all the edicts which he published as prætor, and saluting him only by his private name of Vespasian.

Epictetus, who admired Helvidius greatly, has left on record the following conversation, in which he unquestionably treated the divine Vespasian *sans façons* :—

"Vespasian forbade Helvidius Priscus to enter the Senate. Helvidius Priscus replied that so long as he was a member of that body he should attend its sessions.

Vespasian. "Then keep silence when you are there."

Helvidius Priscus. "If not asked by you for my opinion, I will keep silent."

V. "But I am obliged to ask it."

H. P. "Then I must say what seems to me just."

V. "If you do, I will put you to death."

H. P. "Did I ever claim that I was immortal? You do your part, and I will do mine. Yours is to kill, mine to die without fear; yours to banish, mine to go into exile without repining."

And banished he accordingly was, along with Fannia, and shortly after murdered, judicially, in exile.

The Emperor is said, however, to have

repented of the order for his execution, and to have endeavored to recall it, when too late. Fannia immediately took measures to have her husband's biography written, in a republican sense, by Herennius Senecio, who lost his life in consequence of his performance; and the resolute widow was again requested to withdraw, and henceforth keep her distance from Rome.

Meanwhile, her step-son and pupil, the second Helvidius Priscus, who was probably very near the age of Pliny, and had become one of his most intimate friends, was ready and apparently eager to take up the banner of opposition. All that we know concerning the circumstances of *his* banishment is contained in a letter written by Pliny to Quadratus, who had been reading with great interest the official report of the proceedings in the Senate, when, immediately on the accession of Nerva in 96, Pliny publicly arraigned the accusers of the second Helvidius, and, after conducting the case with great skill and spirit, triumphantly secured his rehabilitation. Quadratus now writes, asking for some further particulars of the affair, which Pliny willingly gives, congratulating himself upon the whole matter very frankly.

His knightly reputation as the natural defender of distressed ladies appears in the fact that it was he to whom Anteia, the wife of the younger Helvidius, instantly applied for sympathy and help, when the incubus which had paralyzed the whole civilized world for fifteen years was lifted by the death of Domitian. All the preliminary consultations appear to have been held with those three patriotic women of three successive generations, — Anteia, Fannia, the widow of the elder Helvidius Priscus, and the aged Arria, the still surviving widow of Thræsea; the last two having but just returned to Rome after their third exile.

It was a time of great private sorrow with Pliny, for the wife of his own youth

was only a few weeks dead; but he would not suffer his personal depression to interfere with his public duty and the vindication of his friend's name. "I reflected," he observes naively, "the moment Domitian was dead, that now I had got a great and noble opportunity to succor those who had been suffering unjustly, to arraign the true criminals, and to *bring myself forward*. And though I was devotedly attached not only to Helvidius, but to Arria and Fannia, yet I was less influenced by personal affection than by civic indignation, reverence for law, and the desire of furnishing a righteous precedent."

Before resuming the thread of Pliny's own history, we may notice the only two allusions which the letters contain to the subsequent fortunes of the family of Thræsea. Both are of a peculiar and affecting character. In a letter to one Priscus, perhaps a relative of his friend, Pliny deplores the dangerous illness of Fannia, contracted through exposure and fatigue at the bedside of Junia, a vestal virgin, whom she had been nursing, at first voluntarily, afterwards by order of the pontiffs. It was the regular custom, if the vestals fell seriously ill, that they should be removed from their house in the Forum, and delivered to the care of some distinguished Roman matron; but Fannia's strength, which may well have been impaired by the shocks and hardships of her life, had broken down under the strain. She had a racking cough and obstinate fever, and seemed to be failing in rapid consumption. Pliny had evidently no hope, and he dwells with mournful admiration on the retrospect of her noble life. He recalls how, during the trial of Senecio for having written her husband's memoir, Fannia was interrogated as to whether she had requested the preparation of the book. "I did request it," was her quiet answer. "And did you furnish notes to the narrative?" "I did." "Was your mother Arria privy to your inten-

tion?" "She was not." From first to last, says Pliny, not a quiver in her intonations, not a sign of fear. "And yet," he proceeds, "how gentle she was, how polished! Just as lovable as she was admirable!" And he adds that he shall feel as if the foundations of his own house were shaken when Fannia is no more.

The one remaining reference to the doom which seemed to pursue this interesting race relates how the younger Helvidius had two beautiful daughters, both of whom were early married, and died within a few days of each other, each in her first confinement, and leaving an infant girl.

The year in which Pliny secured the reversal of the sentence against his friend Helvidius — that of the accession of Nerva — was the thirty-fifth of his own age. He was now in the flower of his manly prime, and in the seventeen years which had elapsed since he said good-by to his ill-fated home at Misenum he had made himself an honorable and, as the rather capricious Muse of History has willed it, an undying name. He was a successful lawyer, with a large and very lucrative practice. He was renowned as one of the most accomplished scholars of his day, an enthusiastic student and unstinted patron of letters. He was on terms of intimacy with all the other literati of the period, — with Tacitus, Martial, Suetonius, and Silicus Italicus, — and was a great favorite in society.

With Tacitus he had a warm and enduring friendship, untroubled by the faintest touch of jealousy on Pliny's part, who freely acknowledged his own inferiority to the great historian. "I was never more flattered in my life," he writes to his friend Maximus, "than by something which Tacitus told me the other day. He said that, during the last games in the circus, he was sitting next a Roman knight, with whom he fell into quite a learned conversation. At last

the knight said, 'Excuse me, but are you a Roman or a provincial?' Tacitus replied, 'I think you must know me by my works.' 'Oh, then,' cried the knight, 'you are either Tacitus or Pliny, and which?' I cannot begin to tell you," Pliny adds, "how delightful this was to me."

Scattered through the nine books of letters of Pliny's own editing there are a score or more to Tacitus, most of them relating to literary matters, of which the flavor has pretty thoroughly evaporated, thereby offering a strange contrast to the universal and imperishable human interest of the story of the great eruption. On one occasion he naively suggests that Tacitus should find a place in his history for a detailed account of the celebrated suit which he and Herennius Senecio (the man who suffered for writing the life of Helvidius at Fannia's request) had successfully conducted, on behalf of the province of Bætica, against its unprincipled governor, Bæbius Massa.

There was undoubtedly a touch of vanity in our friend's composition, but vanity, after all, of that candid and lovable sort which goes along with a disposition to take the most favorable view of all humanity, one's self included. Self-praise, moreover, was not thought unbecoming by the Romans.

In the years between twenty and thirty-five, Pliny had gone through the regular grades of public office which had to be traversed by every Roman who aspired to political distinction. He had been decemvir under Domitian in 81, military tribune in 82, when he served with the army in Syria, quæstor in 87, tribune of the people in 91, and soon afterwards prætor. He tells us in one place that he abstained from pleading causes during his tribunate; and several circumstances go to show that he found it both agreeable and prudent to keep as much as possible in the shade during the last three frenzied

years of Domitian. It appeared, after the death of the tyrant, that Pliny's escape had been rather narrow, for a complaint had already been lodged against him by the notorious informer Regulus, which would undoubtedly have been prosecuted if the Emperor had lived longer. Now, however, an honorable career was once more open to the talents of decent men. In 98, when Pliny had been, as before mentioned, disappointed in the hope of an heir by his second marriage, he received from Trajan, who had just succeeded Nerva, a grant of the immunities awarded to the father of three children, and was made prefect of the treasury of Saturn. In the year 100, at the age of thirty-eight, he was consul with Tertullus, in 101 he was made commissioner of the Tiber, in 103 he was augur. It was during these crowded and upon the whole brilliantly successful years that Pliny became possessed, over and above his patrimonial estates, of those two beautiful country-seats of which he was so extravagantly fond, and of which he has left us a curiously detailed description: the suburban villa, namely, at Laurentum on the Mediterranean, a few miles from Ostia, to which he could ride down from Rome after a day's work in the courts; and the great Tuscan farm at Tifernum on the Tiber, the modern Città di Castello. The description of the Laurentine villa in particular is so circumstantial that every reader thinks, until he has tried, that it would be perfectly easy to reconstruct it. Various attempts have been made, which differ rather amusingly among themselves, the best being undoubtedly that of a Frenchman named Haudebourt, who visited the spot in 1830, and was confident that he discovered authentic remains of the building within the limits of the estate of Castel Fusano. The general plan of the house is, however, perfectly clear. It was a long, low structure, fronting the Mediterranean shore, and set close

to the water's edge, which has advanced about half a mile since Pliny's day. From the entrance-hall at the back, which was approached by a driveway through closely set shrubbery, you passed on through a "D-shaped court," surrounded by pillars, and a second hall, to the chief dining-room of the mansion, which projected over the sea from the centre of the front, so that, as Pliny says, "you heard through windows, open on three sides, the lapping of the waves, and looked back through the long vista of halls and courts and entrance porch to the woods in the rear of the villa, and the Alban hills beyond." The wing of the mansion which extended along the Mediterranean leftwards from the state dining-room was only one story in height, and terminated in a library, with book-shelves and cabinets built into the wall, and "curved into an apse, so that its windows might take the sun all round." The wing which ran backwards toward the woods, at a right angle from the first, contained the rooms appropriated to the slaves; "but they are so nice," observes the master, with honorable pride, "that they might serve for my guests as well." On the other side — to the right, that is to say, of the projecting *trichinium* — came a group of living or reception rooms: first a *cubiculum politissimum*; ¹ then a *pièce* which might serve either for a parlor or a small supper-room, "exceedingly bright, with sunshine and a broad sea-view;" behind this two small suites of parlor and bedroom, "sheltered from all the winds." Then came the elaborate arrangement of baths indispensable in the house of a Roman gentleman; then two towers, with delightful rooms in the upper stories; then a tennis-court, and a garden "sweet with violets" and surrounded by walks bordered with rosemary and box, and *pergole* wreathed

¹ A *cubiculum* was any room furnished with couches. If it were merely a bedroom, it was usually called a *cubiculum nocturnum*.

in vines. These charming pleasure-grounds were again embraced and sheltered on two sides, for on the front they were open to the sea, by what Pliny evidently considered the great architectural feature of his mansion, — a long colonnade, with an arrangement of case-ments which could be closed on the side from which the wind blew, so that it was always pleasant to walk there, and which, by the style of its architecture, was really, he opines, more suitable for a public work than for the modest dwelling of a private individual. Where the cloister abutted on the sea, there was a third tower, with an apartment reserved for the master's sole behoof, where he could shut himself up to his favorite studies, and feel "as if he had retired from the villa itself."

But after all, the Laurentine villa was only a *bijou*, an unpretending suburban retreat from the social and professional excitements of the city close at hand. The Tuscan estate was very different. A much more magnificent house was there, and a great farm also, with laborers' dwellings and agricultural activities on a large scale. There Pliny was lord of the manor, patron and benefactor of the whole region round, and especially of the town of Tifernum, whose temple he rebuilt at his own expense; and he defers by a few days a promised visit with his new wife to her grandfather and guardian, because it would never do for them not both to be present at its dedication. There also, by way of performing his whole duty as a country gentleman, he sometimes hunted in the mountains, though the genuine sportsman will smile to hear that he always took his book along, and will be quite ready to join in the mirth which was evidently excited by the fact that once he actually trapped three boars, sitting and reading, all the while, in sight of the nets.

Here in Umbria, as everywhere, he reveled in the scenery: "The outlines

of the landscape are most beautiful. Imagine a sort of immense natural amphitheatre, a broad plain surrounded by mountains, which are clothed to their summits in magnificent old woods. . . . The summer climate is balmy. There is always life in the air, but they are breezes rather than winds which blow there. . . . The meadows, which are starred with flowers, produce clover and other herbage of the sweetest and most tender quality. They are watered by a multitude of small streams, tributaries of the Tiber, which is still navigable where it divides my fields, and, though shrunk in summer, is quite equal in winter and in spring to taking my produce to the city. The view of the site from the mountain above is enchanting. You seem to be gazing upon some exquisitely composed picture rather than upon solid land." (How true this is to the curiously ideal character, the inalienable *picturesque*, of the Italian landscape in all time!) "The villa crowns the summit of a low hill, and the ascent is so gradual that you make it unconsciously. Far behind are the Apennines." The beauteous region commanded by the windows of this country home, the valley of the upper Tiber traversed by the great Flaminian highway, was then cultivated through all its length, and overflowing with the glorious abundance of the most generous land on earth. It was reserved, during the next few centuries, for ruthless ravage and ultimate desolation. It was to be the marching-ground of all the great barbarian armies. The hordes of Alaric and Attila, the slightly more disciplined forces of Odoacer and Theodoric, of Witigis and Belisarius, surged back and forth over that fair expanse; taking and retaking its strongholds, trampling upon its crops, feasting on its fatness, burning its villages, murdering its tenantry. But no prevision of those ghastly scenes in the long death agony of the Roman state troubled the bright

outlook of the kindly lord of Tifernum, who thought — as everybody else did, in the relief of that particular moment — that the affairs of the world had once for all taken a decided turn for good, with the accession of Trajan to the empire.

In the year 103 Pliny received the enviable appointment of governor of Bithynia, in Asia Minor; and the only letters of his which can be referred to the time of his residence abroad are official communications to Trajan on matters connected with the administration of his province. These have been preserved, along with the answers of the Emperor, in the tenth and last book of the collection. To the student of general history they are more important than all the rest; but to the *dilettante*, who is merely looking for illustrations of the nature of the man and his family and social environment, they are, with one notable exception, inferior in interest to the less formal epistles. They show Pliny ever anxious, as we might have expected, to further the interests of the provincials; cautious and conscientious almost to a fault in administering their affairs. He will not, even in the smallest matter, act upon his own responsibility solely; and Trajan, whose wise answers reveal a singular breadth and liberality of mind as well as great practical good sense, appears almost vexed sometimes at being so incessantly referred to. Pliny is full of enthusiasm about all matters connected with the sanitary improvement and external decoration of the cities of his province, and Trajan shows himself wisely indulgent, the friend of all true progress. Only when Pliny begs to have artists and skilled laborers sent from Rome, that the works in question may be accomplished in the highest style, Trajan very properly insists that he shall make use, as far as possible, of local talent and of native craftsmen.

But suddenly, amid this mass of anti-

quoted and mildly interesting matter, the qualification of by-gone fancies and discussion of long-perished interests, a chord is touched which vibrates in our own hearts, and that intensely. When Pliny has fortified his anxious mind by seeking the Emperor's direct advice on the weighty matters of the theatre to be repaired at Nicæa, and the baths to be rebuilt at Claudopolis, and the introduction of water by an aqueduct into Nicomedia, he ventures, with a somewhat more than usually apologetic preamble, to request more specific directions concerning the course he is to pursue with reference to that large and rapidly increasing secret society, whose members call themselves Christians. Are they to be condemned, he asks, without distinction of age and sex, and are they to be pardoned if they show themselves repentant? (*Detur ne penitentiae venia*. And strangely indeed the employment strikes us of the very phraseology so soon to be appropriated to the uses of what was then the party of the future!) Must these people be punished merely for the name they bear, whether or no it may have been associated with acts of insubordination? Pliny professes to have mixed himself up in this perplexing matter as little as possible, and says that when complaints were lodged against members of the sect, or society, in question, his custom was merely to ask the accused if they were Christians. If they assented, the inquiry was repeated twice, accompanied by a threat of torture. If they confessed a third time, *they were ordered to be taken away*. "For I considered it my duty," says Pliny, "to punish them for their inflexible and positively vicious obstinacy, without reference to what they said. . . . There was presented to me," he goes on, "an anonymous document, containing the names of a great many who denied that they were or ever had been Christians. These men I summoned, and if they invoked the

gods, and offered wine and frankincense to your likeness, which I had caused to be placed among the images of the gods for this very purpose, and if they also cursed the name of Christ, I considered that they ought to be let go. *They say, however, that those who are truly Christians cannot be coerced into doing any one of these things.* There were those who admitted that they had once been Christians, some three years ago, and some more, but none so many as twenty; and these did curse the Christ. However, even these protested that the sum and substance of their offense had been that they were accustomed to meet together on a certain day, before light, and sing a hymn to Christ as it were to a god, and take a sort of oath (*sacramentum*), not for any wicked purpose; but that they would never commit theft, or adultery, or violence of any kind, or break their word, or abuse a trust; and that after the ceremony I have described they separated, meeting together only to take their food at a common table, quite promiscuously, but without any improprieties; and that they had desisted from doing even this after that edict of mine, issued in accordance with your command, for the suppression of *hetairias*. I thought it the more needful on this account that two female slaves, who were called *ministrae*, should be examined by torture; but even so I found no proof of anything more than an insensate and depraved superstition. I therefore suspended the inquiry, and hereby refer the matter to you."

Once again he apologizes, on the ground of the rapid spread of this infection among all sorts of people, and that, not in the large towns only, but among the rural population. On the other hand, he adds, it is undoubtedly true that a great many deserted temples have lately been reoccupied, and solemn services restored where they had been intermitted for a long time. The sale of

victims for sacrifice has also become much more brisk, and on the whole it seems to the optimistic governor that everything is ready for a great revival, if only a *locus penitentiae* be offered to the erring.

No one can fail to detect the resemblance between Pliny's tone with reference to Christianity and that in which a modern conservative statesman, of a mild disposition, might speak of Nihilism, or any other secret and presumably dangerous organization of to-day. Is there anywhere, at this moment, a reigning sovereign at once philosophic and secure enough to emulate the temperance and magnanimity of Trajan's concise reply?

"I fully approve, my dear Secundus, of the course which you have pursued toward those who were accused before you of being Christians. It is not possible to lay down a rule which shall be applicable to every case; but, in general, it is not advisable for you to seek out these men. If they are actually accused before you, and the accusations established, they must be punished, of course. But if they deny that they are now Christians, and substantiate their denial by invoking our gods, then, whatever suspicion may attach to them in the past, they are, by all means, to be pardoned. Anonymous accusations are not to be received in the case of any offense whatever. They furnish the worst possible precedent, and are not in harmony with the spirit of our time."

It is very difficult to understand, in view of these candid and perspicuous letters, how the story can ever have been started that Pliny himself became a Christian in Bithynia. Anything more profoundly, artlessly, sincerely, and, so to speak, righteously pagan it would be impossible to imagine. It was exactly seventy years after the death of our Lord. Verginius and Cæcina Pætus, even Thræsea and the elder Pliny, were contemporary with Him.

Yet the "fruits of the spirit" ripened richly in many of those pagan souls. Who dare deny it? The most enlightened Christian benevolence could not well have devised anything more wise and noble than the benefactions which Pliny made in his lifetime to his beloved native place, and the bequests by which these were supplemented. He gave a public library to Como, and the interest of a large amount for its maintenance. He established a school of rhetoric there, agreeing to pay a third part of the salary of the professor, provided the rest were subscribed by the citizens. He also pledged a considerable sum, secured by a sort of mortgage upon landed property of his along the lake, the interest of which was to be applied to the education of the children of poor gentlemen and to providing dowries for the girls. He left money for the establishment of public baths at Como, and there may still be seen, in the Brera at Milan, a mutilated stone containing a fragment of the inscription in his honor, supposed to have been set above the entrance to the building. There was yet another sum of money, the interest of which was to be divided among a hundred of his own freedmen, so long as any of these survived; and when they were all gone it was to be applied to an annual public festival for the entire population of Como. It is plain that he thought out the conditions of his charities as carefully as the most scrupulous philanthropist of modern days could do. To his slaves he was, in the best sense of the word, a paternal ruler: watching them in illness; mourning their loss; remitting their burdens if the crops were bad; encouraging them to make wills, and seeing that the provisions of these testaments were carried out; sending one of his freedmen to Forum Julii (Fréjus) on the Riviera, in the hope of curing his cough, with as many injunctions to his friend Paullinus, to whose care he recommends him, as if

he were introducing an invalid of the greatest consequence. And what shall we say of the letter to Geminus, in which he so gracefully expounds his refined and almost transcendental theory of "motes" and "beams"? "I consider him the most excellent and admirable of all men," he writes, "who overlooks the errors of others, on the ground that he himself sins every day, and yet strives as earnestly to abstain from sin as if he never overlooked a fault in any one. Let us all endeavor, at home, abroad, in every situation of life, to be implacable to ourselves, but merciful to others, even to those who never pardon any but themselves. Let us never forget the word of that gentlest, and for the selfsame reason that greatest, of men, Thræsea, — 'He who hates vices hates men.'"

And there is another letter to the same Geminus, with whom he seems to have been fond of discussing the higher ethics, in which he speaks of some one whom Geminus had praised for his liberality to certain persons. "And I praise him, too," replies Pliny, "provided he has not been liberal to these alone. I would have a man generous to his country, his neighbors, his kindred, his friends, and most of all *his poor friends*. Not like some who are most lavish with those who are able to give most to them."

The last of Pliny's letters to Trajan announces the death of his wife's grandfather, Calpurnius Fabatus, his own townsman and highly valued friend, who had done something toward filling the place in his life left void by the deaths of Verginius and Corellius, eight years before. Pliny explains that, under the circumstances, he has broken over his hitherto invariable rule, and sent Calpurnia back to Italy under an imperial safe-conduct, that she may arrive as early as possible; and Trajan answers graciously that the step, though irregular, was quite justifiable. This is

literally the last we hear of Calpurnia, and there are only the most meagre subsequent allusions in the classical writers to Pliny himself. It was probably the second and last year of his administration in Bithynia, and he was then forty-three years of age. All the authorities are agreed that he died under fifty, but it cannot have been, as one writer maintains, while still abroad, since we have a letter, dated ten years after the death of Verginius, — that is to say in 106, — in which he writes, with warm indignation, of the laziness and bad faith of the person who had been charged with the erection of the great man's monument. Pliny left no children by either marriage.

All the more, perhaps, because the place, time, and manner of his death are uncertain, because his familiar name vanishes without flourish or warning from the records in which it occupied for a time so interesting and conspicuous a place, do we seem to feel his

genial presence beside us in every spot with which that name is associated; most of all in those whose beauty, by intense appreciation and affection, he has made peculiarly his own. As we loiter along the shores of Como, we always fancy him sitting in the shade, high up on some wooded hillside, lost, for the time being, to all outward sights and sounds in his beloved book, while airy huntsmen follow their prey along the sylvan reaches. Or, haply, we are threading the enchanted solitude of the mysterious *pineta* upon the Ostian shore; and as we stoop to add to our gathered clusters of pale pink heath a little pale blue rosemary, "for remembrance" of him, we hear the tapping of an elastic footstep upon the mossy flag-stones of the path behind us, and an outstretched hand waves gayly and invitingly toward a glade in the dim forest, through which we see gleam, for a moment, in all their pristine glory, the sunny colonnades of the Laurentine villa.

Harriet Waters Preston.

KING RAEDWALD.

WILL you hear now the speech of King Raedwald, — heathen Raedwald, the simple yet wise?

He, the ruler of North-folk and South-folk, a man open-browed as the skies,
Held the eyes of the eager Italians with his blue, bold, Englishman's eyes.

In his hall, on his throne, so he sat, with the light of the fire on him full:
Colored bright as the ring of red gold on his hand, fit to buffet a bull,
Was the mane that grew down on his neck, was the beard he would ponder-
ing pull.

To the priests, to the eager Italians, thus fearless he poured his free speech:
"O my honey-tongued fathers, I turn not away from the faith that ye teach!
Not the less hath a man many moods, and may ask a religion for each.

"Grant that all things are well with the realm on a delicate day of the spring,
Easter month, time of hopes and of swallows! The praises, the psalms that
ye sing,
As in pleasant accord they float heavenward, are good in the ears of the king.

“Then the heart bubbles forth with clear waters, to the tune of this wonder-word Peace,
From the chanting and preaching whereof ye who serve the white Christ never cease;
And your curly, soft incense ascending enwraps my content like a fleece.

“But a churl comes adrip from the rivers, pants me out, fallen spent on the floor,
‘O King Raedwald, Northumberland marches, and to-morrow knocks hard at thy door,
Hot for melting thy crown on the hearth!’ Then commend me to Woden and Thor!

“Could I sit then and listen to preachments on turning the cheek to the blow,
And saying a prayer for the smiter, and holding my seen treasure low
For the sake of a treasure unseen? By the sledge of the Thunderer, no!

“For my thought flashes out as a sword, cleaving counsel as clottage of cream;
And your incense and chanting are but as the smoke of burnt towns and the scream;
And I quaff me the thick mead of triumph from enemies’ skulls in my dream!

“And ’t is therefore this day I resolve me — for King Raedwald will cringe not, nor lie! —
I will bring back the altar of Woden; in the temple will have it, hard by
The new altar of this your white Christ. As my mood may decide, worship I!”

So he spake in his large self-reliance, — he, a man open-browed as the skies;
Would not measure his soul by a standard that was womanish-weak to his eyes,
Smite his breast and go on with his sinning, — savage Raedwald, the simple yet wise!

And the centuries bloom o’er his barrow. But for us, — have we mastered it quite,
The old riddle, that sweet is strong’s outcome, the old marvel, that meekness is might,
That the child is the leader of lions, that forgiveness is force at its height?

When we summon the shade of rude Raedwald, in his candor how king-like he towers!
Have the centuries, over his slumber, only borne sterile falsehoods for flowers?
Pray you, what if Christ found him the nobler, having weighed his frank manhood with ours?

Helen Gray Cone.

VALENTINE'S CHANCE.

I.

THE May day was so soft and warm that Dr. John Valentine flung himself on the ground, at the edge of the pond. Alder and oak bushes shaded his head. Swamp lands rose just above the surface of the water, and with their wet greenness hid from his eyes the current of the river, whose gentle ripples defined its course through the smoother waters. Valentine's boat was moored near him, its keel well aground in the shallows. Behind him a steep bank rose to the level of the fields, which sloped away to the village. The river changed its direction when it left the pond, and cut the village in halves; then turned again, and sought the southern tide waters.

Valentine stared a moment at a robin which stood with an erect head near his feet, and then took out a block of paper and began to write. He was a wealthy youth, and neglected his office hours to scribble. Failure had not yet seared his faith, and he believed that what he so ardently longed to say some one must really need to hear. An unuttered thought seemed to him like a seed that does not germinate, something wasted. He came of a country family of good standing in an inland Massachusetts district. His people were the "best people" of the neighborhood, and the lad had grown up among kinsfolk who read good books and exercised a generous social spirit, although they lived simply, and kept a healthy interest in the soil, in seed-time and harvest, in cattle and in trees. Thus between the influences of nature and culture, he grew refined, sensitive, emotional, and well-bred. He had had enough town life to perfect, but not enough to wear away, the outlines of his character. Noble manners and real thoughts had held such authority in the

life with which he was familiar, that the rules by which conventional people govern themselves seemed chiefly amusing to him. An inheritance of anti-slavery blood contributed to render easy his disregard of trammels. He had never learned to be afraid of his own individuality, but his sweet nature had hindered him from thinking it necessary to assert that individuality by being disagreeable. A self-analyzing tendency was the one thing in him which endangered his growth in sunny and vigorous manhood. Here lay the germ of possibly morbid action or ruinous introversion.

The robin sped away, and Valentine wrote on through the May afternoon, till steps sounded from the narrow path which led along the bank half-way up the slope, and a girl's voice, odd and sweet, broke upon the quiet. Valentine perceived that she was speaking Canadian French. Suddenly, there was the noise of some one slipping, tearing at the bushes, and then a man came crashing down and fell headlong, muttering an oath, at Valentine's feet. The girl gave a quick cry and darted after him.

"Jack and Jill," said the doctor, rising in amazement. But the girl had not fallen, although she was already on her knees beside the man. Valentine lifted the fellow up and set him against the bank, and looked at him with disgusted interest.

"He drunk," said the girl in a matter-of-fact tone.

The man did not seem to be hurt, but very much dazed.

"What you bring me such a place for, Rose Beauvais?" he asked, accusing her stupidly in French. "Course I fall."

"Well, you sit still now," she answered calmly. "Don't you go home

till night. Then no one will see how horrid you look. Promise me."

He turned his great, beautiful eyes on her. The smile that crossed his lips, though silly with intoxication, still had something of the flashing radiance mingled with sweetness so characteristic of the smiles of his race.

"I don't know," he said.

She looked in the man's face, and replied in an unmoved tone, "I know."

Valentine watched her curiously. She seemed to be about fifteen years old. She wore a coarse dark jersey and a short calico skirt. Her shoes were rough and tied with strings. She put a thin, long hand on the Canadian's shoulder. There were flecks of cotton on her jersey and the factory stain was on her fingers, but there was a peculiar youthful grace in her figure and motions.

"You will stay," she said, and the Canadian nodded. She stood up then, and for an instant her eyes met Valentine's frankly. To his surprise, he felt a momentary awkwardness and was overcome by a sense that he had been *de trop* in this scene.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked hastily.

She answered, "No," in English, and to the other continued in French, "You stay here, Frank, and I'll bring you some supper."

The man was too drowsy to reply. She regarded him with serious but undisturbed gaze. It struck the doctor that drunkenness might be a familiar factor in her life. She turned away at last, and without any parting salutation went along the river bank towards the village. Valentine spoke to the Canadian, but receiving no response picked up his writing materials from the dirt, climbed the bank, and crossed some fields to the road, and to a farm-house on the opposite side. This farm-house stood a little distance from the village, and the farm belonging to it extended on both sides of the road, forming a portion

of the country dividing the Blackbird Hollow village from the town above it. Valentine boarded at this house. It was not a good place for his practice, but he was indifferent to that, his stay in the village being in the nature of an experiment preparatory to his serious settling down to professional life.

The evening continued mild, and a little before sunset Valentine seated himself in a hammock under a spreading apple-tree, whose buds were beginning to show themselves pink in the balmy air.

He was reading Miss Burney's Letters by the fading light, when a little wagon came up the path, drawn by a white goat. A rosy girl, wearing an unnecessarily warm red hood, sat on the corner of the wagon and drove. Two big buckets were the freight. Two dark-eyed boys walked at the goat's head, and ever and anon tugged at the animal to make her go faster. A girl, whom Valentine recognized as the Rose Beauvais whom he had seen in the afternoon, walked behind the absurd equipage. A little boy in petticoats ran out from the house, his short yellow curls dancing all over his head and shining in the light.

"Oh, the *swell* boys have come!" he cried, and joined the children as they went on to the barn. Valentine had seen them before. They gathered up swill in the village, and brought it to Farmer Pettingell's pigs. Rose did not go to the barn, but, after loitering in an aimless way near the kitchen door for a few minutes, she sat down on the step.

Mrs. Pettingell came out of the house, bringing a pitcher and tumbler.

"Have some buttermilk?" she called to Valentine.

"Yes, thank you."

As he took the glass, he inhaled the odor of new-made butter which clung about her hands. When he had drunk, she beckoned to Rose, and poured out some milk for her in the tumbler which Valentine had just emptied.

"I guess I'll get some doughnuts for them children," said she, and went into the house.

Valentine glanced at Rose, and decided that she was not very pretty. She had very luminous, soft eyes, but she was pale. Even the lips lacked color, though they were beautifully cut, and her features were a little thin. Her black hair was braided and scarcely reached her shoulders. A perfectly straight bang covered her forehead. She held a package in one hand.

"Is that the supper for that man?" asked Valentine, at last. It did not seem necessary to use any ceremony with her. She flushed, and drew her fingers across her lips.

"Yes."

"Do you think he has stayed where you left him?"

"Oh, yes. He be afraid to go away."

"Afraid of what?"

She smiled as if she did not mean to tell, and Valentine asked, —

"Who is he?"

"He Joe's brudther."

"And who is Joe?"

"Oh, Joe, — a machinist in the Jeffreys mill. He come first. So when the brudther come, work in machine shop too, ev'rybody not know his name. The boss, ev'rybody, call him Joe's brudther. Only we, — we call him Frank."

"You knew him before?"

"Yes, in Canada. Always."

What an odd, sweet note was in her voice! A light came into her eyes.

"She is pretty, after all," thought the young man, and he said aloud, "He's a bad fellow. Not good company for you."

She laughed, and turned her body slightly, without moving her feet. Here, the children came rushing back with the goat and empty buckets, calling to her as they passed, — dark, rosy creatures, whose vivid coloring made the American child toddling after them look insipid.

"You go home!" she cried. "I come

by and by." She turned back to Valentine, and spoke quietly: "No, Joe's brudther not bad fellow." It was evidently a little difficult for her to find and utter the words she wanted. Her pretty lips seemed to stumble over the sounds. "Him never get drunk before. Something trouble him. He feel bad. He no work to-day. Some fellows get him off, — tease him. He tell me. It lucky I fine him. I make him stay in the woods. He do so no more. It be all right."

Again that flashing smile, so bright, so unintelligent. Valentine did not feel pleased. At this moment, little Bobby Pettingell, tired of following the goat wagon with ineffectual feet, came up the path crying. Rose led him to the kitchen door. His mother met them, and he extended his tiny arms far beyond his sleeves, and turned up a tear-stained face, saying, "Please do sumfin' to comfort me."

Rose came slowly back to the apple-tree.

"Do you work in Mr. Jeffreys' mill?" asked Valentine.

"Yes."

"You were not at work to-day."

"No, I been sick; so stay out this week. Monday, I go in."

"Do you like to work?"

"I no mind in winter. Like to be in mill as well as anywhere then. Only getting up in morning, — so cold and dark. I think that bad. My fadther have to come up an' wake me."

"And in summer?"

"Oh," she cried, with soft energy, "I like to be out-doors in summer, an' feel the air. I guess I lazy. Celia," she went on, "s'e sit in the sitting-room, an' we have an organ, an' s'e play on it. An' Georgine sew the clothes, when s'e not in the mill, an' the little girls sweep up an' mind the baby, but I never stay in the house. I stand by the gate, an' see the people, an' go in the woods, an' look at the sky."

She smiled, as if she thought herself both whimsical and amusing.

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I weave. I run six looms. White goods. I could n't do the colored goods. So much harder. That would make me sick."

These words called his attention to the dark shade under her eyes.

"I must go now," she said at last, paused, then added, "You not tell about Joe's brudther?"

"No. Good-by, Rose."

He nodded, felt ashamed of his scant courtesy, touched his hat, grew suddenly more ashamed, and went hurriedly into the house, saying to himself, "She has real beauty even now. She might grow to be very beautiful, but I suppose she will marry that drunken fellow and get coarse."

Poor Frank was sober enough when Rose reached him; that is, he was sober enough to cry and say that he was sure Celia would never speak to him now, seeing that she was mad at him before, just because Georgine said she saw him talking with that Rosalba Pluff, — and it was not he that was with her; it was Joe. "Celia don't like men that drink," he remarked, as if it was a peculiar taste on her part.

"You'd better not drink, then," said Rose coolly.

"But this time," he answered dejectedly, "it would shame me to hide it." He sighed, then rose like a man. "I was a fool," he muttered. "I will go tell her I was a fool."

"I don't dare not tell her," he added in a puzzled tone. "Celia not like other girls. I could n't lie to her."

"Well, I think it's the best way," assented his companion.

They went to the village together. The Beauvais family lived in a square old house, with a big elm and two old pines standing in the yard. Celia sat alone on the doorstep. She was a

brown-haired woman, with soft gray eyes, a square chin and cheek, and a large, sweet mouth. She had not so much beauty as her young lover, but was pleasant to look upon. Rose stopped at the gate. Frank went up to Celia.

"I been lonesome," he faltered, and then told all his misery and his error. Rose looked over her shoulder at intervals to see how matters progressed, and when at last Frank sat down by her sister she whirled about and came demurely towards them. Celia's eyes were moist. Frank's cheeks were very red. He smiled like a child at Rose.

"I feel good," he said.

II.

On Memorial Day the French Canadians of Blackbird Hollow held a picnic in the pine grove that skirted the southern bank of the river and extended along the side of the pond. Curiosity led Valentine to the scene. The amusements were of the ordinary kind. There was a pig to be given to the person who guessed nearest to its exact weight. Some boys were shooting at a target. Dark-skinned young fellows exchanged laughing impertinences with dark-eyed girls. Men and women chatted. Children ran about. A crowd gathered round a platform where there were music and dancing. Everybody had a foreign color and air. Only the solemn pines and the brilliant blue sky looked American.

Valentine wandered about till he discovered Rose Beauvais, standing a little apart from those who were watching the dancers. One or two boys went up to her, and he saw her shake her head to them. After some irresolute moments he walked across under some hemlocks, and stood in front of her.

"Why don't you dance?" he asked.

"I not know how."

"You could learn."

"I not want to learn. They say, 'Come, we show you.' I not want to be shown."

He looked at her curiously, till a low, clear voice broke on his ear.

"Jack!"

He turned to receive Miss Jeffreys' outstretched hand. She smiled at him from her father's side: a tall, fair woman, whose blonde hair grew low on her forehead, so that she could push it back, and still have a soft, fluffy effect of gold under her broad hat. Valentine knew her well. Usually, when they met, they talked about music, for which each had a fancy, that each supposed to be a passion. Now she exclaimed at the beauty of the French Canadians. While she spoke Rose glided away.

"See those two girls," said Miss Jeffreys. "Don't they make you think of plump pigeons?"

Joe's brother was approaching, with a girl on his arm, dressed in blue. Behind him came another man, with a fair girl in a gray gown. The men were not quite at their ease, but the women held their heads calmly erect. Both wore big hats and showy gilt bracelets, and carried their gloved hands folded in front of their round, firm waists.

"The blonde is the prettier," said Miss Jeffreys. "She looks like a very amiable heifer. But what a face the other has! So serious and fine."

Mr. Jeffreys spoke: "They are the daughters of Beauvais, one of our carpenters. That girl who was here when we came up is another. One is a bride, I believe. Did you notice her slippers? French Canadian brides always go around in slippers. There is Beauvais, now."

He pointed to a heavily built man holding two little girls by the hand.

"Oh, I know the little girls!" cried Miss Jeffreys, going up to them. Pretty soon she returned, leading the children. "Now sing," said the lady.

They looked shyly at each other, giggled, and then two sweet, childish voices rang out, singing a little *patois* song, beginning, —

"Travaillez bien, chère petite,
Enfilez ta première aiguille."

The people near by stopped their talking to listen. Beauvais's wife, a plump, matronly woman, carrying a small child, joined her husband. Valentine stared at Rose, who came to her mother's side. He had begun to take in the fact that it was the girl in blue who was Frank's bride.

"I like the French people," said Mr. Jeffreys, when the children had stopped singing, and the group had melted away. "But all that the girls think of is to get hats with big feathers. Most of them are very dirty in their houses."

"Dirt is picturesque," said his daughter.

"A stale sentiment!" retorted her father. "We can't keep the tenements from being indecently full. They take boarders, and pretend they're all one family. But they are quick and intelligent, and save money, which they take back to Canada. They don't come here to stay. Have you ever noticed how few old people there are among them? They leave them in Canada, and go back to them. That Beauvais family, now, — I understand they are going home this summer."

That evening Valentine wandered restlessly to the pond, and rowed across to the village. The sky, where the sunset flash lingered, was clearly reflected in the water. His boat glided between two expanses of color. No being but his own seemed to breathe with conscious life. The birds which sought their nests flew like automata from shore to shore. The young oaks on one side, the pines on the other, stood like crayon sketches against the sky. Nothing was real to him but his own existence.

He landed and made his way through the streets, lined with factory tenements.

Here was life enough, — laughter and speech, whispers and cries; but as he moved among it all his own individuality grew only more awfully distinct. He could not fuse his soul with what he saw.

He came at last to the house where Beauvais lived. The yard was filled with happy loungers. Celia sat on the doorstep by her husband. Rose was in her accustomed place by the gate.

"Good-evening," he said; but she only smiled, and he passed on.

Three evenings later he rowed again to the village shore, and as he approached the land, saw Rose's little figure sitting on a stone, near the tree where he was wont to tie his boat. The sunset light showed the beautiful curves of her mouth and the soft glow in her eyes. He rested on his oars a moment. He wanted to make her come out on the water with him. He vaguely felt that if he could row her away from that accursed, tenement-lined shore, out among the grasses that grew in the shallows of the pond, he could then and there discover what manner of girl God had made her to be. He knew he must not take her. He knew it would be something very like a sin to ask this child to row with him. She might go with rude and common boys, and her sweet innocence be unblamed, but not with such as he.

When he got out of the boat he daltied a moment, stooping over her.

"Why did you not tell me that it was your sister whom Joe's brother was going to marry?" he demanded.

She raised her great eyes. "You not know that?" she asked, and stood up, putting her hands behind her. Hers was the charm which belongs to all girls, of high or low degree, in whose personality plays an elusive element. Her manner evermore suggested that she might be different from what she seemed; perhaps subtler, perhaps simpler, but with the odds in favor of the more attractive hypothesis of mystery. Withal, her smile was childlike, quick to come,

and very sweet, and the man who saw it that night was young.

"Why did you come here?" he asked at last. He was always asking her questions.

She hesitated, then said, "I like to see the water."

He smiled. "And did you think I might row up and bring you some candy? Here I am, and here is the candy. You'd better give some of it to the bride."

They turned together towards the village. "This is my way," he said, pointing to a path leading in a direction opposite to hers. She seemed to take this as dismissal, and ran away without a parting word. He opened his lips to call her back, but seeing that he was very near the rear of a big tenement house he closed them without uttering a sound.

III.

Frank and Celia kept up their wedding festivities for several days, and then resumed their ordinary labors in the Jeffreys mill and machine-shop. The bridegroom took up his abode with the Beauvais family, and they were all jolly together. They liked to play on various cheap musical instruments, and to dance, and they did not mind it at all if the feet of the dancers left dust on the floors. Nobody cared much about sleeping, either; or if anybody wanted to sleep, he was able to do it, no matter how much mirth and noise disturbed the nights. Rose alone held herself a little apart. She had never been quite able to mingle her feelings freely with those of others.

"I don't like so many people about," she said to herself. "One says one thing, and another says another thing, and it makes a fuss. I don't like it."

Georgine lived as though laughter were a synonymous term for life. Celia had a deeper nature, but its serene poise was even more removed from Rose's

moodiness than from the blonde sister's content. She loved her husband. She liked her home. She was pleased with her two new gowns, and especially delighted in some sheets and pillow-cases, which she had herself stitched very neatly.

One morning, a week after his marriage, Frank was ordered to go to one of the upper rooms in the mill, to do some repairing. On his way to the staircase, he saw that some casks had just been placed on the baggage lift. A man had once been employed to run this elevator, but a looseness of discipline combined with an effort at economy prevailed in the management, and he had been assigned other tasks which prevented his constant attendance to his first duty. As a consequence, anybody went up or down, who had freight in charge.

"I'll take that stuff up," said Frank to the young fellow who was preparing to mount.

"All right," returned the other, and passed on.

A moment later, there came some frightful creaking sounds, then a crash, and then a cry of horror as everybody in the room rushed forward. The lift had fallen, and Frank's body lay in the wreck. They dragged him out.

"My God, who will tell his wife?" groaned the superintendent, Mr. Lucas, as he bent over the young man's mangled figure.

No one knew who did tell her. She was in a distant building, but somehow she heard, and when Mr. Lucas went for her he met her running between the whizzing machines. He caught hold of her.

"Be as quiet as you can," he commanded. "Frank is living still."

She saw the blood that was splashed over his hands, and she threw them from her with a cry, and fled past him out into the breathless sunshine. Bearers had carried the man home.

Frank was lying on the bed. Valentine and an older surgeon were at work. The rooms were full of pale men and sobbing women. Mr. Lucas presently came in, and drew Celia away from the bedside.

"Do you understand me?" he said, holding her by the shoulders. She shook her head. Rose stepped forward.

"I can understand. I can tell her what you say, Mr. Lucas."

"Then tell her," said he, "that she can help Frank more than any one, if she will be quiet. She must not cry. She must" — But here Mr. Lucas began himself to cry, and stopped. Rose repeated his words in rapid French. The man had never seen such a look as that with which Celia listened.

"If she is excited," he choked out, "Frank will be excited. He will have fever. He will die. Do you make her understand?"

Rose translated again. Celia shuddered, then bowed her head, and went back to Frank's side.

"She'll do," said Mr. Lucas, and walked into the pantry to wash his hands.

Frank's skull was broken, and he had sustained other injuries. The mother brought old sheets, and Rose tore them in strips under Valentine's direction. The doctors worked with grave faces. Mr. Lucas stood in the doorway, and kept out the crowd who would have pressed in.

The physicians finished their labor and went away. Mr. Lucas took charge of all necessary matters. Beauvais and Joe and two other men were detailed to act as nurses. Celia sat all the time by her husband. Her hair was bound in crimping-pins and covered with mill dust. She leaned forward, and held Frank's hands. He moved more restlessly and moaned more painfully, if she relaxed her grasp. When she perceived this, there came into her face a dumb, steadfast patience. At night the family were provided with bedrooms in another

part of the house, but Rose stole back in the darkness, and crouched on the floor by her sister. She was there at midnight, when Valentine came in. He did not speak to her, but he carried away a vivid remembrance of her wide, childish, pained eyes.

Celia was in the same place in the morning, when the doctors came again, but she had brushed her hair smooth. That one night had elevated the character of her face into something very pure and sweet. It flashed across Valentine that the typical Madonna was a peasant woman. Then he looked at Rose, and fancied that he saw the hint of a similar womanliness on her brow.

"You must go and rest," he said to Celia. She obeyed him, going with a slow motion to another room. It was her own bedroom, but they had moved the bed, with Frank on it, out into the sitting room, so that the little chamber was nearly empty. She lay down on a hard lounge, which stood against the wall. As soon as Valentine had gone she came back to her chair, and took Frank's hands again in hers. Rose whispered to her, but she shook her head, and turned her eyes on her husband.

Miss Jeffreys came in, bringing some beef tea, and as Frank could not take it she coaxed Celia to drink. Her coaxing was done by gestures, as she could not speak the Canadian dialect; and indeed, she could not speak at all, when she looked at Celia, for crying.

"I never saw any one like her," she said to Valentine, when she met him a few hours later. "She realizes the ideal peasant woman of whom I have read, with her strong, sweet nature. I would rave if I were in her place. I should think she would curse us. It was such a horribly needless accident."

Another time, when Miss Jeffreys rose to leave the house, which she visited every few hours, Celia followed her, dog-like and dumb, into the entry. She put her hand into the lady's, and Miss

Jeffreys, in an agony of sympathy, passed her arm around the girl's waist. Then Celia dropped her brown head on the other's shoulder, and cried. Miss Jeffreys hated herself, because she did feel as if it were strange that she should be there holding this Canadian workwoman in her arms, and yet, all the while, she thanked God that she had been able to make that silent heart turn to hers. But it was only a moment before Celia raised her head, like one who dares not wholly yield to an emotion, mastered a pitiful smile, and went back to Frank.

The third day brought a delusive gleam of hope. When Valentine came in the morning, Celia sat at the breakfast table, and smiled with quick gratitude. Rose was eating, too. The young doctor went hurriedly into the patient's room. He did not like to see Rose putting a piece of pork into her mouth with a big knife. Celia followed him, and hung over her husband's poor, disfigured face, once so handsome.

"He knows her. He glad to see her," said Rose, coming to the doorway.

Valentine glanced from the wife to the sister. All that there could be of womanly tenderness and girlish softness seemed expressed in their two faces. Were table manners more important than the best of human virtues? He went about his bandaging with an impatient gesture.

At noon Frank's condition was not so good, and towards night it grew worse. Celia seemed unconscious of the change.

"He wants me all the time," she said quite happily to her mother, when Valentine was there. He had not the courage to undeceive her, and after giving his directions went out with an aching heart. He found Rose sitting on the doorstep, smiling in the level sunshine. He stopped.

"You like being out of the mill, don't you?"

"Oh," she said, "if Frank was not hurt!"

Something stirred within him like a yearning pain. He was under no delusion as to the daily habits and thoughts of this girl. He knew the narrow scope of her ideas, — worse still, he knew the methods of her toilet; and yet his heart moved towards her, as she sat there with her sad, sweet eyes. It was a lovely June day, and one in which a young girl should delight.

"I am going to row home," he said, "and I want to send a package back for Frank. Come with me."

So Valentine's desire fulfilled itself, and at last he had this girl of alien race and caste alone with him, gliding across the pond while cool, soft airs blew about. She sat in the stern, her hands lying in her lap. She wore a pretty gown, which Miss Jeffreys had given her that morning. It was a simple affair that had belonged to a school-girl sister of the lady's, but it was pink with a white gimp, and it made Rose look as if she were the same kind of damsel as Jack Valentine had been used, in college days, to row over still waters and between green pastures. Her happy eyes shone darkly. Primitive instincts surged within him. He was sorry, when they reached the landing place, that this dangerous half hour was over, and yet at the same instant felt thankful that he had been preserved from making a fool of himself.

As they climbed the steep path up the little hillside, he did not know whether to offer her assistance. He was not sure she would understand such attention, and while he doubted she ran lightly up, and he had no choice but to follow in awkward silence.

When they reached the house, Valentine brought from his office a little box, and gave it to Rose with a message for Celia. She was going home by the road, and he stood under the apple-tree, and watched her walk down the

path and disappear behind some syringa bushes.

"Civilization," he muttered, "is a constraining power. "I can imagine a state of existence in which I should run after her."

An hour later he saddled his horse, and rode out to some hills overlooking the level country. His soul gazed before him into darkness, and he felt no certainty that folly or guilt did not lie hidden in its depths. It seemed preposterous that things should have come to such a pass with him. Great sweeps of youthful emotion rushed over him, and brought half glimpses of truths or fancies, such as he had not hitherto known. He became conscious that his soul was struggling in a crisis more awful than that relating alone to a personal passion for a young girl.

At last he checked his horse, and stared at the silent heavens. Then he said to himself that the feeling which assumed the guise of a tempting fiend was nevertheless an angel, showing him how near akin human beings are to each other in spite of all difference of rank or culture. He must not love this girl, but he would learn through her humbly to recognize the elemental tie which binds the race together; whose vital strength had made it possible for her soft beauty to sink into his soul, notwithstanding the infinite space between her lot in life and his.

He had to go that evening to see Frank, and he found the older surgeon in the bedroom. It was evident to everybody now that the poor fellow must die soon. Valentine went again to the house at midnight. Celia stood fanning her husband with one hand, and with the other trying to soothe and control his restless fingers. She looked wan and old. Georgine was helplessly crying, regarding Frank from the foot of the bed. Rose and one of the little girls knelt on the floor. The mother sat near a table where a lamp was burning, and

read prayers aloud. The nurses passed in and out, and in the kitchen a number of people were gathered.

Valentine took his place near the doorway, and after a while a dark, handsome woman came to his side. She nodded towards Celia, and let a tear run down her cheek.

"Ain't s'e strong," said she, "to stand there so many hours? I could n't bear that, if it was my husband."

Georgine came over to them and sobbed, misusing pronouns, after the manner of French Canadians little learned in English.

"S'e will die soon. S'e wife will die, too."

A mist swam across Valentine's brain. He looked from Celia to Rose, and moved over to the open window and looked out. The stars shone, and in the street some one was passing with a lantern. The words that the mother was reading made their way into his consciousness. He turned back to the room, and sat down. He wanted to kneel with those who prayed. The mystery of death oppressed him. At that moment it did not seem like a solution of life.

At last the mother's voice ceased. She closed her book, laid it on the table, and crossed to Celia's side. The breathing of the dying man was audible in the hush. Rose got up from her knees, and came near Valentine. He touched the white sleeve of her pink gown.

"You must make Celia go out of the room. This will kill her," he whispered.

The girl shook her head. All the glitter was gone from her eyes.

"No, s'e will stay. My fadther can not make her go. S'e feel so much."

As the dawn gleamed above the factory roofs Celia suddenly uttered a low moan, threw up her hands, and fell back. Her mother caught her, and with Valentine's aid carried her into the little chamber. When Celia opened her eyes again, Frank was dead.

IV.

Valentine went out into the early morning. He turned the corner of the house to go behind it, through the grove, and found Rose crouched under the pines in the yard. She raised a white face to his. His nerves quivered. He heard his own voice, as if it were another's, low and passionate. In a moment more he found himself hurrying through the woods. She remained behind, with her head dropped in her hands. He had kissed her on the lips.

He did not tell himself afterwards that a blameless sympathy had prompted that kiss. He denounced himself rather as that most unworthy creature, a man who makes love to a girl he will not marry. His self-disgust intensified his passion, and he took this experience seriously, because his moral nature mingled in its elements.

On the day of the funeral, before the family left the house, Celia sat patiently on the bed, which had been moved back into her little chamber. She was shrouded in crape. A roll of crape — furnished by Mr. Jeffreys — lay on the kitchen table, and Orselia, the handsome young woman who had stood in the doorway with Valentine the night that Frank died, cut long streamers and decorated the hats of the bearers. Carriages waited outside.

Joe, who was now called "Frank's brother" by the people, wrung Beauvais's hand, and said in rapid French, "Ah, everything is fine, but it does not console me."

Rose felt a little important, and held her head with some dignity. Georgine's comeliness was obscured by weeping, but she was satisfied with the splendor of the occasion. This splendor was rather superficial. The kitchen needed to be swept, and the bed on which Celia sat had not been made that day. It was, however, easy to forget the slovenly set-

ting of the poor little show when one looked at her silent face. Other people moved, and spoke in low but excited tones; she was perfectly still.

At the last moment, Georgine found her little sister Laura sitting in the wet sink in the pantry, helping herself, with sticky fingers, to cold potatoes and bacon fat. Georgine bounced the child down on to the floor, swept off the slimy matter adherent to the back of her frock with a gesture that suggested discipline, and dragged her back to the kitchen.

The bearers lifted the coffin to carry it out, and the women began to wail, all but Celia, who shut her lips tightly. The crowd poured slowly and decorously into the open air. Beauvais led Celia to a carriage, then went back and locked the empty tenement behind him.

Valentine was at the church. Miss Jeffreys was there also, but he would not go near her, and took a seat on the side aisle. She glanced at him, with contracted brows, while he looked steadfastly towards the altar. The service proceeded, and occasionally a sob broke forth among the congregation. At last the priest came down the aisle, stood at the head of the coffin, and sprinkled the dead man's face with holy water. A boy who was with the priest, and who swung the censer, had the face of a young angel, grave and sweet. The rite seemed very solemn to Valentine. To his imagination it symbolized the oneness of this life and that beyond the grave. It asserted that the spirit of man is subject to the same conditions here and hereafter. Valentine realized then that his own soul was essentially in eternity that hour no less than was the soul that had fled from the body in the coffin. As the beautiful boy waved the censer, and the incense faintly darkened the air, there was no longer any noise of crying in the church.

Miss Jeffreys passed Valentine in the porch, when the ceremonies were over. "Did it not make you feel a great

deal?" she asked. "Are you not coming?" But he stood still, and let her go on.

He saw Rose, at last, who, for some reason, had not yet entered a carriage. He went near her, and she looked at him strangely. She was paler than ever, and her long black gown gave her a womanly air and added a moonlight effectiveness to her sadness and her beauty.

June was still lovely in the land, when Valentine, very early one morning, leaned out of his window, and heard the low sound of a human voice joining in that matin song with which every bird of earth and air was straining its throat. He went out-of-doors, and followed the voice till he came to a little clump of shrubbery not far from the house. There he found Rose sitting on the grass, behind a tall York rose-bush. She was singing softly, —

"Travaille bien chère petite,"

and pulling a flower to pieces. She did not move as he approached.

"You are out early," he said. She threw on the ground the white rose with which she had been playing. "Not a factory bell has rung yet," he persisted. "Does your father wake you at this hour?"

She stood up then, and spoke: "I cannot sleep as I used. First I wake, then I dream. I see Frank. So I come out of the house, to the fields."

He looked at her with a troubled gaze, from which she turned quickly. He put his hand on her shoulder. She covered her face and trembled. He remembered that he had kissed her, and took away his hand. The fear shot through his inconsistent soul that this girl might yet prove a greater burden to his conscience than to his heart. He stooped and picked up the rose she had thrown at his feet; then turned to the bush, and gathered some sprays heavily laden with white blossoms and pink-tinged buds. When he looked again at

Rose, she had raised her head and regarded him with wet eyes.

"I go to the mill now," she said, and at that moment the factory bells clashed through the misty, golden air. "I go to the mill," she repeated.

They faced each other, these two young creatures, who had nothing in common but their youth and a strange, inward yearning toward each other.

When the bells had ceased the noise that seemed to emphasize the difference between them, he put the roses in her hands, and said, "Take them home. Give them to Celia."

An angry flash gleamed in her eyes. He frowned back unconsciously. In a moment the savage look died out of her face. Her hands, laden with the roses, drooped with a pathetic gesture of obedience.

"Yes," she said. "S'e will like them."

Something tugged at his heart. He moved towards her, but her childish docility bore her from him. She turned, and drifted submissively away. He watched her in a sort of stupid amazement. When she was quite gone he flung himself at the foot of the York rose, and as the fatal mill bells rang again buried his face in the grass, and sobbed with self-disgust and pain. It seemed to him unmanly to love a girl and let her go like that; but whether the unmanliness lay in the love or in the letting go he could not tell.

V.

Valentine thankfully seized upon a pretext for going away on a visit, and was absent several weeks. When he returned to Blackbird Hollow, he learned that Mr. Jeffreys had paid over to Celia a considerable sum of money, and that the whole Beauvais family had departed to Canada. Hearing this, he reflected again upon the impotent part he had

played in relation to Rose, and the reflection did not increase his satisfaction with life or with himself. Her removal from him had the effect upon his mind of releasing her image from vulgar associations, and relegating it to a visionary realm of sentiment. He thought of her as if she were a disembodied spirit, and ceased mentally to picture her earthly surroundings. She had gone from them to unknown regions. He did not struggle against this idealizing process. He flattered himself that through it his passion would fade into a tender memory, and was surprised to find fierce gusts of emotion occasionally sweep over him. He strove to believe that it was best that circumstances had arbitrarily closed the affair, since, had it been left to him further to determine events, she must have been the chief victim of any mistake of his. It was perhaps a little significant, however, that he took pains to ascertain the name of the Canadian town to which Beauvais had gone. He did not act on this information when obtained, but threw up his practice, and went with friends to the Adirondacks.

One night in early September, at about eleven o'clock, Valentine was driven rapidly up to the station at Mountain Junction. He jumped from the buckboard, lifted down his portmanteau, watched the driver turn his horses, then went into the waiting-room, and found no one there but the red-bearded night agent. Valentine was on his way to meet Miss Jeffreys and her father, and go with them deep into Maine. He stepped up to make some inquiries of the agent, and was told that his train was an hour late. He received the information with a whistle, deposited his valise on a settee, and walked to the door of the ladies' waiting-room.

A girl sat near the farthest window. She was dressed in black, and her hair was knotted in the back of her neck. He could see the line of her averted

cheek, and had a glimpse of her ear and throat. His heart leaped.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered, and advanced a step. She turned at the sound, and he saw that it was Rose Beauvais who looked at him, her pale, clear face, her dark eyes, gleaming as they had so often gleamed upon his fancy. It seemed another midnight dream.

"Rose!" he said.

She did not speak, but kept her eyes fixed on him till the slow tears filled them.

He took her in his arms. "What is it?" he murmured, trying to hold her, but she slipped from him, and sat down and cried again.

"I—silly," she said at last, struggling for self-control, and looking like Celia, as she struggled.

"How came you here?" he demanded, hanging over her, aching to caress her.

When she could speak, she told him. She had been visiting an aunt in the States, had not accompanied her family to Canada, was on her way alone to rejoin them. The train arrived at Mountain Junction at three o'clock in the previous afternoon. She had got out to change cars, had felt ill, had fainted in the waiting-room, and lost her train. There would not come another which she could take till seven in the morning. She had known of nothing to do but stay there. Some rough men had frightened her in the earlier part of the evening, but the station-master had spoken to them. Now, she had been alone for some hours. She spoke with tremulous little gasps.

"I so lonesome," she said, "when you come in, it startle me, and I cry."

He would have drawn her to him, but she crept back into the corner of the seat. Then it came over him with great force that the man who will not love must respect. He rose hastily, and went out on the platform. The agent followed, anxious for conversation. After a while Valentine looked again into the

room. Rose sat quite still, leaning forward a little, as if listening to something, her hands, one of them gloved, lying in her lap. A single swinging lamp shed its yellow light on her. The young man stamped as he turned away, and strode up and down. The agent went back into his den and settled himself for a nap.

The interminable minutes trailed by, till the red-bearded man roused himself and the belated express train came along. Valentine quietly watched it arrive and depart. A tall, shambling man was the sole passenger who alighted. He was solemnly received by a man who had come in a wagon, and they drove away together.

"That's our minister," the agent said. "Been to bury his wife. I'm durned sorry for him. Was n't this your train?"

"Yes," answered Valentine, "but I have decided to change my course."

The man peered at him with natural suspicion.

"Can you send a telegram for me?" asked he, irritated by this scrutiny. The agent nodded. Valentine went in and wrote. The dispatch was addressed to Miss Jeffreys, and contained these words: "Delayed. Will write."

He seemed to see Miss Jeffreys' fair face as he listened to the clicking that carried his message. Then he went into the other room. It was empty, but in a moment Rose came in from outdoors, holding her hands tightly locked together. She started violently at sight of him. "I thought you gone," she said. "I saw the train go by."

He smiled down at her. "I could not leave you to stay here alone. You might get frightened again. I shall take another train to-morrow."

She clenched her hands harder than before, and her color came and went. He made her sit down.

"What are you going to do in Canada?" he asked.

"I go to my aunt in the convent," she said. "I go to school there."

He leaned forward, surprised. "But you will not be a nun?" he protested.

"Not now, not at first. But after a while, why not? My aunt say she happy. I not like things, going about, dancing. Oh, no. I want to be happy. I will try her way. Why not?"

Why not, indeed? Valentine could not say.

At last, he urged her to try to sleep. With gentle courtesy he arranged his overcoat and made her a pillow. She obeyed him with weary submissiveness. When she had laid down her head, he bent over and smiled in her trusting eyes. They drooped and closed under his.

He left her, rejoiced to see that the scrawny custodian was again asleep in the other room, went out, and paced back and forth under the sky. Sometimes he returned to the door, to see if Rose was safe, but he dared not go near her. Pain and passion filled his soul. A nun! That child, with those unfathomable eyes! Up and down, up and down, he walked. When he had let his train go on without him, his only conscious intention had been to stay near and guard her through the night, but now all intention was whirled away in the trouble of his mind. All the elements of his life rushed in turmoil about his imagination. He ached in every pulse, and set his teeth, wrestling like an athlete with himself.

Sometimes the agent waked, prompt to do some duty. Thrice a train whizzed by. Valentine kept on his walk. He dared not stop. Some horror seemed waiting to clutch him if he stopped. He remembered that in old times a young man kept vigil for a night before he received his spurs. It occurred to him as a sort of mocking fantasy that this autumn night was his vigil. He stared at the stars, and called on God for help in his extremity. The hours dragged slow as torturing wheels might

revolve. How long she slept, how peacefully!

The whole of wisdom and virtue is seldom gained in one struggle, however sore it be. Perhaps it did not augur very ill for Valentine's future, if out of this vigil he brought only his honor.

In the early dawn Rose woke, and sat up, confusedly looking about her. There was bustle in the station now, and many people were moving here and there. She started gladly towards Valentine, when she saw him enter the door. He was very pale, but he smiled at sight of her, and led her out to get some breakfast at a very scantily furnished booth in another room.

When, a little later, the train which she was to take arrived, he entered it with her. He had not explained his purpose to her, nor had he defined it to himself. He acted almost without volition or conscious intelligence, like a person who had been drugged. All that he did seemed unreal to him, yet underneath the stupor of his mind he must have had some idea of the end towards which all his actions tended. Certain it is that after he had carried Rose to her home he took her away again, without the delay of a single hour more than was necessary for the ceremonies that made her his wife. This desperate deed accomplished, the dreamy torpor rolled slowly from his brain, and he felt that real life was closing in around him once more.

He had borne the contact with the Beauvais family as best he might. It did not affect him much in his peculiar mental condition, but something in Celia impressed him, as it had always impressed him, in a way that promised possible satisfaction in any relation to her, should there ever come some simple but vital need of help in his life and Rose's. Of his own friends, he saw only his mother and sister, before sailing with his wife for Europe. Everybody else except Miss Jeffreys ignored his extraordi-

nary marriage. She wrote him a kind, regretful letter. As nearly as he could, he told his mother the whole story.

"Oh, Jack," she groaned, "that you should have risked all your life on such a chance!"

"I suppose it is a chance," he answered, "but it is one that has overwhelmed me."

On the day her son was to sail, the mother saw Rose for a single hour. She went to the meeting with intolerable repugnance. The girl was daintily clad in a manner that heightened the delicacy of her appearance. There was something so pathetic in her strange beauty, in the puzzled look in her dark eyes, in the dumb devotion with which they met the tenderness in Valentine's gaze, that the mother's heart was softened and eased of some of its pain. She reflected that she had known many marriages

in which the obstacles to happiness, if less obvious, had not been less real, than in this case, and some of them had not turned out badly; but then, alas, this marriage was her own son's, and that made it a more serious matter.

When they bade each other farewell, Valentine put his hand on his bride's shoulder.

"I shall not bring her back," he said, "till I know my fate; but I am not afraid."

Rose looked up, wondering what he meant; then suddenly took his hand off her shoulder and held it in her own. She turned to the other woman in her old calm, frank way, and said, taking great pains to pronounce correctly, —

"He is very good to me. We are happy."

"Oh, God keep you so!" cried the mother through quick tears.

Lillie Chace Wyman.

A GLIMPSE AT 1786.

THE year 1786 was one of the most uneventful of modern times in the world at large, one of the most important and critical in the history of America. It began two full years and more after the peace of Versailles ended the last of a long series of European wars; and at its close the next series, which was to deluge the continent with blood during twenty years, was still far in the future. It was in 1786 that Frederick the Great died; that the mad woman, Margaret Nicholson, attempted the assassination of George the Third; that the charges were made on which the impeachment of Warren Hastings was based. History records hardly another event of the year, occurring on the other side of the ocean, which is worth remembering. Life in Europe must have been unspeakably dull to the quidnuncs of

those days; for the great things that were happening in the thirteen mutually jealous States, which insisted upon being treated as if the name United States expressed a truth, did not interest the people of the Old World in the smallest degree, and would not have interested them if they had been capable of understanding American politics.

It is always idle to speculate upon what might have been if the determining causes of events had been slightly different from what they actually were. Yet those who are not to be deterred by the consideration that it will profit them and the world nothing to indulge in such speculation, could find occupation less attractive than is to be had in imagining what a different country this might have been to-day, if the old Articles of Confederation had given to Congress a trifle

more power than it really possessed; or if certain elements of society had been rather less courageous in asserting their principles and in urging their wild schemes of reform than they were; or, finally, if these same elements had been numerically as strong in all, or in a majority, of the States as they were in some of them, as, for instance, in Rhode Island. Certainly it was the collapse of congressional government in 1786, and the disorder, not far removed from anarchy, in some parts of the country, that forced the conclusion upon those who were thoughtful and well disposed that a stronger central government was needed, not only in the interest of the nation as a whole, but for the protection of the several entities which boasted themselves as independent States. Suppose that New York had withdrawn from her position as the single State which refused to allow Congress to establish an independent national revenue: what then? Probably the next emergency of the same kind would have been met in the same way, — by endeavoring to put a new patch upon the flimsy Articles of Confederation, — but how the attempt would have resulted is a matter affording the freest scope to the imagination.

Again, if there had been less recklessness of consequences on the part of Job Shattuck and Daniel Shays, and of those who aided them in the disgraceful occurrences of 1786 in Massachusetts, to say nothing at present of other disturbances in New England, the substitution of a firm central government for the weak confederation could assuredly not have been made so soon as it was. On the other hand, had Massachusetts and New Hampshire joined Rhode Island in its wild assault upon property, it is more than conceivable that a monarchy might have been set up as the only means of escape from anarchy.

Happily, none of these things occurred, and no permanent harm result-

ed from the remarkable series of events which showed the need, as clearly as they pointed out the absence, of an adequate government. The perils and evils encountered were nicely adapted to warn and instruct, without destroying; for they were too startling to be disregarded, and action to avert them was sufficiently prompt to prevent them from leading to disaster. Some of these perils had been threatening for years, others were new. Let us try to reproduce the situation, and see how dangerous was the storm which, one hundred years ago, overhung the Union, threatening to burst and to cause devastation and ruin.

The Revolutionary War had closed three years before. The people had the independence for which they had fought, but, having it, knew not what to do with it. They were curiously indifferent to political duties. For their state governments they cared very little, for Congress almost nothing. They seem to have thought that there was no need of much government. Independence was — independence. Thoughtful men bewailed the frivolous and lawless spirit that was rife, but they could not rouse the people to a discharge of public duties. The population of Massachusetts in 1786 was probably three hundred and fifty thousand. The whole number of votes given for governor of the commonwealth that year was but eight thousand two hundred and thirty-one. What was it, then, which finally did awaken the people to a sense of the perils to which indifference exposed them? It was not the pressure of political evils, but a touch upon the pocket nerve. Congress, always weak, had become positively impotent as soon as the Articles of Confederation went into operation; but the country manifested no disposition toward a more efficient government until society and property were threatened. The key to all the disturbances of 1786, the explanation of the remark-

able legislation which then was placed on the statute-books of the States, and the secret of the movement which led to the formation, and subsequently to the adoption, of the Constitution may all be found in the single word Debt.

A writer in the *New York Journal*, June 1, 1786, gives what he terms a "Cursory Perspective of the States of America," thus : —

"New Hampshire, complaining of her late tender act, of her poverty, and disputing upon points of private concern which may possibly affect the Constitution. Massachusetts, firm in politics, forward in promoting the federal interest, encouraging the sciences and agriculture, possessed of little cash and a stagnated trade, jealous of their Rogue, or Rhode, Island neighbor's new emission of money. Rhode Island, happy at present in their new acquisition of a paper medium. Connecticut, complaining of hard times, but do not yet express great uneasiness. A branch of them, however, are determined to hold their Wyoming settlements at the expense of blood and treasure, in opposition to the demand of Pennsylvania. New York, as tranquil as any State in the Union, trade brisk, but cramped in some degree for want of a circulating medium; which objection will be taken off in August next by an emission of paper, if proper means be taken to support its credit. New Jersey, acting as others act; small in herself, and somewhat dependent upon her neighbors. Pennsylvania, trade at a low ebb. Paper currency in good credit. Credit with her foreign correspondents lost by the abrogation of her bank charter. No material state uneasiness, except what is occasioned by their demand upon the Wyoming settlers. Not behindhand in promoting a general union. Advancing the interests of science and agriculture. Delaware, peaceable within herself, not coveting her neighbor's goods. Maryland, lifting up her head from among

the tobacco plantations, and saying, 'I will not always hold rank in the rear of the States.' Virginia, rich, haughty, luxurious, growing effeminate in manners, but patriotic; not fond of quarrelling, but disturbed by the Indians back. North Carolina, becoming civilized by degrees; spirited, of late, in federal matters. South Carolina, patriotic; trade declined of late for want of a power of remittance to Europe upon advantageous principles. Georgia, adopting the principles and spirit of the Union by degrees. Peaceable."

This seems, on a first reading, to be an encouraging picture. More carefully considered, it furnishes some indication of the dangers that were threatening, yet it passes over them with so cheerful a touch of the brush that the writer can be credited with a desire to tell the truth only at the expense of his power of observation. Contrast the account given of South Carolina by a correspondent of another paper, only a few months before. "Such a degree of anarchy prevails," he wrote, "as to excite horror." The people had plunged into extravagance; but when the luxury induced by easy credit had become a habit, the bills began to come in, payment was impossible, and disorder and distress succeeded to peace and abundance. A concerted effort was made to induce the lawyers of the State not to plead the cause of creditors.

The evidence is too good and too uniform to be doubted that, after the close of the war, a passion for luxuries manifested itself, not only in South Carolina but throughout the country. The demoralization resulting from a long war prepared the soil for the growth of extravagant tastes and habits. Opportunity to gratify those tastes was afforded by the resumption of almost untaxed commerce, after a protracted season of exclusion from the great markets of the world. Finally, the example was set by the *nouveaux riches*, and was eagerly

followed by men who regarded the principle of democratic equality as something more than a pretty but unworkable theory, and who found it all too easy to contract debts.

Not to dwell upon the fact, which needs no proof, that public debt, both national and state, and private debt were deranging governments and giving strength to parties which sought relief, by any and every means, from the burden, let us notice the particular measures by which politicians tried to accomplish this object. One of the most interesting class of enactments of this period goes under the name of "tender acts." That of New Hampshire is referred to by the "cursory" observer quoted above. Tender acts were passed by many, perhaps by a majority, of the States, and the injustice sanctioned by them led directly to the insertion in the Constitution of that prohibition upon the States to "make anything but gold and silver coin a tender for the payment of debts," which the modern bi-metallist misinterprets as a command to Congress to make *both* gold and silver coins a legal tender. Money was woefully scarce in America a hundred years ago. The people, instead of attributing the deficiency to its true cause, general poverty, chose to regard themselves as really rich, but suffering from the want of a circulating medium. Accordingly, laws were passed, all bad, but some worse than others, making various sorts of property a tender. Land, pigs, hay, and cord-wood were available in some of the States for the discharge of debts. In most cases, however, the operation of tender acts was limited to a single year, and creditors quickly learned the trick of waiting. If they did not press for payment, the debtor could not force them to accept property of which they could not dispose. At the expiration of the year the obligation to pay the debt in money revived. The failure of tender acts to give the relief which debtors had ex-

pected added strength to the demand, to which some of the States had yielded already, for a paper currency in which all debts might be paid.

The agitation for bills of credit became violent in New England, in 1786. Connecticut resisted the demand firmly and consistently. In New Hampshire and Massachusetts the advocates of paper money were very noisy and clamorous, though they were never even a strong minority. In Rhode Island the political contest was fought on this issue, and paper money carried the day. The enactments of the Rhode Island legislature of 1786, when John Collins had been elected governor, may challenge comparison, for recklessness and folly, with those of any other law-making body at any time. It was voted to make an issue of £100,000, to be apportioned to the towns in the proportion of the last state tax,—a tax which was never paid,—and to be lent to citizens upon the security of land. The currency so created was to have a forced circulation, and to be a tender for the payment of all debts. As if in mockery of the demand of Congress for funds, the legislature directed the national requisition to be paid in this money. Of course the depreciation of the currency began with its issue, and the legislature was called together again to pass a law imposing a penalty of one hundred pounds and disfranchisement upon any citizen who refused to accept it at par. This did not help matters. Trade ceased. Merchants refused to sell their goods for paper, and the farmers retaliated by refusing to bring their produce to market. So dependent were the inhabitants in the towns upon the country that the failure of supplies caused real distress in Providence, and in Newport there was a riot, a mob having undertaken to compel grain dealers to sell corn for paper money.

Governor Collins called the legislature together once more, and another

law was passed, designed to secure the summary punishment of those who treated the Rhode Island money with scant respect. The accused person was to be tried within three days after complaint was made against him, before a single judge, without a jury, and without the right of appeal. Upon failure instantly to satisfy a judgment, after such a trial, the convicted person was to be imprisoned until he should pay the fine imposed. This enforcement act was presently pronounced unconstitutional by the state court; whereupon the legislature summoned the judges who had so decided to appear before it to answer for their contempt of the law-making power. The summons was expressed in extremely insolent terms. Nothing, however, came of the attempt to punish the judges for their independence. Reckless as were the leaders of the paper-money party, they were not so desperate in their folly as to adopt all the suggestions with which they were favored. They could not see their way clear to the establishment of a system of "state trade" in which the commonwealth was to own ships and import and deal in goods. Nor could they be persuaded to pass the law, urged upon them, to require the whole population to take an oath to respect the paper money and receive it at par, under penalty of disfranchisement.

By the end of the year 1786 the value of the paper money was to that of silver coin as six to one. Contemporary accounts of the legislature, controlled by the party which made the position of Rhode Island in the Union a shame and a disgrace for years afterward, are far from complimentary. "I never saw," says one writer in a Boston paper, "so great a proportion of ignorant men in a public body." Possibly some modern city councils would hold their own in a comparison. Moreover, the legislative caucus, of which Rhode Island furnished perhaps the original type, has been per-

fectured since then. It was necessary to keep the rank and file of the party up to the work before them by means of the party whip. For this purpose "Sunday and nightly juntas, formed of the majority, are the theatres where public measures are canvassed and determined; the business of the house is stayed until these meetings, where the weak and deluded are properly marshaled, and then they come fire hot to legislate for their fellow citizens." Not a bad description of a bad political invention.

In New Hampshire the paper-money party did not get the upper hand, but it made much trouble. In August, 1786, a convention, formed of delegates from thirty towns, demanded that the legislature should emit bills of credit, in conformity with a plan which gave no basis of value to the proposed notes, and made no provision for redemption. What was asked for was "fiat money," pure and simple. The legislature resorted to a practice common in those days. A plan, a *projet de loi*, embodying the views of the paper-money party, was prepared and sent out to the towns, in order that the will of the people might be ascertained and made known by town meetings, for the guidance of the legislature. The result was a rejection of the scheme by an overwhelming majority of the towns. Pending this decision, the paper-money party showed its impatience by an attempt to coerce the legislature. A large number of men gathered at Kingston, near Exeter, where the General Court was sitting, marched to Exeter, armed with swords, scythes, clubs, and muskets, and formed before the meeting-house wherein the legislature was assembled. They began to cry out, "Paper Money!" "Distribution of Property!" "Annihilation of Debts!" and "Release from all Taxes!"

General John Sullivan, the president of the State, came out and addressed the crowd. He gave reasons why the legislature could not yield to the demand

for paper money, and least of all in the presence of an armed and threatening mob. His speech was not satisfactory to the rioters, who then stationed guards in and around the church, and imprisoned the president and the legislature. Two or three hours later, just as the shades of night were gathering, the beating of a drum was heard in a distant part of the town. The rioters, taking counsel of their fears, fled from the spot. They reassembled in another place, however, upon finding, after their prisoners had escaped, that no hostile force was coming against them; but the next morning they were really attacked by militia and dispersed. The numerous prisoners who were captured were afterward released, and none of them was ever punished.

The agitation in Massachusetts was not only peculiar in its form, but it was more violent than that in any other State. The evil of debt was attacked, so to speak, at the other end. Instead of endeavoring by means of cheap money and tender acts to make it easier to pay debts, the leaders of the debtor party devoted themselves to the task of rendering it more difficult to collect debts. There were, to be sure, here as well as elsewhere, a tender act and an urgent though not a general demand for paper money; but the most alarming disturbances of the whole year arose from the movement hostile to the courts which gave judgments in civil suits. No one who is at all familiar with the history of the country needs to be told that during the year 1786 local mobs, reinforced on some occasions by rioters from a distance, prevented the sitting of the courts of General Sessions of the Peace and of Common Pleas, at Northampton, Concord, Worcester, Great Barrington, and Springfield. Made bold by success, and encouraged both by popular sympathy and by the apparent indisposition of the state authorities to offer a forcible resistance to them, they meditated an

attack upon the armory at Springfield. It was at the very close of the year that the situation in and near Springfield proved beyond all doubt that force must be used against the insurgents. The vigorous action of Governor Bowdoin, the embodiment of the militia, the rapid march to Springfield, and the brief campaign against Shays, which ended the war in the battle of Petersham, not only belong historically to the year 1787, but they have been narrated so carefully and so well in Minot's History of the Insurrections that nothing is to be added to that account.

Much light is thrown upon the social condition and the political temper of the people by the proceedings of the county conventions and the lists of grievances enumerated by those assemblages. But perhaps there is no part of the story of the eventful year under view more remarkable than that which has to do with the raid against the legal profession. It was all the work of one man, sending anonymous communications to a Boston newspaper. Early in the year an article signed "Honestus" appeared in the Independent Chronicle, ascribing to the lawyers some of the evils under which the community was suffering. The article seems to have attracted some attention, and the author soon followed it with another, in which the "order of lawyers" was more pointedly assailed. Presently the attack drew forth from a merchant a word in defense of the lawyers. "Honestus" thereupon replied, and the prosecution of his original plan and his controversies with defenders of the legal profession occupied a large share of the public notice and a great many columns in the Chronicle.

"Honestus" was Mr. Benjamin Austin, a very ardent politician and a very persistent writer from the time of the Revolution until, in Jefferson's administration, his writings caused indirectly a most lamentable tragedy and the death of his own son. More dreary, inconse-

quential, and altogether absurd reading was never printed than were these articles against the lawyers. It is almost incredible that they could have had an effect upon the community, but they did. "Honestus" charged the lawyers with thrusting themselves in large numbers into the legislature, and there exerting an undue influence in the making of laws by the administration of which they were afterwards to profit. Yet the whole "order of lawyers" in Massachusetts, in 1786, comprised but eighty-one members; and in a House of Representatives numbering two hundred and fifteen, only nine were lawyers, while but one member of the profession was a representative for Boston.

The accusations against the lawyers were for the most part vague, general, and unsupported by facts. At first no one thought it worth while to reply to them, but when it began to appear that the writer was making an impression upon the public mind, one and another took up the cudgels in behalf of the maligned profession. "Honestus" met his antagonists in a manner which forces one to think that a very good lawyer of a certain sort was spoiled when he chose commerce for a vocation. The first reply to his assertions was a concise, pointed, and effective answer, containing facts which overthrew "Honestus" completely; and the writer, in order to prevent its being said that he was contending for his own profession, assured his readers that he was not a lawyer, but a merchant. "Honestus" perverted the disclaimer, and, with a sneer, treated it as evidence of anxiety to avoid the odium of belonging to the profession. Again, when he had printed what he declared to be an actual bill of costs allowed by a court of the commonwealth, in order to show the ruinous expense of legal process, one who avowed himself to be a lawyer replied, with an explicit denial that any such bill was ever allowed in Massachusetts. The first specific accusation made

by "Honestus," capable of being tested as to its truth, was thus met with a flat contradiction, and the accuser was challenged to name the suit, the court, or the county in which the bill was presented. Instead of responding frankly to this challenge, the agitator indulged in a shout of triumph at having provoked the lawyers to defend themselves, "notwithstanding the pretended contempt of my remarks." Later in the controversy "Honestus" was "done" into poetry. An ironical versified travesty of his accusations and statements was printed, covering a whole page of the Chronicle.

But if this assault upon the lawyers by "a young incendiary," as he was impatiently designated by a correspondent styling himself "Seneca," was met in some quarters with jeers, in other quarters it had a great effect. It was then a common custom for towns to adopt, in town meeting, addresses of instruction to their representatives in the General Court. Not a few of the towns inserted in their instructions to representatives a paragraph requiring them to do all in their power to mitigate the evil of lawyers. For example, the town of Dedham solemnly voted, concerning the lawyers, that "we think their practice pernicious and their mode unconstitutional." The representative was to do all he could to promote a reform, and if that should prove to be impracticable, "you are to endeavor that the *order of lawyers* be totally abolished." Dedham, by the way, voted the same year, with reference to the representative instructed as above, that his compensation should be five shillings a day; and if the sum granted by the General Court — for then, as now, the State paid the members — should exceed that sum he was to pay the overplus into the town treasury. A resolution to instruct the Boston representatives to vote for the abolition of lawyers was brought forward at a town meeting in May, but was supported by only seven votes.

Boston, indeed, was the chief restraining force which prevented Massachusetts from lapsing into hopeless anarchy. Another proposition discussed during the year was to limit the number of lawyers in the State to twenty-five, and to designate them by popular election.

The Massachusetts legislation of 1786 was intended to redress all the real grievances of which the county conventions complained, and to satisfy the malcontents, if possible, even in matters concerning which their demands were unreasonable. The purpose was not accomplished; but the failure proved, to the satisfaction of all who were well disposed, that it was folly to accept the preposterous programme of the leaders. One way alone was left to meet successfully the dangerous spirit that was dominant in the western counties. One act of the legislature, however, though avowedly an attack upon the creditor class, met with universal approval. It was an act making paper money a legal tender for the payment of debts due to citizens of States which permitted their own citizens to satisfy demands upon them in similar currency. The shot was aimed at "Rogue" Island, and it told.

Not only was society tending to disintegration at this time, but some of the States themselves were threatened with division. To say nothing of the long controversy between the States as to the ownership of the Western country, or the dispute between Connecticut and Pennsylvania regarding the Wyoming region, the people of what is now Tennessee had set up a government as the State of Frankland, in rebellion against North Carolina; Kentucky was demanding separation from Virginia; the dispute whether Vermont belonged to New York, to New Hampshire, or to herself was still undecided; and a determined movement was making for the separation of Maine from Massachusetts. Two conventions were held at Falmouth, — the name of which town was changed to

Portland in the interval between the two conventions, — the grievances of the district were recited, and a memorial to the General Court, asking its assent to the separation, was adopted and sent out for signature. But there is no doubt that at that time a very large majority of the people of Maine were opposed to severing the connection with Massachusetts.

Turn now to the national situation. The Congress of 1786 was the weakest body ever constituted by the action of the state governments. There was no credit to be gained by any man from membership in an assembly which was deprived of all real power, and consequently there were few members who conferred credit upon Congress. The people of the States were indifferent, hardly caring to be represented in the national assembly, and the members seem to have regarded the duties imposed upon them as a terrible burden. The Articles of Confederation made Congress an impotent body. This character, impressed upon it, so affected its membership that the advice to the States came with little weight of authority; and the States themselves finished the work by neglecting to follow that advice when to do so involved a sacrifice.

The day of meeting of the Congress of 1786 was November 7, 1785. The total membership was fifty-six. On the 7th November ten members put in an appearance, but only three States were "present;" that is, there were as many as two members each from the States of New York, Maryland, and South Carolina only. On the 23d of the month, for the first time, seven States, the requisite number, were sufficiently represented, but still only sixteen members were in attendance. Two other States became represented in December, one in February, two (Delaware and North Carolina) in May, and Rhode Island was not able to give an effective vote on

any division until July 14th. During the whole year there were frequent adjournments without transacting any business, for lack of a quorum of States, and the largest number of members who voted on any question presented to Congress was thirty-one. Not once during the whole year were all the States represented by the necessary two members each on the same day.

Reasons for this neglect of duty were various. Sometimes a state legislature would elect persons to represent it in Congress, and then adjourn without waiting to see whether the commission was accepted or declined. In other cases, as each State paid its own members, legislative parsimony accounted for the absence of Congressmen. The story of the Rhode Island delegation of 1786 is typical, and decidedly interesting. Mr. Manning, the president of the Rhode Island college, now Brown University, happened to visit the legislature one day, on business of his own. It had been difficult to find suitable persons to accept an election to Congress. A friend perceived Mr. Manning in the hall, suddenly conceived the idea of making him a delegate, and proposed his name to the house. He was immediately and unanimously elected within half an hour of the time when the first thought of making such a choice presented itself to any mind. As Mr. Manning believed he could be useful to his college, by pressing a claim which it had against Congress, he accepted the appointment. He soon had reason to regret that he had done so. His colleague, Mr. Miller, who had been entrusted with an advance payment of one hundred dollars for Mr. Manning and the same sum for himself, did not go to New York, where Congress was sitting, until July, and Mr. Manning could get neither the money nor an answer to his letters. He wrote most beseeching appeals to Governor Collins for some money, and pictured his most humiliat-

ing position, being able neither to pay his board and washing bills, nor to get away from New York. Finally the legislature, at one of the numerous sessions called for the purpose of forcing the state paper money up to par, passed a munificent vote to allow him seventy-five dollars. It is to be presumed that this unfortunate delegate succeeded in paying his bills; but although he was re-elected to Congress for 1787, he did not take his seat.

Not only was Congress so thinly attended at all times as to make it necessary to send out a special appeal that each State should endeavor to be represented by at least two members, but the *personnel* of the body left very much to be desired. Not many of the States sent to the Congress of 1786 even one of its best men. When members of the convention of 1787 were to be chosen, the true leaders reappeared in public life by the score, but they were not in Congress in 1786. Fully one half of the members of Congress in that year were never heard of again, unless it were in some subordinate state capacity. There were some able men among them, nevertheless. The delegations from Massachusetts and Virginia were the strongest. The former included Nathaniel Gorham, Theodore Sedgwick, Nathan Dane, and Rufus King; and John Hancock, most overrated of Revolutionary heroes, was elected, but prevented by illness from taking his seat. Virginia was represented by James Monroe, William Grayson, and Henry Lee. The additional names of Livermore of New Hampshire, Wilson of Pennsylvania, McHenry of Maryland, and Charles Pinckney of South Carolina almost exhaust the list of men who had ever been or were ever to be prominent in national affairs, who then sat in Congress. Where were Langdon and John Sullivan, of New Hampshire; the two Adamses, of Massachusetts; Arnold, Hopkins, and Marchant, of Rhode Island; Ellsworth,

Huntington, Roger Sherman, and Wolcott of Connecticut; Hamilton, Jay, Gouverneur Morris, and Peter Schuyler, of New York; Boudinot, Frelinghuysen, and Stockton, of New Jersey; Franklin, Robert Morris, and Clymer, of Pennsylvania; Jefferson, Madison, and Patrick Henry, of Virginia; Laurens and Rutledge, of South Carolina; or Telfair, of Georgia? Some of them were governors or judges in their own States, or members of the local legislatures; others were in retirement. Others, still, like John Adams, Jefferson, and Jay, were in the public service of the country, either at home or abroad, although not in Congress.

A study of the Journal of Congress for the year under view furnishes a sufficient argument in itself for the virtual abdication of authority, by Congress, which made possible the convention of 1787 and the subsequent adoption of the Constitution. Two hundred and sixty-seven duodecimo pages in large print are sufficient to contain the whole record of the year. And what did Congress do? It granted a few "sea letters;" considered and adopted several reports bemoaning the shortcomings of the States in the matters of the revenue system, the supplemental funds, and other schemes submitted for state approval; accepted the cession of Connecticut's claim to Western territory; and took steps to harmonize a boundary dispute between South Carolina and Georgia. Hardly anything else. Some of these acts, however, throw light upon the situation or upon the modes of action, in those times.

The State of Pennsylvania not only agreed to both of the financial schemes just mentioned, — the right to lay an impost, and the provision of a supplementary fund, — but made its assent so given inoperative until all the other States should have made the grant of power to Congress in equally broad terms. Accordingly, Congress passed a vote that

the legislature of Pennsylvania should be asked to rescind this condition, so that when all the States had agreed to the impost, that part of the plan might be put in operation. A committee was appointed, which proceeded to Philadelphia, and laid the matter before the legislature with such effect that the suggestion of Congress was heeded. In examining the reports of proceedings in state legislatures in those times, one must be impressed with the fact that a great part of every session was occupied in the discussion of "federal" questions. Thirteen legislatures were debating and quarreling over matters which one legislature should have decided, with the result that, as all thirteen could not finally agree upon one course of action, nothing could be done.

New York, as every student of history knows, was the one State which stood out to the end against granting the impost. At one time it was willing to allow Congress to establish an independent revenue, to be collected by agents appointed by and responsible to the State. All appeals by Congress to New York to amend the condition which made its offer valueless were in vain. The truth was that New York was able, under the existing system, to levy impost duties for her exclusive benefit upon goods intended not only for her own consumption, but for use in Connecticut and New Jersey. The advantage was too great to be surrendered; and a refusal to assent to the plan of Congress and the imposition of inadmissible conditions to the grant of power came to the same thing. It gives one to-day something of the feeling of national humiliation to read the letters in which that ponderous old obstructionist, Governor George Clinton, then midway of his eighteen years' term as chief executive of New York, refused to call his legislature together to consider further the impost question.

The local selfishness which was the

characteristic of that time — perhaps it has not entirely disappeared to-day — is finely illustrated by one fact revealed by this Journal of Congress. Connecticut, whose claim to Western territory was shadowy, was anxious that Congress should accept such a cession as would guarantee to the State the possession of a considerable tract (now known as the “Western Reserve” of Ohio), though not the jurisdiction over it. After several days’ debate the cession was accepted by Congress upon terms satisfactory to Connecticut. This vote was passed on the 26th day of May. Both the members of Congress from Connecticut seem to have gone home immediately after they had carried their point, and the State was not again represented — though one member was occasionally present meanwhile — until the 12th of July, almost seven weeks.

With such matters was the time of Congress occupied. Yet mention should not be omitted of one important act. Before 1786 the dollar was divided, not into cents, or one hundredths, but into ninety parts. In that year the decimal system of money was established, and the cent, the dime, and the eagle received their names. Moreover, the commission to negotiate treaties with European governments succeeded in making a treaty with Prussia, — the one important country with which our commerce was too insignificant to need a treaty. The greater part of the Secret Journal of Congress, which contains all the foreign relations of the United States, is occupied with Mr. Jay’s report upon the objections by England to considering that this country had carried out the stipulations of the treaty of peace. Mr. Jay found that the objections were for the most part well grounded.

To this desultory sketch of what was happening throughout the country, in reference to federal matters, should be appended a mention of the Annapolis meeting, called by Virginia for the pur-

pose of considering the best means of conferring upon Congress the right to regulate commercial relations with other countries. Representatives were present from only five States. The same exasperating indifference which was threatening the country with ruin was manifested in regard to this important meeting. Massachusetts appointed a full delegation, every member of which declined. A second choice was made, with like result. Some persons appointed later started to attend the meeting, but were met on the way by delegates returning from Annapolis. Only twelve persons actually assembled to consider the regulation of trade. Alexander Hamilton saw at once the possibility which was opened before the country, and all the acts of the convention, including the call for the Philadelphia convention of 1787, were suggested by him, and the adoption of them was due to the ability and skill of his management.

As might have been expected from the condition of disorder, indifference, and impotence which has been described, the public forces of the United States were not in an efficient state. There was a situation suggestive of general mutiny in the navy. In a letter dated November 8th, in one of the newspapers, an account is given of the troubles which broke out in the fleet, shortly after sailing from port. There was a “dispute” on several ships, and the officers and crews refused to obey the admirals and commodores. One ship, the Hampshire, narrowly escaped being wrecked, owing to the insubordination that prevailed. On the ships Boston and Rhode Island there was actual mutiny. The letter adds that “the captain of the Philadelphia wishes the commodores and admirals to be obeyed.” That captain seems to have been a peculiar being.

But if the political situation one hundred years ago was thus gloomy, there were some things occurring to give our

great-grandfathers passing joy. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company paraded for the first time, in 1786, since the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Then, too, the Charles River bridge was opened, the first structure which connected Boston with the mainland, except by the circuitous way of the "Neck" and Roxbury. The opening took place on the 17th of June, the twelfth anniversary of Bunker Hill. There were a procession, a dinner, toasts, and the rendering of an ode, which was "sung in a manner that might equal but could not exceed the merit of the composition." "Joy crowned the day, and in the evening the lamps were lighted on the bridge;" and, if we may believe the local chronicler, something more than light was needed to direct the homeward footsteps of some of those who had joined in the festivities of the day.

There were sorrows, too, in those times. The corporation of Harvard College found it necessary to use strong measures for the repression of the luxurious tastes of the students in their attire. By a formal vote passed in 1786, every student was forbidden to appear on the college grounds, or in the town of Cambridge, in any other than the dress which was by this vote prescribed. Blue-gray wool clothing — coat, waistcoat, and breeches of seven eighths blue and one eighth white wool — was the uniform. Freshmen should wear no ornaments; sophomores were to wear frogs on the button-holes of their coats; juniors, frogs also "on the button side" of their coats; seniors, buttons and frogs

on their coat cuffs. In comparison with their present gay appearance on Class Day, how unpicturesque must the college grounds have been when the artistic tastes of the students were thus discouraged!

Did science flourish then? Apparently it was neglected by the editors, at least, who were one and all taken in by a Portsmouth Yankee's announcement that he had discovered a way of uniting water with tallow, or, as he put it, "the true method" of uniting them. He could use one third water, so he declared, in manufacturing candles. All the newspapers in the country copied this important intelligence from their "esteemed contemporary" of New Hampshire.

But we need not fill in the picture any further. Poverty and debt controlled the direction of public and private affairs. Men were filled with a blind rage because, having won independence and the secure possession of a land having limitless resources, they were burdened with debt, and were unable to establish at home, or to extort from other countries, regulations of trade that should help and not hinder the material development of the country. When they were convinced that only by giving up their absurd ideas of state independence and sovereignty, and founding a truly national government, could they find a way of escape from their misery, they took the steps which were needed, and won the praise of succeeding generations. The events of 1786 did more than anything else to open their eyes to the peril that lay before them.

Edward Stanwood.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FOURTH.

XXXIII.

THE house in Madeira Crescent was a low, stucco-fronted edifice, in a shabby, shallow semicircle, and Hyacinth could see, as they approached it, that the window-place in the parlor (which was on a level with the street-door) was ornamented by a glass case containing stuffed birds and surmounted by an alabaster Cupid. He was sufficiently versed in his London to know that the descent in the scale of the gentility was almost immeasurable for a person who should have moved into that quarter from the neighborhood of Park Lane. The street was not squalid, and it was strictly residential; but it was mean and meagre and fourth-rate, and had in the highest degree that diminutive, paltry, parochial air, that absence of style and elevation, which is the stamp of whole districts of London, and which Hyacinth had already more than once mentally compared with the high-piled, important look of the Parisian perspective. It possessed in combination every quality which should have made it detestable to the Princess; it was almost as bad as Lomax Place. As they stopped before the narrow, ill-painted door, on which the number of the house was marked with a piece of common porcelain, cut in a fanciful shape, it appeared to Hyacinth that he had felt, in their long walk, the touch of the passion which led his companion to divest herself of her superfluities, but that it would take the romantic out of one's heroism to settle one's self in such a *mesquin*, Philistine row. However, if the Princess had wished to mortify the flesh, she had chosen an effective means of doing so, and of mortifying the spirit as well.

The long light of the gray summer evening was still in the air, and Madeira Crescent wore a soiled, dusty expression. A hand-organ droned in front of a neighboring house, and the cart of the local washer-woman, to which a donkey was harnessed, was drawn up opposite. The local children, as well, were dancing on the pavement, to the music of the organ, and the scene was surveyed, from one of the windows, by a gentleman in a dirty dressing-gown, smoking a pipe, who made Hyacinth think of Mr. Micawber. The young man gave the Princess a deep look, before they went into the house, and she smiled, as if she understood everything that was passing in his mind.

The long, circuitous walk with her, from the far-away South of London, had been strange and delightful; it reminded Hyacinth, more queerly than he could have expressed, of some of the rambles he had taken on summer evenings with Millicent Henning. It was impossible to resemble this young lady less than the Princess resembled her, but in her enjoyment of her unwonted situation (she had never before, on a summer's evening, — to the best of Hyacinth's belief, at least, — lost herself in the unfashionable districts on the arm of a seedy artisan) the distinguished personage exhibited certain coincidences with the shop-girl. She stopped, as Millicent had done, to look into the windows of vulgar establishments, and amused herself with picking out abominable objects that she should like to possess; selecting them from a new point of view, that of a reduced fortune and the domestic arrangements of the "lower middle class," deriving extreme diversion from the idea that she now

belonged to that body. She was in a state of light, fresh, sociable exhilaration which Hyacinth had hitherto, in the same degree, not seen in her, and before they reached Madeira Crescent it had become clear to him that her present phase was little more than a brilliant *tour de force*, which he could not imagine her keeping up long, for the simple reason that, after the novelty and strangeness of the affair had passed away, she would not be able to endure the contact of so much that was common and ugly. For the moment, her discoveries in this line diverted her, as all discoveries did, and she pretended to be sounding, in a scientific spirit — that of the social philosopher, the student and critic of manners — the depths of British Philistinism. Hyacinth was struck, more than ever, with the fund of life that was in her, the energy of feeling, the high, free, reckless spirit. These things expressed themselves, as the couple proceeded, in a hundred sallies and droll proposals, kindling the young man's pulses, and making him conscious of the joy with which, in any extravagance, he would bear her company to the death. She appeared to him, at this moment, to be playing with life so audaciously and defiantly that the end of it all would inevitably be some violent catastrophe.

She desired exceedingly that Hyacinth should take her to a music-hall or a coffee-tavern; she even professed a curiosity to see the inside of a public-house. As she still had self-possession enough to remember that if she stayed out beyond a certain hour Madame Grandoni would begin to worry about her, they were obliged to content themselves with the minor "lark," as the Princess was careful to designate their peep into an establishment, glittering with polished pewter and brass, which bore the name of the Happy Land. Hyacinth had feared that she would be nervous after the narrow, befingered

door had swung behind her, or that, at all events, she would be disgusted at what she might see and hear in such a place, and would immediately wish to retreat. By good luck, however, there were only two or three convivial spirits in occupancy, and the presence of the softer sex was apparently not so rare as to excite surprise. The softer sex, furthermore, was embodied in a big, hard, red woman, the publican's wife, who looked as if she were in the habit of dealing with all sorts, and mainly interested in seeing whether even the finest put down their money before they were served. The Princess pretended to "have something," and to admire the ornamentation of the bar; and when Hyacinth asked her, in a low tone, what disposal they should make, when the great changes came, of such an embarrassing type as that, replied, off-hand, "Oh, drown her in a barrel of beer." She professed, when they came out, to have been immensely interested in the Happy Land, and was not content until Hyacinth had fixed an evening on which they might visit a music-hall together. She talked with him, largely, by fits and starts, about his adventures abroad and his impressions of France and Italy; breaking off, suddenly, with some irrelevant but almost extravagantly appreciative allusion to Rose Muniment and Lady Aurora; then returning with a question as to what he had seen and done, the answer to which, however, in many cases, she was not at pains to wait for. Yet it implied that she had paid considerable attention to what he told her that she should be able to say, towards the end, with that fraternizing frankness which was always touching because it appeared to place her at one's mercy, to show that she counted on one's having an equal loyalty, "Well, my dear friend, you have not wasted your time; you know everything, you have missed nothing; there are lots of things you can tell me, and we shall

have some famous talks in the winter evenings." This last reference was apparently to the coming season, and there was something in the tone of quiet friendship with which it was uttered, and which seemed to involve so many delightful things, something that, for Hyacinth, bound them still closer together. To live out of the world with her, that way, lost among the London millions, in a queer little cockneyfied retreat, was a refinement of intimacy, and better even than the splendid chance he had enjoyed at Medley.

They found Madame Grandoni sitting alone in the twilight, very patient and peaceful, and having, after all, it was clear, accepted the situation too completely to fidget at such a trifle as her companion's not coming home at a lady-like hour. She had placed herself in the back part of the tawdry little drawing-room, which looked into a small, smutty garden, and, from the front window, which was open, the sound of the hurdy-gurdy and the voices of the children, who were romping to its music, came in to her through the summer dusk. The influence of London was there, in a kind of mitigated, far-away hum, and for some reason or other, at that moment, the place, to Hyacinth, took on the semblance of the home of an exile — a spot and an hour to be remembered with a throb of fondness, in some danger or sorrow of after years. The old lady never moved from her chair as she saw the Princess come in with the little bookbinder, and her eyes rested on Hyacinth as familiarly as if she had seen him go out with her in the afternoon. The Princess stood before Madame Grandoni a moment, smiling. "I have done a great thing. What do you think I have done?" she asked, as she drew off her gloves.

"God knows! I have ceased to think!" said the old woman, staring up, with her fat, empty hands on the arms of her chair.

"I have come on foot from the far South of London — how many miles? four or five — and I'm not a particle tired."

"*Che forza, che forza!*" murmured Madame Grandoni. "She will knock you up, completely," she added, turning to Hyacinth with a kind of customary compassion.

"Poor darling, *she* misses the carriage," Christina remarked, passing out of the room.

Madame Grandoni followed her with her eyes, and Hyacinth thought he perceived a considerable lassitude, a plaintive bewilderment and *hébétément*, in the old woman's face. "Don't you like to use cabs — I mean hansoms?" he asked, wishing to say something comforting to her.

"It is not true that I miss anything; my life is only too full," she replied. "I lived worse than this — in my bad days." In a moment she went on: "It's because you are here — she does n't like Assunta to come."

"Assunta — because I am here?" Hyacinth did not immediately catch her meaning.

"You must have seen her Italian maid at Medley. She has kept her, and she's ashamed of it. When we are alone Assunta comes for her bonnet. But she likes you to think she waits on herself."

"That's a weakness — when she's so strong! And what does Assunta think of it?" Hyacinth asked, looking at the stuffed birds in the window, the alabaster Cupid, the wax flowers on the chimney-piece, the florid antimacassars on the chairs, the sentimental engravings on the walls — in frames of *papier-mâché* and "composition," some of them enveloped in pink tissue-paper — and the prismatic glass pendants which seemed attached to everything.

"She says, 'What on earth will it matter to-morrow?'"

"Does she mean that to-morrow the

Princess will have her luxury back again? Has n't she sold all her beautiful things?"

Madame Grandoni was silent a moment. "She has kept a few. They are put away."

"*A la bonne heure!*" cried Hyacinth, laughing. He sat down with the ironical old woman; he spent nearly half an hour in desultory conversation with her, before candles were brought in, and while Christina was in Assunta's hands. He noticed how resolutely the Princess had withheld herself from any attempt to sweeten the dose she had taken it into her head to swallow, to mitigate the ugliness of her vulgar little house. She had respected its horrible idiosyncrasies, and left, rigidly, in their places the gimcracks which found favor in Madeira Crescent. She had flung no draperies over the pretentious furniture, and disposed no rugs upon the staring carpet; and it was plainly her theory that the right way to acquaint one's self with the sensations of the wretched was to suffer the anguish of exasperated taste. Presently a female servant came in — not the skeptical Assunta, but a stunted young woman of the maid-of-all-work type, the same who had opened the door to the pair a short time before — and informed Hyacinth that the Princess wished him to understand that he was expected to remain to tea. He learned from Madame Grandoni that the custom of an early dinner, followed in the evening by the frugal repast of the lower orders, was another of Christina's mortifications; and when, shortly afterwards, he saw the table laid in the back parlor, which was also the dining-room, and observed the nature of the crockery with which it was decorated, he perceived that whether or no her earnestness were durable, it was at any rate, for the time, intense. Madame Grandoni narrated to him, definitely, as the Princess had done only in scraps, the history of the two ladies since his departure

from Medley, their relinquishment of that fine house, and the sudden arrangements Christina had made to change her mode of life, after they had been only ten days in South Street. At the climax of the London season, in a society which only desired to treat her as one of its brightest ornaments, she had retired to Madeira Crescent, concealing her address (with only partial success, of course) from every one, and inviting a celebrated curiosity-monger to come and look at her *bibelots*, and tell her what he would give her for the lot. In this manner she had parted with them at a fearful sacrifice. She had wished to avoid the nine days' wonder of a public sale; for, to do her justice, though she liked to be original, she did n't like to be notorious, an occasion of vulgar chatter. What had precipitated her determination was a remonstrance received from her husband, just after she left Medley, on the subject of her excessive expenditure; he had written to her that it was past a joke (as she had appeared to consider it), and that she must really pull up. Nothing could gall her more than an interference on that head (she maintained that she knew the exact figure of the Prince's income, and that her allowance was an insignificant part of it), and she had pulled up with a vengeance, as Hyacinth perceived. The young man divined on this occasion one of the Princess's sharpest anxieties (he had never thought of it before), the danger of Casamassima's really putting the screw on — attempting to make her come back and live with him by withholding supplies altogether. In this case she would find herself in a very tight place, though she had a theory that if she should go to law about the matter the courts would allow her a separate maintenance. This course, however, it would scarcely be in her character to adopt; she would be more likely to waive her right, and support herself by lessons in music and the foreign tongues, supple-

mented by the remnant of property that had come to her from her mother. That she was capable of returning to the Prince some day, through not daring to face the loss of luxury, was an idea that could not occur to Hyacinth, in the midst of her assurances, uttered at various times, that she positively yearned for a sacrifice; and such an apprehension was less present to him than ever as he listened to Madame Grandoni's account of the manner in which her rupture with the fashionable world had been effected. It must be added that the old lady remarked, with a sigh, that she did n't know how it would all end, as some of Christina's economies were very costly; and when Hyacinth pressed her a little, she went on to say that it was not, at present, the question of complications arising from the Prince that troubled her most, but the fear that Christina was seriously compromised by her reckless, senseless correspondences — letters arriving from foreign countries, from God knew whom (Christina never told her, nor did she desire it), all about uprisings and liberations (of so much one could be sure) and other matters that were no concern of honest folks. Hyacinth scarcely knew what Madame Grandoni meant by this allusion, which seemed to show that, during the last few months, the Princess had considerably extended her revolutionary connection: he only thought of Hoffendahl, whose name, however, he was careful not to pronounce, and wondered whether his hostess had been writing to the Master to intercede for *him*, to beg that he might be let off. His cheeks burned at the thought, but he contented himself with remarking to Madame Grandoni that their extraordinary friend enjoyed the sense of danger. The old lady wished to know how she would enjoy the hangman's rope (with which, *du train dont elle allait*, she might easily make acquaintance); and when he expressed the hope that she did n't regard him as a

counselor of imprudence, replied, "You, my poor child? Oh, I saw into you at Medley. You are a simple *codino*!"

The Princess came in to tea in a plain white frock, with a bunch of keys at her girdle; and nothing could have suggested the thrifty housewife better than the manner in which she superintended the laying of the cloth and the placing on it of a little austere refreshment — a pile of bread and butter, flanked by a pot of marmalade and a morsel of bacon. She filled the teapot out of a little tin canister locked up in a cupboard, of which the key worked with difficulty, and made the tea with her own superb hands; taking pains, however, to explain to Hyacinth that she was far from imposing that *régime* on Madame Grandoni, who understood that the grocer had a standing order to supply her, for her private consumption, with any delicacy she might desire. For herself, she had never been so well as since she had followed a homely diet. On Sundays they had muffins, and sometimes, for a change, a kippered herring, or even a fried sole. Hyacinth was lost in adoration of the Princess's housewifely ways and of the exquisite figure that she made as a little *bourgeoise*; judging that if her attempt to combine plain living with high thinking were all a comedy, at least it was the most finished entertainment she had yet offered him. She talked to Madame Grandoni about Lady Aurora: described her with much drollery, even to the details of her dress; declared that she was a delightful creature, and one of the most interesting persons she had seen for an age; expressed to Hyacinth the conviction that she should like her exceedingly, if Lady Aurora would only believe a little in *her*. "But I shall like her, whether she does or not," said the Princess. "I always know when that's going to happen; it is n't so common. She will begin very well with me, and be 'fascinated' — is n't that the way people

begin with me? — but she won't understand me at all, or make out in the least what kind of a queer fish I am, though I shall try to show her. When she thinks she does, at last, she will give me up in disgust, and will never know that she has understood me quite wrong. That has been the way with most of the people I have liked; they have run away from me *à toutes jambes*. Oh, I have inspired aversions!" laughed the Princess, handing Hyacinth his cup of tea. He recognized it by the aroma as a mixture not inferior to that of which he had partaken at Medley. "I have never succeeded in knowing any one who would do me good; for by the time I began to improve, under their influence, they could put up with me no longer."

"You told me you were going to visit the poor. I don't understand what your Gräfin was doing there," said Madame Grandoni.

"She had come out of charity — in the same way as I. She evidently goes about immensely over there; I shall entreat her to take me with her."

"I thought you had promised to let me be your guide, in those explorations," Hyacinth remarked.

The Princess looked at him a moment. "Dear Mr. Robinson, Lady Aurora knows more than you."

"There have been times, surely, when you have complimented me on my knowledge."

"Oh, I mean more about the lower classes!" the Princess exclaimed; and, oddly enough, there was a sense in which Hyacinth was unable to deny the allegation. He presently returned to something she had said a moment before, declaring that it had not been the way with Madame Grandoni and him to take to their heels, and to this she replied, "Oh, you'll run away yet; don't be afraid!"

"I think that if I had been capable of quitting you I should have done it

by this time; I have neglected such opportunities," the old lady sighed. Hyacinth now perceived that her eye had quite lost its ancient twinkle; she was troubled about many things.

"It is true that if you did n't leave me when I was rich, it would n't look well for you to leave me at present," the Princess suggested; and before Madame Grandoni could reply to this speech she said to Hyacinth, "I liked the man, your friend Muniment, so much for saying he would n't come to see me. 'What good would it do him,' poor fellow? What good would it do him, indeed? You were not so difficult: you held off a little and pleaded obstacles, but one could see you would come down," she continued, covering her guest with her mystifying smile. "Besides, I was smarter then, more splendid; I had on gewgaws and suggested worldly lures. I must have been more attractive. But I liked him for refusing," she repeated; and of the many words she uttered that evening, it was these that made most impression on Hyacinth. He remained for an hour after tea, for on rising from the table she had gone to the piano (she had not deprived herself of this resource, and had a humble instrument, of the so-called "cottage" kind), and begun to play in a manner that reminded him of her playing the day of his arrival at Medley. The night had grown close, and as the piano was in the front room he opened, at her request, the window that looked into Madeira Crescent. Beneath it assembled the youth of both sexes, the dingy loiterers who had clustered an hour before around the hurdy-gurdy. But on this occasion they did not caper about; they remained still, leaning against the area-rails and listening to the wondrous music. When Hyacinth told the Princess of the spell she had thrown upon them she declared that it made her singularly happy; she added that she was really glad, almost proud, of her day; she felt as if she had begun

to do something for the people. Just before he took leave, she encountered some occasion for saying to him that she was certain the man in Audley Court would n't come; and Hyacinth did not contradict her, because he believed that in fact he would n't.

XXXIV.

How right she had been to say that Lady Aurora would probably be fascinated at first was proved the first time Hyacinth went to Belgrave Square, a visit he was led to pay very promptly, by a deep sense of the obligations under which her ladyship had placed him at the time of Pinnie's death. The circumstances in which he found her were quite the same as those of his visit the year before; she was spending the unfashionable season in her father's empty house, amid a desert of brown hollands and the dormant echoes of heavy conversation. He had seen so much of her during Pinnie's illness that he felt (or had felt then) that he knew her almost intimately — that they had become real friends, almost comrades, and might meet henceforth without reserves or ceremonies; yet she was as fluttered and awkward as she had been on the other occasion — not distant, but enmeshed in a new growth of shyness, and apparently unmindful of what had happened to draw them closer. Hyacinth, however, always liked extremely to be with her, for she was the person in the world who quietly, delicately, and as a matter of course treated him most like a gentleman. She had never said the handsome, flattering things to him that had fallen from the lips of the Princess, and never explained to him her view of him; but her timid, cursory, receptive manner, which took all sorts of equalities for granted, was a homage to the idea of his refinement. It was in this manner that she now conversed with

him on the subject of his foreign travels; he found himself discussing the political indications of Paris and the Ruskinian theories of Venice, in Belgrave Square, quite like one of the cosmopolites bred in that region. It took him, however, but a few minutes to perceive that Lady Aurora's heart was not in these considerations; the deferential smile she bent upon him, while she sat with her head thrust forward and her long hands clasped in her lap, was slightly mechanical, her attitude perfunctory. When he gave her his views of some of the *arrière-pensées* of Napoleon III. (for he had views not altogether, as he thought, deficient in originality), she did not interrupt, for she never interrupted; but she took advantage of his first pause to say, quickly, irrelevantly, "Will the Princess Casamassima come again to Audley Court?"

"I have no doubt she will come again, if they would like her to."

"I do hope she will. She is very wonderful," Lady Aurora continued.

"Oh, yes, she is very wonderful. I think she gave Rosy pleasure," said Hyacinth.

"Rosy can talk of nothing else. It would really do her great good to see the Princess again. Don't you think she is different from anybody that one has ever seen?" But her ladyship added, before waiting for an answer to this, "I liked her quite extraordinarily."

"She liked you just as much. I know it would give her great pleasure if you should go to see her."

"Fancy!" exclaimed Lady Aurora; but she instantly obtained the Princess's address from Hyacinth, and made a note of it in a small, shabby book. Then she said, hesitating a little, "Does she really care for the poor?"

"If she does n't," the young man replied, "I can't imagine what interest she has in pretending to."

"If she does, she's very remarkable — she deserves great honor."

"You really care; why is she more remarkable than you?" Hyacinth demanded.

"Oh, it's very different — she's so wonderfully attractive!" Lady Aurora replied, making, recklessly, the only allusion to the oddity of her own appearance in which Hyacinth was destined to hear her indulge. She became conscious of it the moment she had spoken, and said, quickly, to turn it off, "I should like to talk with her, but I'm rather afraid. She's tremendously clever."

"Ah, what she is you'll find out when you know her!" Hyacinth sighed, expressively.

His hostess looked at him a little, and then, vaguely, exclaimed, "Fancy!" again. The next moment she continued, "She might do so many other things; she might charm the world."

"She does that, whatever she does," said Hyacinth, smiling. "It's all by the way; it need n't interfere."

"That's what I mean, that most other people would be content — beautiful as she is. There's merit, when you give up something."

"She has known a great many bad people, and she wants to know some good," Hyacinth rejoined. "Therefore be sure to go to her soon."

"She looks as if she had known nothing bad since she was born," said Lady Aurora, blinking candidly. "I can't imagine her going into all the dreadful places that she would have to."

"You have gone into them, and it has n't hurt you," Hyacinth suggested.

"How do you know that? My family think it has."

"You make me glad that I have n't a family," said the young man.

"And the Princess — has she no one?"

"Ah, yes, she has a husband. But she does n't live with him."

"Is he one of the bad persons?" asked Lady Aurora, as earnestly as a child listening to a tale.

"Well, I don't like to abuse him, because he is down."

"If I were a man, I should be in love with her," said Lady Aurora. Then she pursued, "I wonder whether we might work together."

"That's exactly what she hopes."

"I won't show her the worst places," said her ladyship, smiling.

To which Hyacinth replied, "I suspect you will do what every one else has done, namely, exactly what she wants!" Before he took leave he said to her, "Do you know whether Paul Muniment liked the Princess?"

Lady Aurora considered a moment, apparently with some intensity. "I think he considered her extraordinarily beautiful — the most beautiful person he had ever seen."

"Does he still believe her to be a humbug?"

"Still?" asked Lady Aurora, as if she did n't understand.

"I mean that that was the impression apparently made upon him last winter by my description of her."

"Oh, I'm sure he thinks her immensely clever!" That was all the satisfaction Hyacinth got just then as to Muniment's estimate of the Princess.

A few days afterward he returned to Madeira Crescent, in the evening, the only time he was free, the Princess having given him a general invitation to take tea with her. He felt that he ought to be discreet in acting upon it, though he was not without reasons that would have warranted him in going early and often. He had a peculiar dread of her growing tired of him — boring herself in his society; yet at the same time he had rather a sharp vision of her boring herself without him, in the dull summer evenings, when even Notting Hill was out of town. He wondered what she did, what visitors dropped in, what pastimes she cultivated, what saved her from the sudden vagary of throwing up the whole of her

present game. He remembered that there was a complete side of her life with which he was almost unacquainted (Lady Marchant and her daughters, at Medley, and three or four other persons who had called while he was there, being, in his experience, the only illustrations of it), and knew not to what extent she had, in spite of her transformation, preserved relations with her old friends; but he could easily imagine a day when she should discover that what she found in Madeira Crescent was less striking than what she missed. Going thither a second time, Hyacinth perceived that he had done her great injustice; she was full of resources; she had never been so happy; she found time to read, to write, to commune with her piano, and above all to think—a delightful detachment from the invasive, vulgar, gossiping, distracting world she had known hitherto. The only interruption to her felicity was that she received quantities of notes from her former acquaintance, challenging her to give some account of herself, to say what had become of her, to come and stay with them in the country; but with these importunate missives she took a very short way—she simply burned them, without answering. She told Hyacinth immediately that Lady Aurora had called on her, two days before, at an hour when she was not in, and she had straightway addressed her, in return, an invitation to come to tea, any evening, at eight o'clock. That was the way the people in Madeira Crescent entertained each other (the Princess knew everything about them now, and was eager to impart her knowledge); and the evening, she was sure, would be much more convenient to Lady Aurora, whose days were filled with good works, peregrinations of charity. Her ladyship arrived ten minutes after Hyacinth; she told the Princess that her invitation had been expressed in a manner so irresistible that she was unwilling to wait more

than a day to respond. She was introduced to Madame Grandoni, and tea was immediately served; Hyacinth being gratefully conscious the while of the kindly way in which Lady Aurora forbore to appear bewildered at meeting him in such society. She knew he frequented it, and she had been witness of his encounter with the Princess in Audley Court; but it might have startled her to have ocular evidence of the footing on which he stood. Everything the Princess did or said, at this time, had for effect, whatever its purpose, to make her seem more rare and fine; and she had seldom given him greater pleasure than by the exquisite art she put forward to win Lady Aurora's confidence, to place herself under the pure and elevating influence of the noble spinster. She made herself small and simple; she spoke of her own little aspirations and efforts; she appealed and persuaded; she laid her white hand on Lady Aurora's, and gazed at her with an interest which was evidently deeply sincere, but which, all the same, derived half its effect from the contrast between the quality of her beauty, the whole air of her person, and the hard, dreary problems of misery and crime. It was touching, and Lady Aurora was touched; that was very evident as they sat together on the sofa, after tea, and the Princess protested that she only wanted to know what her new friend was doing—what she had done for years—in order that she might go and do likewise. She asked personal questions with a directness that was sometimes embarrassing to the subject—Hyacinth had seen that habit in her from the first—and Lady Aurora, though she was charmed and excited, was not quite comfortable at being so publicly probed and sounded. The public was formed of Madame Grandoni and Hyacinth; but the old lady (whose intercourse with the visitor had consisted almost wholly of watching her with a quiet, speculative anxiety) presently shuf-

fled away, and was heard, through the thin partitions that prevailed in Madeira Crescent, to ascend to her own apartment. It seemed to Hyacinth that he ought also, in delicacy, to retire, and this was his intention, from one moment to the other; to him, certainly (and the second time she met him), Lady Aurora had made as much of her confession as he had a right to look for. After that one little flash of egotism he had never again heard her allude to her own feelings or circumstances.

"Do you stay in town, like this, at such a season, on purpose to attend to your work?" the Princess asked; and there was something archly rueful in the tone in which she made this inquiry, as if it cost her just a pang to find that in taking such a line she herself had not been so original as she hoped. "Mr. Robinson has told me about your big house in Belgrave Square — you must let me come and see you there. Nothing would make me so happy as that you should allow me to help you a little — how little soever. Do you like to be helped, or do you like to go alone? Are you very independent, or do you need to look up, to cling, to lean upon some one? Excuse me if I ask impertinent questions; we speak that way — rather, you know — in Rome, where I have spent a large part of my life. That idea of your being there alone in your great dull house, with all your charities and devotions, makes a kind of picture in my mind; it's quaint and touching, like something in some English novel. Englishwomen are so accomplished, are they not? I am really a foreigner, you know, and though I have lived here a while it takes one some time to find those things out *au juste*. Therefore, is your work for the people only one of your occupations, or is it everything, does it absorb your whole life? That's what I should like it to be for me! Do your family like you to throw yourself into all this, or have you had to brave a

certain amount of ridicule? I dare say you have; that's where you English are strong, in braving ridicule. They have to do it so often, have n't they? I don't know whether I could do it. I never tried; but with you I would brave anything. Are your family clever and sympathetic? No? the kind of thing that one's family generally is? Ah, well, dear lady, we must make a little family together. Are you encouraged or disgusted? Do you go on doggedly, or have you any faith, any great idea, that lifts you up? Are you religious, now, *par exemple*? Do you do your work in connection with any ecclesiasticism, any priests or sisters? I'm a Catholic — but so little! I should n't mind in the least joining hands with any one who is really doing anything. I express myself awkwardly, but perhaps you know what I mean. Possibly you don't know that I am one of those who believe that a great social cataclysm is destined to take place, and that it can't make things worse than they are already. I believe, in a word, in the people doing something for themselves (the others will never do anything for them), and I am quite willing to help them. If that shocks you I shall be immensely disappointed, because there is something in the impression you make on me that seems to say that you have n't the usual prejudices, and that if certain things were to happen you would n't be afraid. You are shy, are you not? — but you are not timorous. I suppose that if you thought the inequalities and oppressions and miseries which now exist were a necessary part of life, and were going on forever, you would n't be interested in those people over the river (the bed-ridden girl and her brother, I mean); because Mr. Robinson tells me that they are advanced socialists — or at least the brother is. Perhaps you'll say that you don't care for him; the sister, to your mind, being the remarkable one. She is, indeed, a perfect little *femme du*

monde — she talks so much better than most of the people in society. I hope you don't mind my saying that, because I have an idea that you are not in society. You can imagine whether I am! Have n't you judged it, like me, condemned it, and given it up? Are you not sick of the egotism, the snobbery, the meanness, the frivolity, the immorality, the hypocrisy? Is n't there a great resemblance in our situation? I don't mean in our nature, for you are far better than I shall ever be. Are n't you quite divinely good? When I see a woman of your sort (not that I often do!), I try to be a little less bad. You have helped hundreds, thousands, of people; you must help me!"

These remarks, which I have strung together, did not, of course, fall from the Princess's lips in an uninterrupted stream; they were arrested and interspersed by frequent inarticulate responses and embarrassed protests. Lady Aurora shrank from them even while they gratified her, blinking and fidgeting in the brilliant, direct light of her hostess's attentions. I need not repeat her answers, the more so as they none of them arrived at completion, but passed away into nervous laughter and averted looks, the latter directed at the ceiling, the floor, the windows, and appearing to constitute a kind of entreaty to some occult or supernatural power that the conversation should become more impersonal. In reply to the Princess's allusion to the convictions prevailing in the Muniment family, she said that the brother and sister thought differently about public questions, but were of the same mind with regard to persons of the upper class taking an interest in the working people, attempting to enter into their life: they held it was a great mistake. At this information the Princess looked much disappointed; she wished to know if the Muniments thought it was impossible to do them any good. "Oh, I mean a mistake from *our* point

of view," said Lady Aurora. "They would n't do it in our place; they think we had much better occupy ourselves with our own pleasures." And as the Princess stared, not comprehending, she went on: "Rosy thinks we have a right to our own pleasures under all circumstances, no matter how badly off the poor may be; and her brother takes the ground that we will not have them long, and that, in view of what may happen, we are great fools not to make the most of them."

"I see, I see. That is very strong," the Princess murmured, in a tone of high appreciation.

"I dare say. But all the same, whatever is going to come, one *must* do something."

"You do think, then, that something is going to come?" said the Princess.

"Oh, immense changes, I dare say. But I don't belong to anything, you know."

The Princess hesitated a moment. "No more do I. But many people do. Mr. Robinson, for instance." And she gave Hyacinth a familiar smile.

"Oh, if the changes depend on me!" the young man exclaimed, blushing.

"They won't set the Thames on fire — I quite agree to that!"

Lady Aurora had the manner of not considering that she had a warrant for going into the question of Hyacinth's affiliations; so she stared, delicately, at the piano, and in a moment remarked to the Princess, "I am sure you play awfully well; I should like so much to hear you."

Hyacinth felt that their hostess thought this *banal*. She had not asked Lady Aurora to spend the evening with her simply that they should fall back on the resources of the vulgar. Nevertheless, she replied with perfect good-nature that she should be delighted to play; only there was a thing she should like much better, namely, that Lady Aurora should narrate her life.

"Oh, don't talk about mine; yours, yours!" her ladyship cried, coloring with eagerness, and, for the first time since her arrival, indulging in the free gesture of laying her hand upon that of the Princess.

"With so many narratives in the air, I certainly had better take myself off," said Hyacinth, and the Princess offered no opposition to his departure. She and Lady Aurora were evidently on the point of striking up a tremendous intimacy, and as he turned this idea over, walking away, it made him sad, for strange, vague reasons, which he could not have expressed.

XXXV.

The Sunday following this occasion Hyacinth spent almost entirely with the Muniments, with whom, since his return to his work, he had been able to have no long, fraternizing talk, of the kind that had marked their earlier relations. The present, however, was a happy day; it refreshed exceedingly the sentiments with which he now regarded the inscrutable Paul. The warm, bright September weather gilded even the dinginess of Audley Court, and while, in the morning, Rosy's brother and their visitor sat beside her sofa, the trio amused themselves with discussing a dozen different plans for giving a festive turn to the day. There had been moments, in the last six months, when Hyacinth had the sense that he should never again be able to enter into such ideas as that, and these moments had been connected with the strange perversion taking place in his mental image of the man whose hardness (of course he was obliged to be hard) he had never expected to see turned upon a passionate admirer. But now, for the hour at least, the darkness had cleared away, and Paul's company was in itself a comfortable, inspiring influence. He had never been kinder,

jollier, safer, as it were; it had never appeared more desirable to hold fast to him and trust him. Less than ever would an observer have guessed there was a reason why the two young men might have winced as they looked at each other. Rosy naturally took part in the question debated between her companions — the question whether they should limit their excursion to a walk in Hyde Park; should embark at Lambeth pier on the penny steamer, which would convey them to Greenwich; or should start presently for Waterloo station, and go thence by train to Hampton Court. Miss Muniment had visited none of these places, but she contributed largely to the discussion, for which she seemed perfectly qualified; talked about the crowd on the steamer, and the inconvenience arising from drunken persons on the return, quite as if she had suffered from these drawbacks; said that the view from the hill at Greenwich was terribly smoky, and at that season the fashionable world — half the attraction, of course — was wholly absent from Hyde Park; and expressed strong views in favor of Wolsey's old palace, with whose history she appeared intimately acquainted. She threw herself into her brother's holiday with eagerness and glee, and Hyacinth marveled again, as he had done before, at the stoicism of the hard, bright little creature, whose imagination appeared never to concern itself with her own privations, so that she could lie in her close little room the whole golden afternoon, without bursting into sobs as she saw the western sunbeams slant upon the shabby, ugly, familiar paper of her wall, and thought of the far-off fields and gardens which she should never see. She talked immensely of the Princess, for whose beauty, grace, and benevolence she could find no sufficient praise; declaring that of all the fair faces that had ever hung over her couch (and Rosy spoke as from immense opportunities for comparison)

she had far the noblest and most refreshing. She seemed to make a kind of light in the room, and to leave it behind her after she had gone. Rosy could call up her image as she could hum a tune she had heard, and she expressed in her quaint, particular way how, as she lay there in the quiet hours, she repeated over to herself the beautiful air. The Princess might be anything, she might be royal or imperial, and Rosy was well aware how little *she* should complain of the dullness of her life when such apparitions as that could pop in any day. She made a difference in the place — it gave it a kind of finish for her to have come there; if it was good enough for a princess, it was good enough for *her*, and she hoped she should n't hear again of Paul's wishing her to move out of a room with which she should have henceforth such delightful associations. The Princess had found her way to Audley Court, and perhaps she would n't find it to another lodging — they could n't expect her to follow them about London at their pleasure; and at any rate she had evidently been very much struck with the little room, so that, if they were quiet and patient, who could say but the fancy would take her to send them a bit of carpet, or a picture, or even a mirror with a gilt frame, to make it a bit more tasteful? Rosy's transitions from pure enthusiasm to the imaginative calculation of benefit were performed with a serenity peculiar to herself. Her chatter had so much spirit and point that it always commanded attention, but to-day Hyacinth was less patient of it than usual, because, so long as it lasted, Muniment held his tongue, and what he had been anxious about was much more Paul's impression of the Princess. Rosy made no remark to him on the monopoly he had so long enjoyed of this wonderful lady; she had always had the manner of a kind of indulgent incredulity about Hyacinth's social adventures, and he saw the day might easily come

when she would begin to talk of the Princess as if she herself had been the first to discover her. She had much to say, however, about the nature of the acquaintance Lady Aurora had formed with her, and she was mainly occupied with the glory she had drawn upon herself by bringing two such exalted persons together. She fancied them alluding, in the great world, to the occasion on which "we first met, at Miss Muniment's, you know;" and she related how Lady Aurora, who had been in Audley Court the day before, had declared that she owed her a debt she could never repay. The two ladies had liked each other more, almost, than they liked any one; and was n't it a rare picture to think of them moving hand in hand, like twin roses, through the bright upper air? Muniment inquired, in rather a coarse, unsympathetic way, what the mischief she ever wanted of *her*; which led Hyacinth to demand in return, "What do you mean? What does who want of whom?"

"What does the beauty want of *our* poor lady? She has a totally different stamp. I don't know much about women, but I can see that."

"How do you mean — a different stamp? They both have the stamp of their rank!" cried Rosy.

"Who can ever tell what women want, at any time?" Hyacinth said, with the off-handedness of a man of the world.

"Well, my boy, if you don't know any more than I, you disappoint me! Perhaps, if we wait long enough, she will tell us some day, herself."

"Tell you what she wants of Lady Aurora?"

"I don't mind about Lady Aurora so much; but what in the name of long journeys does she want with *us*?"

"Don't you think you're worth a long journey?" Rosy asked, gayly. "If you were not my brother, which is handy for seeing you, and I were not confined to my sofa, I would go from one

end of England to the other to make your acquaintance! He's in love with the Princess," she went on, to Hyacinth, "and he asks those senseless questions to cover it up. What does any one want of anything?"

It was decided, at last, that the two young men should go down to Greenwich, and after they had partaken of bread and cheese with Rosy they embarked on a penny-steamer. The boat was densely crowded, and they leaned, rather squeezed together, in the fore part of it, against the rail of the deck, and watched the big black fringe of the yellow stream. The river was always fascinating to Hyacinth. The mystified entertainment which, as a child, he had found in all the aspects of London came back to him from the murky scenery of its banks and the sordid agitation of its bosom: the great arches and pillars of the bridges, where the water rushed, and the funnels tipped, and sounds made an echo, and there seemed an overhanging of interminable processions; the miles of ugly wharves and warehouses; the lean protrusions of chimney, mast, and crane; the painted signs of grimy industries, staring from shore to shore; the strange, flat, obstructive barges, straining and bumping on some business as to which everything was vague but that it was remarkably dirty; the clumsy coasters and colliers, which thickened as one went down; the small, loafing boats, whose occupants, somehow, looking up from their oars at the steamer, as they rocked in the oily undulations of its wake, appeared profane and sarcastic; in short, all the grinding, puffing, smoking, splashing activity of the turbid flood. In the good-natured crowd, amid the fumes of vile tobacco, beneath the shower of sooty particles, and to the accompaniment of a bagpipe of a dingy Highlander, who sketched occasionally a smothered reel, Hyacinth forbore to speak to his companion of what he had most at heart; but later, as they lay on

the brown, crushed grass, on one of the slopes of Greenwich Park, and saw the river stretch away and shine beyond the pompous colonnades of the hospital, he asked him whether there was any truth in what Rosy had said about his being sweet on their friend the Princess. He said "their friend" on purpose, speaking as if, now that she had been twice to Audley Court, Muniment might be regarded as knowing her almost as well as he himself did. He wished to conjure away the idea that he was jealous of Paul, and if he desired information on the point I have mentioned, this was because it still made him almost as uncomfortable as it had done at first that his comrade should take the scoffing view. He did not easily see such a fellow as Muniment wheel about from one day to the other, but he had been present at the most exquisite exhibition he had ever observed the Princess make of that divine power of conciliation which was not, perhaps, in social intercourse, the art she chiefly exercised, but was certainly the most wonderful of her secrets, and it would be remarkable indeed that a sane young man should not have been affected by it. It was familiar to Hyacinth that Muniment was not easily touched by women, but this might perfectly have been the case without detriment to the Princess's ability to work a miracle. The companions had wandered through the great halls and courts of the hospital; had gazed up at the glories of the famous painted chamber and admired the long and lurid series of the naval victories of England (Muniment remarking to his friend that he supposed he had seen the match to all that in foreign parts — offensive little traveled beggar that he was). They had not ordered a fish-dinner either at the Trafalgar or the Ship (having a frugal vision of tea and shrimps with Rosy, on their return), but they had labored up and down the steep undulations of the shabby, charming park; made advances

to the tame deer, and seen them amble foolishly away; watched the young of both sexes, hilarious and red in the face, roll in promiscuous entanglement over the slopes; gazed at the little brick observatory, perched on one of the knolls, which sets the time of English history, and in which Hyacinth could see that his companion took a kind of technical interest; wandered out of one of the upper gates, and admired the trimness of the little villas at Blackheath, where Muniment declared that it was his idea of supreme social success to be able to live. He pointed out two or three small, semi-detached houses, faced with stucco, and with "Mortimer Lodge" or "The Sycamores" inscribed upon the gate-posts, and Hyacinth guessed that these were the sort of place he would like to end his days in—in high, pure air, with a genteel window for Rosy's couch and a cheerful view of suburban excursions. It was when they came back into the park that, being rather hot and a little satiated, they stretched themselves under a tree and Hyacinth yielded to his curiosity.

"Sweet on her—sweet on her, my boy!" said Muniment. "I might as well be sweet on the dome of St. Paul's, which I just make out off there."

"The dome of St. Paul's does n't come to see you, and does n't ask you to return the visit."

"Oh, I don't return visits—I've got a lot of jobs of my own to do. If I don't put myself out for the Princess, is n't that a sufficient answer to your question?"

"I'm by no means sure," said Hyacinth. "If you went to see her, simply and civilly, because she asked you, I should n't regard it as a proof that you had taken a fancy to her. Your hanging off is more suspicious; it may mean that you don't trust yourself—that you are in danger of falling in love if you go in for a more intimate acquaintance."

"It's a rum job, your wanting me to make up to her. I should n't think it would suit your book," Muniment rejoined, staring at the sky, with his hands clasped under his head.

"Do you suppose I'm afraid of you?" his companion asked. "Besides," Hyacinth added in a moment, "why the devil should I care, now?"

Muniment, for a little, made no rejoinder; he turned over on his side, and with his arm resting on the ground leaned his head on his hand. Hyacinth felt his eyes on his face, but he also felt himself coloring, and did n't meet them. He had taken a private vow never to indulge, to Muniment, in certain inauspicious references, and the words he had just spoken had slipped out of his mouth too easily. "What do you mean by that?" Paul demanded, at last; and when Hyacinth looked at him he saw nothing but his companion's strong, fresh, irresponsible face. Muniment, before speaking, had had time to guess what he meant by it.

Suddenly, an impulse that he had never known before, or rather that he had always resisted, took possession of him. There was a mystery which it concerned his happiness to clear up, and he became unconscious of his scruples, of his pride, of the strength that he had believed to be in him—the strength for going through his work and passing away without a look behind. He sat forward on the grass, with his arms round his knees, and bent upon Muniment a face lighted up by his difficulties. For a minute the two men's eyes met with extreme clearness, and then Hyacinth exclaimed, "What an extraordinary fellow you are!"

"You've hit it there!" said Muniment, smiling.

"I don't want to make a scene, or work on your feelings, but how will you like it when I'm strung up on the gallows?"

"You mean for Hoffendahl's job?"

That's what you were alluding to just now?" Muniment lay there, in the same attitude, chewing a long blade of dry grass, which he held to his lips with his free hand.

"I did n't mean to speak of it; but after all, why should n't it come up? Naturally, I have thought of it a good deal."

"What good does that do?" Muniment returned. "I hoped you did n't, and I noticed you never spoke of it. You don't like it; you would rather throw it up," he added.

There was not in his voice the faintest note of irony or contempt, no sign whatever that he passed judgment on such a tendency. He spoke in a quiet, human, memorizing manner, as if it had originally quite entered into his thought to allow for weak regrets. Nevertheless, the complete reasonableness of his tone itself cast a chill on his companion's spirit; it was like the touch of a hand at once very firm and very soft, but strangely cold.

"I don't want in the least to throw the business up, but did you suppose I liked it?" Hyacinth asked, with rather a forced laugh.

"My dear fellow, how could I tell? You like a lot of things I don't. You like excitement and emotion and change, you like remarkable sensations, whereas I go in for a holy calm, for sweet repose."

"If you object for yourself to change, and are so fond of still waters, why have you associated yourself with a revolutionary movement?" Hyacinth demanded, with a little air of making rather a good point.

"Just for that reason!" Muniment answered, with a smile. "Is n't our revolutionary movement as quiet as the grave? Who knows, who suspects, anything like the full extent of it?"

"I see—you take only the quiet parts!"

In speaking these words Hyacinth

had had no derisive intention, but a moment later he flushed with the sense that they had a sufficiently petty sound. Muniment, however, appeared to see no offense in them, and it was in the gentlest, most suggestive way, as if he had been thinking over what might comfort his comrade, that he replied, "There's one thing you ought to remember—that it's quite on the cards it may never come off."

"I don't desire that reminder," Hyacinth said; "and, moreover, you must let me say that, somehow, I don't easily fancy *you* mixed up with things that don't come off. Anything you have to do with will come off, I think."

Muniment reflected a moment, as if his little companion were charmingly ingenious. "Surely, I have nothing to do with this idea of Hoffendahl's."

"With the execution, perhaps not; but how about the conception? You seemed to me to have a great deal to do with it the night you took me to see him."

Muniment changed his position, raising himself, and in a moment he was seated, Turk-fashion, beside his mate. He put his arm over his shoulder and held him, studying his face; and then, in the kindest manner in the world, he remarked, "There are three or four definite chances in your favor."

"I don't want comfort, you know," said Hyacinth, with his eyes on the distant atmospheric mixture that represented London.

"What the devil *do* you want?" Muniment asked, still holding him, and with perfect good-humor.

"Well, to get inside of *you* a little; to know how a chap feels when he's going to part with his best friend."

"To part with him?" Muniment repeated.

"I mean, putting it at the worst."

"I should think you would know by yourself, if you're going to part with me!"

At this Hyacinth prostrated himself, tumbled over on the grass, on his face, which he buried in his arms. He remained in this attitude, saying nothing, for a long time; and while he lay there he thought, with a sudden, quick flood of association, of many strange things. Most of all, he had the sense of the brilliant, charming day; the warm stillness, touched with cries of amusement; the sweetness of loafing there, in an interval of work, with a friend who was a tremendously fine fellow, even if he did n't understand the inexpressible. Muniment also kept silent, and Hyacinth perceived that he was unaffectedly puzzled. He wanted now to relieve him, so that he pulled himself together again and turned round, saying the first thing he could think of, in relation to the general subject of their conversation, that would carry them away from the personal question: "I have asked you before, and you have told me, but somehow I have never quite grasped it (so I just touch on the matter again), exactly what good you think it will do."

"This idea of Hoffendahl's? You must remember that as yet we know only very vaguely what it is. It is difficult, therefore, to measure closely the importance it may have, and I don't think I have ever, in talking with you, pretended to fix that importance. I don't suppose it will matter immensely whether your own engagement is carried out or not; but if it is, it will have been a detail in a scheme of which the general effect will be decidedly useful. I believe, and you pretend to believe, though I am not sure you do, in the advent of the democracy. It will help the democracy to get possession, that the classes that keep them down shall be admonished from time to time that they have a very definite and very determined intention of doing so. An immense deal will depend upon that. Hoffendahl is an excellent admonisher."

Hyacinth listened to this explanation

with an expression of interest that was not feigned; and after a moment he rejoined, "When you say you believe in the democracy, I take for granted you mean you positively wish for their coming into power, as I have always supposed. Now what I really have never understood is this — why you should desire to put forward a lot of people whom you regard, almost without exception, as donkeys."

"Ah, my dear lad," laughed Muniment, "when one undertakes to meddle in human affairs one must deal with human material. The upper classes have the longest ears."

"I have heard you say that you were working for an equality in human conditions, to abolish the immemorial inequality. What you want, then, for all mankind is a similar *nuance* of asininity."

"That's very clever; did you pick it up in France? The low tone of our fellow-mortals is a result of bad conditions; it is the conditions I want to alter. When those that have no start to speak of have a good one, it is but fair to infer that they will go further. I want to try them, you know."

"But why equality?" Hyacinth asked. "Somehow, that word does n't say so much to me as it used to. Inequality — inequality! I don't know whether it's by dint of repeating it over to myself, but *that* does n't shock me as it used."

"They did n't put you up to that in France, I'm sure!" Muniment exclaimed. "Your point of view has changed; you have risen in the world."

"Risen? Good God, what have I risen to?"

"True enough; you were always a bloated little swell!" And Muniment gave his young friend a sociable slap on the back. There was a momentary bitterness in its being imputed to such a one as Hyacinth, even in joke, that he had taken sides with the fortunate ones of the earth, and he had it on his

tongue's end to ask his friend if he had never guessed what his proud titles were — the bastard of a murderess, spawned in a gutter, out of which he had been picked by a sewing-girl. But his lifelong reserve on this point was a habit not easily broken, and before such an inquiry could flash through it Muniment had gone on: "If you've ceased to believe we can do anything, it will be rather awkward, you know."

"I don't know what I believe, God help me!" Hyacinth remarked, in a tone of an effect so lugubrious that Paul gave one of his longest, most boyish-sounding laughs. And he added, "I don't want you to think I have ceased to care for the people. What am I but one of the poorest and meanest of them?"

"You, my boy? You're a duke in disguise, and so I thought the first time I ever saw you. That night I took you to Hoffendahl you had a little way with you that made me forget it; I mean that your disguise happened to be better than usual. As regards caring for the people, there's surely no obligation at all," Muniment continued. "I would n't if I could help it — I promise you that. It all depends on what you see. The way I've used my eyes in this abominable metropolis has led to my seeing that present arrangements won't do. They won't do," he repeated, placidly.

"Yes, I see that, too," said Hyacinth, with the same dolefulness that had marked his tone a moment before — a dolefulness begotten of the rather helpless sense that, whatever he saw, he saw (and this was always the case) so many other things beside. He saw the immeasurable misery of the people, and yet he saw all that had been, as it were, saved and marked off from it: the treasures, the felicities, the splendors, the successes, of the world. All this took the form, sometimes, to his imagination, of a vast, vague, dazzling presence, an irradiation of light from objects unde-

fined, mixed with the atmosphere of Paris and of Venice. He presently added that a hundred things Muniment had told him about the foul horrors of the worst districts of London, pictures of incredible shame and suffering that he had put before him, came back to him now, with the memory of the passion they had kindled at the time.

"Oh, I don't want you to go by what I have told you; I want you to go by what you have seen yourself. I remember there were things you told me that were n't bad in their way." And at this Paul Muniment sprang to his feet, as if their conversation had drawn to an end, or they must at all events be thinking of their homeward way. Hyacinth got up, too, while his companion stood there. Muniment was looking off toward London, with a face that expressed all the healthy singleness of his vision. Suddenly Paul remarked, as if it occurred to him to complete, or at any rate confirm, the declaration he had made a short time before, "Yes, I don't believe in the millennium, but I do believe in the democracy."

The young man, as he spoke these words, struck his comrade as such a fine embodiment of the spirit of the people; he stood there, in his powerful, sturdy freshness, with such an air of having learnt what he had learnt and of good-nature that had purposes in it, that our hero felt the simple inrush of his old, frequent pride at having a person of that promise, a nature of that capacity, for a friend. He passed his hand into Muniment's arm, and said, with an imperceptible tremor in his voice, "It's no use your saying I'm not to go by what you tell me. I would go by what you tell me, anywhere. There's no awkwardness to speak of. I don't know that I believe exactly what you believe, but I believe in you, and does n't that come to the same thing?"

Muniment evidently appreciated the cordiality and candor of this little trib-

ute, and the way he showed it was by a movement of his arm, to check his companion, before they started to leave the spot, and by looking down at him with a certain anxiety of friendliness. "I should never have taken you to Hofendahl if I hadn't thought you would jump at the job. It was that flaring little oration of yours, at the club, when you floored Delancey for saying you were afraid, that put me up to it."

"I did jump at it — upon my word I did; and it was just what I was looking for. That's all correct!" said Hyacinth, cheerfully, as they went forward. There was a strain of heroism in these words — of heroism of which the sense was not conveyed to Muniment by a vibration in their interlocked arms. Hyacinth did not make the reflection that he was infernally literal; he dismissed the sentimental problem that had bothered him; he condoned, excused, admired, and merged himself, resting happy for the time in the consciousness that Paul was a grand fellow, that friendship was a purer feeling than love, and that there was an immense deal of affection between them. He did not even observe at that moment that it was preponderantly on his own side.

XXXVI.

A certain Sunday in November, more than three months after she had gone to live in Madeira Crescent, was so important an occasion for the Princess Casamassima that I must give as complete an account of it as the limits of my space will allow. Early in the afternoon a loud peal from her door knocker came to her ear; it had a sound of resolution, expressing almost defiance, which made her look up from her book and listen. She was sitting by the fire, alone, with a volume of a heavy work on Labor and Capital in her hand. It was not yet four o'clock, but she had

had candles for an hour; a dense brown fog made the daylight impure, without suggesting an answer to the question whether the scheme of nature had been to veil or to deepen the sabbatical dreariness. She was not tired of Madeira Crescent — such an idea she would indignantly have repudiated; but the prospect of a visitor was rather pleasant to her — the possibility even of his being an ambassador, or a cabinet minister, or another of the eminent personages with whom she had associated before embracing the ascetic life. They had not knocked at her present door hitherto in any great numbers, for more reasons than one; they were out of town, and she had taken pains to diffuse the belief that she had left England. If the impression prevailed, it was exactly the impression she had desired; she forgot this fact whenever she felt a certain surprise, even, it may be, a certain irritation, in perceiving that people were not taking the way to Madeira Crescent. She was making the discovery, in which she had had many predecessors, that in London it is only too possible to hide one's self. It was very much in that fashion that Godfrey Sholto was in the habit of announcing himself, when he reappeared after the intervals she explicitly imposed upon him; there was a kind of artlessness, for so world-worn a personage, in the point he made of showing that he knocked with confidence, that he had as good a right as any other. This afternoon she was ready to accept a visit from him: she was perfectly detached from the shallow, frivolous world in which he lived, but there was still a freshness in her renunciation which coveted reminders and enjoyed comparisons; he would prove to her how right she had been to do exactly what she was doing. It did not occur to her that Hyacinth Robinson might be at her door, for it was understood between them that, except by special appoint-

ment, he was to come to see her only in the evening. She heard in the hall, when the servant arrived, a voice that she failed to recognize; but in a moment the door of the room was thrown open, and the name of Mr. Muniment was pronounced. It may be said at once that she felt great pleasure in hearing it, for she had both wished to see more of Hyacinth's extraordinary friend and had given him up, so little likely had it begun to appear that he would put himself out for her. She had been glad he would n't come, as she had told Hyacinth three months before; but now that he had come she was still more glad.

Presently he was sitting opposite to her, on the other side of the fire, with his big foot crossed over his big knee, his large, gloved hands fumbling with each other, drawing and smoothing the gloves (of very red, new-looking dog-skin) in places, as if they hurt him. So far as the size of his extremities, and even his attitude and movement, went, he might have belonged to her former circle. With the details of his dress remaining vague in the lamp-light, which threw into relief mainly his powerful, important head, he might have been one of the most considerable men she had ever known. The first thing she said to him was that she wondered extremely what had brought him at last to come to see her: the idea, when she proposed it, evidently had so little attraction for him. She had only seen him once since then — the day she met him coming into Audley Court as she was leaving it, after a visit to his sister — and, as he probably remembered, she had not on that occasion repeated her invitation.

"It would n't have done any good, at the time, if you had," Muniment rejoined, with his natural laugh.

"Oh, I felt that; my silence was n't accidental!" the Princess exclaimed, joining in his merriment.

"I have only come now — since you have asked me the reason — because my sister hammered at me, week after week, dinning it into me that I ought to. Oh, I've been under the lash! If she had left me alone, I would n't have come."

The Princess blushed on hearing these words; but not with shame or with pain; rather, with the happy excitement of being spoken to in a manner so fresh and original. She had never before had a visitor who practiced so racy a frankness, or who, indeed, had so curious a story to tell. She had never before so completely failed, and her failure greatly interested her, especially as it seemed now to be turning a little to success. She had succeeded promptly with every one, and the sign of it was that every one had rendered her a monotony of homage. Even poor little Hyacinth had tried, in the beginning, to say sweet things to her. This very different type of man appeared to have his thoughts fixed on anything but sweetness; she felt the liveliest hope that he would move further and further away from it. "I remember what you asked me — what good it would do you. I could n't tell you then; and though I now have had a long time to turn it over, I have n't thought of it yet."

"Oh, but I hope it will do me some," said Paul. "A fellow wants a reward, when he has made a great effort."

"It does me some," the Princess remarked, gayly.

"Naturally, the awkward things I say amuse you. But I don't say them for that, but just to give you an idea."

"You give me a great many ideas. Besides, I know you already a good deal."

"From little Robinson, I suppose," said Muniment.

The Princess hesitated. "More particularly from Lady Aurora."

"Oh, she does n't know much about me!" the young man exclaimed.

"It's a pity you say that, because she likes you."

"Yes, she likes me," Muniment replied, serenely.

Again the Princess hesitated. "And I hope you like her."

"Ay, she's a dear old girl!"

The Princess reflected that her visitor was not a gentleman, like Hyacinth; but this made no difference in her present attitude. The expectation that he would be a gentleman had had nothing to do with her interest in him; that, in fact, had rested largely on the supposition that he was a natural democrat. "I don't know that there is any one in the world I envy so much," she remarked, an observation which her visitor received in silence. "Better than any one I have ever met, she has solved the problem — which, if we are wise, we all try to solve, don't we? — of getting out of herself. She has got out of herself more perfectly than any one I have ever known. She has merged herself in the passion of doing something for others. That's why I envy her," said the Princess, with an explanatory smile, as if perhaps he didn't understand her.

"It's an amusement, like any other," said Paul Muniment.

"Ah, not like any other! It carries light into dark places; it makes a great many wretched people considerably less wretched."

"How many, eh?" asked the young man, not exactly as if he wished to dispute, but as if it were always in him to enjoy an argument.

The Princess wondered why he should desire to argue at Lady Aurora's expense. "Well, one who is very near to you, to begin with."

"Oh, she's kind, most kind; it's altogether wonderful. But Rosy makes her considerably less wretched," Paul Muniment rejoined.

"Very likely, of course; and so she does me."

"May I inquire what you are wretched about?" Muniment went on.

"About nothing at all. That's the worst of it. But I am much happier now than I have ever been."

"Is that also about nothing?"

"No, about a sort of change that has taken place in my life. I have been able to do some little things."

"For the poor, I suppose you mean. Do you refer to the presents you have made to Rosy?" the young man inquired.

"The presents?" The Princess appeared not to remember. "Oh, those are trifles. It isn't anything one has been able to give; it's some talks one has had, some convictions one has arrived at."

"Convictions are a source of very innocent pleasure," said the young man, smiling at his interlocutress with his bold, pleasant eyes, which seemed to project their glance further than any she had seen.

"Having them is nothing. It's the acting on them," the Princess replied.

"Yes; that doubtless, too, is good." He continued to look at her serenely, as if he liked to consider that this might be what she had asked him to come for. He said nothing more, and she went on:

"It's far better, of course, when one is a man."

"I don't know. Women do pretty well what they like. My sister and you have managed, between you, to bring me to this."

"It's more your sister, I suspect, than I. But why, after all, should you have disliked so much to come?"

"Well, since you ask me," said Paul Muniment, "I will tell you frankly, though I don't mean it uncivilly, that I don't know what to make of you."

"Most people don't," returned the Princess. "But they usually take the risk."

"Ah, well, I'm the most prudent of men."

"I was sure of it; that is one of the reasons why I wanted to know you. I know what some of your ideas are — Hyacinth Robinson has told me; and the source of my interest in them is partly the fact that you consider very carefully what you attempt."

"That I do — I do," said Muniment, simply.

The tone in which he said this would have been almost ignoble, as regards a kind of northern canniness which it expressed, had it not been corrected by the character of his face, his youth and strength, and his military eye. The Princess recognized both the shrewdness and the latent audacity as she rejoined, "To do anything with you would be very safe. It would be sure to succeed."

"That's what poor Hyacinth thinks," said Paul Muniment.

The Princess wondered a little that he could allude in that light tone to the faith their young friend had placed in him, considering the consequences such a trustfulness had had for him; but this curious mixture of qualities could only make her visitor, as a tribune of the people, more interesting to her. She abstained, for the moment, from touching on the subject of Hyacinth's peculiar position, and only said, "Has n't he told you about me? Has n't he explained me a little?"

"Oh, his explanations are grand!" Muniment exclaimed, gayly. "He's rare sport when he talks about you."

"Don't betray him," said the Princess, gently.

"There's nothing to betray. You would be the first to admire it if you were there. Besides, I don't betray," the young man added.

"I love him very much," said the Princess; and it would have been impossible for the most impudent cynic to smile at the manner in which she made the declaration.

Paul accepted it, respectfully. "He's

a sweet little lad, and, putting her ladyship aside, quite the light of our home."

There was a short pause after this exchange of amenities, which the Princess terminated by inquiring, "Would n't some one else do his work quite as well?"

"His work? Why, I'm told he's a master hand."

"Oh, I don't mean his bookbinding." Then the Princess added, "I don't know whether you know it, but I am in correspondence with Hoffendahl. I am acquainted with many of our most important men."

"Yes, I know it. Hyacinth has told me. Do you mention it as a guarantee, so that I may know you are genuine?"

"Not exactly; that would be weak, would n't it?" the Princess asked. "My genuineness must be in myself — a matter for you to appreciate as you know me better; not in my references and vouchers."

"I shall never know you better. What business is it of mine?"

"I want to help you," said the Princess, and as she made this earnest appeal her face became transfigured; it wore an expression of the most passionate yet the purest longing. "I want to do something for the cause you represent; for the millions that are rotting under our feet — the millions whose whole life is passed on the brink of starvation, so that the smallest accident pushes them over. Try me, test me; ask me to put my hand to something, to prove that I am as deeply in earnest as those who have already given proof. I know what I am talking about — what one must meet and face and count with, the nature and the immensity of your organization. I am not playing. No, I am not playing."

Paul Muniment watched her with his steady smile until this sudden outbreak had spent itself. "I was afraid you would be like this — that you would be eloquent and passionate."

"Permit me to believe you thought nothing about it. There is no reason my eloquence should disturb you."

"I have always had a fear of women."

"I see — that's a part of your prudence," said the Princess, reflectively. "But you're the sort of man who ought to know how to use them."

Muniment said nothing, immediately, in answer to this; the way he appeared to consider the Princess suggested that he was not following closely what she said, so much as losing himself in certain matters which were beside that question — her beauty, for instance, her grace, her fragrance, the spectacle of a manner and quality so new to him. After a little, however, he remarked, irrelevantly, "I'm afraid I'm very rude."

"Of course you are, but it does n't signify. What I mainly object to is that you don't answer my questions. Would not some one else do Hyacinth Robinson's work quite as well? Is it necessary to take a nature so delicate, so intellectual? Ought n't we to keep him for something finer?"

"Finer than what?"

"Than what Hoffendahl will call upon him to do."

"And pray what is that?" the young man demanded. "You know nothing about it; no more do I," he added in a moment. "It will require whatever it will. Besides, if some one else might have done it, no one else volunteered. It happened that Hyacinth did."

"Yes, and you nipped him up!" the Princess exclaimed.

At this expression Muniment burst out laughing. "I have no doubt you can easily keep him, if you want him."

"I should like to do it in his place — that's what I should like," said the Princess.

"As I say, you don't even know what it is."

"It may be nothing," she went on, with her grave eyes fixed on her visitor.

"I dare say you think that what I wanted to see you for was to beg you to let him off. But it was n't. Of course it's his own affair, and you can do nothing. But ought n't it to make some difference, when his opinions have changed?"

"His opinions? He never had any opinions," Muniment replied. "He is not like you and me."

"Well, then, his feelings, his attachments. He has n't the passion for democracy he had when I first knew him. He's much more tepid."

"Ah, well, he's quite right."

The Princess stared. "Do you mean that *you* are giving up?" —

"A fine stiff conservative is a thing I perfectly understand," said Paul Muniment. "If I were on the top, I'd stick there."

"I see, you are not narrow," the Princess murmured, appreciatively.

"I beg your pardon, I am. I don't call that wide. One must be narrow to penetrate."

"Whatever you are, you'll succeed," said the Princess. "Hyacinth won't, but you will."

"It depends upon what you call success!" the young man exclaimed. And in a moment, before she replied, he added, looking about the room, "You've got a very lovely dwelling."

"Lovely? My dear sir, it's hideous. That's what I like it for," the Princess added.

"Well, I like it; but perhaps I don't know the reason. I thought you had given up everything — despoiled and disinherited yourself."

"Well, so I have. You should have seen me before."

"I should have liked that," said Muniment, smiling. "I like to see wealth."

"Ah, you're as bad as Hyacinth. I am the only consistent one," the Princess sighed.

"You have a great deal left, for a person who has given everything away."

"These are not mine — these abom-

inations — or I would give them, too !” Paul’s hostess rejoined, artlessly.

Muniment got up from his chair, still looking about the room. “I would give my nose for such a place as this. At any rate, you are not yet reduced to poverty.”

“I have a little left — to help you.”

“I dare say you’ve a great deal,” said Paul, with his north country accent.

“I could get money — I could get money,” the Princess continued, gravely. She had also risen, and was standing before him.

These two remarkable persons faced each other, their eyes met again, and they exchanged a long, deep glance of mutual scrutiny. Each seemed to drop a plummet into the other’s mind. Then a strange and, to the Princess, unexpected expression passed over the countenance of the young man; his lips compressed themselves, as if he were making a strong effort, his color rose, and in a moment he stood there blushing like a boy. He dropped his eyes and stared at the carpet, while he remarked, “I don’t trust women — I don’t trust women !”

“I am sorry, but, after all, I can understand it,” said the Princess; “therefore I won’t insist on the question of your allowing me to work with you. But this appeal I will make to you: help me a little yourself — help me !”

“How do you mean, help you?” Muniment demanded, raising his eyes, which had a new, conscious look.

“Advise me; you will know how. I am in trouble — I have gone very far.”

“I have no doubt of that !” said Paul, laughing.

“I mean with some of those people abroad. I’m not frightened, but I’m perplexed; I want to know what to do.”

“No, you are not frightened,” Muniment rejoined, after a moment.

“I am, however, in a sad entanglement. I think you can straighten it out. I will give you the facts, but not

now, for we shall be interrupted; I hear my old lady on the stairs. For this, you must come to see me again.”

At this point the door opened, and Madame Grandoni appeared, cautiously, creepingly, as if she did not know what might be going on in the parlor. “Yes, I will come again,” said Paul Muniment, in a low but distinct tone; and he walked away, passing Madame Grandoni on the threshold, without having exchanged the hand-shake of farewell with his hostess. In the hall he paused an instant, feeling she was behind him; and he learned that she had not come to exact from him this omitted observance, but to say once more, dropping her voice, so that her companion, through the open door, might not hear, —

“I *could* get money — I *could* !”

Muniment passed his hand through his hair, and, as if he had not heard her, remarked, “I have not given you, after all, half Rosy’s messages.”

“Oh, that does not matter !” the Princess answered, turning back into the parlor.

Madame Grandoni was in the middle of the room, wrapped in an old shawl, looking vaguely around her, and the two ladies heard the house door close. “And pray, who may that be? Is not it a new face?” the elder one inquired.

“He’s the brother of the little person I took you to see over the river — the chattering cripple with the wonderful manners.”

“Ah, she had a brother! That, then, was why you went?”

It was striking, the good-humor with which the Princess received this rather coarse thrust, which could have been drawn from Madame Grandoni only by the petulance and weariness of increasing age, and the antipathy she now felt to Madeira Crescent and everything it produced. Christina bent a calm, charitable smile upon her ancient companion, and replied, —

“There could have been no question

of our seeing him. He was, of course, at his work."

"Ah, how do I know, my dear? And is he a successor?"

"A successor?"

"To the little bookbinder."

"My darling," said the Princess, "you will see how absurd that question is when I tell you he is his greatest friend!"

Henry James.

THE STATUE OF LEIF ERIKSON.

It is an act of poetic justice for the civilization which crowds the sea-coasts of Massachusetts, remembering that this region is by general acceptance the Vinland of the early Norse explorers, to commemorate with a work of art the most conspicuous among the brave sailors who, more than six hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims, and nearly five hundred years before Columbus, touched these shores with their adventurous prow. The Icelandic Sagas, as we like to interpret them, have given us an antiquity picturesque enough for all the purposes of art and poetry, and remote enough to satisfy the most exacting demands for historic dignity. Surely, a more romantic theme could hardly possess the imagination of an American sculptor. Longfellow, in his ballad of *The Skeleton in Armor*, has preoccupied the field with his vision of the bold Viking and the band of "fierce marauders." The ideal Norseman, as established by the license of poetry, is thus a trenchant figure, dimly descried through the mists of romance, half pirate, half knight-errant, bearded like the pard, "in rude armour drest," with naked sword and a general aspect of ruthless barbaric force. But Miss Anne Whitney's *Leif Erikson* is a very different sort of creature, by no means conformed to this ideal, and the first impression of her work is thus one of surprise, if not of disappointment.

The conception of the sculptor presents to us a full-grown giant, with a

strong but intellectual and beardless face, rather Roman than Greek, and distinctly not of recognized barbaric type. He has just set foot, in advance of his companions, upon an unknown shore, where he stands, sailor-fashion, with his legs somewhat apart, but firmly poised upon his left, in the attitude of one eagerly scanning the distance. The left hand shades the eyes; the right, resting upon his hip, holds a signal horn, bravely bedecked with Runic device like a drinking-cup of the Skalds. He is clad in a short, sleeveless jerkin, or coat of scale armor, closely fitting around the hips, and adorned with two round bossed plates upon the breasts. Beneath it a linen tunic descends half-way down the thighs. He wears a decorated belt and a sheathed dagger at his waist. Upon his long, shaggy locks is set a small, round cap of steel. The powerful arms are bare, and skin-tight leggings reveal the strong anatomy of the lower limbs. Upon the feet are shoes, apparently of slashed leather, and the legs are not cross-gartered. The general expression of the figure is one of alert and vigorous manhood; it is modeled on a heroic scale, and posed like one who pauses for a moment and for a definite purpose in the midst of an active career. *Leif*, however, is portrayed as a man of thought as well as of action; in the whole conception of him there is not only more of civilization than barbarism, but more of classic than romantic sentiment.

It is evident that upon this fundamental point the sculptor is ready to take issue with those who conceive that out of Scandinavia, in the tenth century, nothing better could issue than manly virtue of a brutal sort, and a very savage and coarse-fibred energy.

According to the Sagas, Leif Erikson was a prince, son of Erik the Red, Jarl of Norway. It may fairly be assumed that this rude court had received some reflection, however faint, from the civilization of the south. It was four or five centuries before the era of Leif when the hordes from this "northern hive" overran the Roman Empire, and his own ancestors may have occupied the Palatine among the conquerors. Fired by the narrative of Bjarne, who in 986 first visited the coast of North America, he set out with thirty-five men in the year 1000, and discovered Labrador and Vinland. A few years later he was sent to Greenland to spread Christianity among the Norse settlements. He is described by the Sagas as "*a great and strong man, grave and well favored, there-with sensible and moderate in all things.*" No act of piracy or rapine is recorded of him.

Upon the basis of these records, it would seem that the artist is historically justified in associating a certain degree of intellectual and moral force, if not of actual refinement, with the proper physical characteristics of her semi-barbaric hero. The burden of proof lies with those who are disposed to typify the reputed discoverer of Massachusetts Bay and the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard as a Hun or Goth of the third century.

In an artistic point of view, the figure "composes" well all around, but its best and most picturesque aspect, perhaps, is seen by one who stands a little behind the left side. It is evident that the sentiment is sought to be conveyed less by explanatory accessories of costume or surroundings than by a direct sculptur-

esque presentment of a man with certain definite ideal qualities of body and mind. It is essentially an out-of-door statue; the idea of it is not forced upon the beholder by undue insistence of details, but lies almost entirely in the suggestions of attitude and modeling. The costume is just enough to give a date to the subject, and to emphasize its dramatic significance. If the figure itself, as the model of a man, succeeds in telling a story, it enters, according to the Greek method, into a high region of art. The reserve of the sculptor, her evident desire to depend upon legitimate methods of composition, sufficiently indicate that she is inspired with true artistic feeling. If, like her subject, she has shown herself "sensible and moderate in all things," and yet has not fallen into mere technical or academical correctness, if her reserve has not made her dull or commonplace, she has done a good work of sculpture, and has advanced the art of her country one fair step forward. We think it will be at least conceded that her figure is *correct*, yet neither dull nor commonplace, and we are greatly mistaken if, when in vesture of bronze it takes its final place, it will not be recognized always as an object of singular poetic interest. The plaster of the model is too white and pure for the subject, and refines it beyond the limit of the artist's intention. The weight and solemn color of the bronze, the diminished sharpness which this material will give to the finer lights and shades of modeling, and the stronger assertion of outline which it will confer, — all these will work to the advantage of the composition as a memorial to the Genius of Discovery.

In respect to the question of anatomy, we think no serious fault can be found. It is certainly a figure full of virile force, and, so far as we can see, no opportunity of the composition for the requisite display of muscular energy has been slighted. On the contrary, for the sake

of the dignity of art, we can find it in our heart to regret that, in her desire to clothe the nether limbs of the hero without concealing their vigorous anatomy, she has furnished them with an integument suggestive rather of modern under-clothing than of habiliments better suited to the exigencies of the occasion. We should have preferred the anatomy without any concession.

If the sculptor has disdained to eke out her thought and to give significance and the color of romance to her ideal by a lavish use of accessories, this fine spirit of self-denial should not in the same degree be extended to the pedestal. It is not too much to say that the treatment of the pedestal may make or mar the whole. What cannot be told in the figure may be expressed in the stone upon which it stands. The one should supplement the other, and they should unite to tell the tale of the Norseman. A classic die, finely cut, with proper cornice and correct base and plinth, would antagonize the idea of the statue, and divide the monument into two incongruous parts. Set the figure upon a boulder, and the opportunity for the appeal to the imagination and the excitement of poetic thought would be lost. The story would not be half told. On the other hand, mount it on a block of dark red sandstone, picked into shape with a coarse chisel, its top barely large

enough for the feet of the figure, its cornice bold but of slight projection, and carved with ramping chimæras, fabulous dolphins, and strange creatures of the sea, but rather "roughed out" than wrought to the point of technical perfection; a braided belt of Runic ornament; the angles of the die slightly rounded, its sides battering outward to the plinth, and bearing inscriptions and the story of the landing in sculpture of low relief; set the whole in a basin supplied with water from masks upon the plinth, — and the spirit of the Saga would stand revealed. The schoolboy would understand the tale of the bold Viking, and even the vulgar would be touched by an effect of art.

The base in this form is still under study. It is an experiment requiring in the sculptor a thorough saturation of the mind with the Norse spirit of poetry, an invention restrained to decent and prudent conventionalities of form, not "expressed in fancy," but, within these limits, bold and free. In such an essay failure is easy, but success, though hard, will complete the work, and give to us a monument adequate to the theme, fit to decorate the entrance of the new pleasure-ground of Boston, where the sedges and the salt-marsh and the breath of the sea shall conspire with imperishable bronze to keep alive the legend of Leif Erikson.

Henry Van Brunt.

THE COUP DE GRACE.

If I were very sure
That all was over betwixt you and me, —
That, while this endless absence I endure
With but one mood, one dream, one misery
Of waiting, you were happier to be free, —

Then I might find again
In cloud and stream and all the winds that blow,
Yea, even in faces of my fellow-men,

The old companionship; and I might know
Once more the pulse of action, ere I go.

But now I cannot rest,
While this one pleading, querulous tone without
Breaks in and mars the music in my breast.
I open the closed door — lo! all about,
What seem your lingering footprints; then I doubt.

Waken me from this sleep!
Strike fearless, let the naked truth-edge gleam!
For while the beautiful old past I keep,
I am a phantom, and all mortals seem
But phantoms, and my life fades as a dream.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XIV.

IMPRISONMENT proved an efficacious method of exorcising the "harnt" upon the jury. Much of the sojourn in the county jail was expended in criminations and recriminations. Not one of the jurymen would admit any responsibility for their plight. Not one had entertained the slightest belief in their ghostly associate. The mere contact with that practical, prosaic mundane force, the law of the land, had so roused them that they were emboldened to roundly denounce the harnt. And the name of poor Peter Rood, which had been whispered with bated breath in the jury-room, came smartly enough from the tongue even of Bylor. In fact, he was the most persistent in disavowing susceptibility to spectral influence.

"I begged an' begged ye ter shet up talkin' 'bout sech," he cried, which was indeed the truth. "An' ye jes' kep' it up an' kep' it up, till ye skeered yer-se'fs out'n yer boots, an' then I could n't do nuthin' with ye."

They had all been locked temporarily into one room of the jail, while the

sheriff and jailer consulted together as to the accommodations for so unusual a number of prisoners. In their close quarters the jurymen leaned against the wall or walked the floor, jostling each other in the shadow, for the room was dark save for the moonbeams slanting through the bars of the window. The foreman hung about in the obscure places, freely addressed, — for they knew, without seeing, that he was there, — and required to bear the brunt of all the reproaches for the calamity. Once he plucked up spirit to retort.

"Ye war the very man ez yapped fur the dep'ty," he said to Bylor, who allowed himself to be drawn into argument.

"How 'd I know ez you-uns war a-goin' ter traipse down them steers an' 'low ter the jedge ez you-uns knowed mo' law 'n he do? Ye dad-burned aged idjit, ef ye war n't older 'n me I 'd lay ye out on this floor."

"I felt jes' like the tail of a dog in a fight, — could neither help nor hender the critter ez toted me ahint him, but war jes' ez apt ter git gnawed ez him," said Jerry Price disconsolately.

"I looked ter see the jedge fetch him a pop 'side the head, myself," said the new juryman, evidently unacquainted with judicial methods. He had regarded his capture to serve on the jury as a woful disaster, and could hardly bear up under this aggregation of misfortunes. "Ef I hed knowed what war comin', I would n't hev followed him down them steers."

"Six spry young steers 'mongst my cattle, — I'll never see 'em agin!" cried old man Beames from out the darkness, reminded anew of his journeying herds under the insufficient guidance of Bob. "I hev never done no wrong in my life. I hev tuk heed ter my feet ter walk in the right way. Au' hyar in my old age, through another man's fault, the door of a jail hev been shet on me."

His voice dropped. They were all feeling the poignant humiliation of the imprisonment. They were honest men, to whom it could scarcely have come but for this mischance. At every contortion of wounded pride they turned upon the unlucky foreman.

"I 'lowed I'd drap in my tracks," cried Ben Doaks, "whenst he jes' tuk the Code o' Tennessee by the hawns an' tail, an' dragged it up afore the jedge."

And Jerry Price was fain to sneer, too.

"Did the Code hev nuthin' in it 'bout cuttin' out the tongue of a foreman of a jury?" he demanded.

But the Code was an unabated fact still, and the nephew of the ex-justice alone could say what was in it. "Naw, sir!" he retorted, emboldened by the allusion to his superior knowledge, "nor about jailin' a jury, nuther. I don't b'lieve the jedge hed the right ter jail the jury."

"Waal," drawled Jerry, satirically, "we-uns hed better make up our minds powerful quick how we air a-goin' ter pay him back fur it."

The foreman was saved the mortifica-

tion of acknowledging the hopelessness of reprisal. A voice without sounded suddenly.

"I wanter see how many thar air," said the jailer.

"On a jury? Shucks! ye're funnin'. Twelve," in the familiar tones of the sheriff.

"I jes' wanter look at 'em agin."

"Ye sha'n't," retorted the sheriff.

He did not reckon on the fact that although he, as sheriff, had the legal authority and control of the jail, the jailer was possessed of the material keys, and locked and unlocked the doors at will. He opened this one now, gingerly, and every man within felt the grin they could not see.

"Brung 'em hyar 'kase they could n't count," he said, jocosely. "They air the fust boarders we hev hed fur sech ez that."

The sheriff, who was holding a lamp in the hall, pulled the door to, still animated by his sense of duty, and the jury heard the lock click as the facile jailer turned the key.

"They 'lowed thar war a harnt in the jury-room," said the officer.

Within all were silent, that they might hear.

"I ain't s'prised none," said the jailer; "plenty o' harnts hyar. Men ez war hung, ye know, — liked our accommodations better 'n them they got arterwards; that brings 'em back. Tim Jenkins war dragged right out'n that thar room whar the jury be now, when the lynchers kem an' tuk him. Hed me tied down-steers, ye 'member."

He went off gayly down the hall, jingling his keys. Presently his voice was heard in another mood, swearing at the judge and demanding, "What sorter man is this hyar Gwinnan, ennyhow, ez you-uns hev got out thar on the bench? Send me twelve men ter eat an' sleep, an' the jail ez full ez it air! Does he think I keep a tavern? 'Thar ain't room enough hyar fur twelve fleas!"

He compassed the problem somehow, for the jury, smarting with the indignity and hardship, were led forth the next morning, having slept as well as was possible considering the united grievances of the accommodations and the mortification, and eaten as their reduced appetites and the prison fare permitted.

They resumed their deliberations in the jury-room, and it argues much for their earnest desire to do right and their respect for their oath that they did not find a verdict at hap-hazard. They reported again and again that they could reach no decision. They were held over Sunday, and after nightfall on Monday they came into the court-room, and in guarded phrase and with some perturbation of manner announced once more that they could not agree as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.

In answer to the usual question, the foreman was eager to explain that they had experienced no difficulty other than a difference of opinion, and felt no want of further instructions. He forbore to offer criticisms upon judicial methods, and the men behind him, all acutely realizing the position of the dog's tail, breathed more freely. The judge looked at them with a certain resentment in his eyes. He leaned back in his chair, gnawing the end of his mustache. Mink sat beside his lawyer, eager, intent, hardly appreciating at the moment the significance of the disagreement. Harshaw had turned aside with a pettish mutter to his yellow beard, for the final adjournment for the term impended, Gwinnan being compelled to leave on the train that night to hold court in a remote county in his own circuit.

How Gwinnan could infuse into his impassive mien and his soft, expressionless drawl so caustic a suggestion of displeasure is one of those mysteries of manner addressed to a subtle and receptive sense which can take account of so fine and elusive a medium of communication. The jury, in receiving their dis-

charge, felt like culprits until they were once more at large and in the outer air, when they swore at the judge with the heartiest unanimity, — on this point they could agree, — and promised themselves, taking note of his character as politician, that if ever they were vouchsafed the opportunity they would get even with him. Then among the loungers about the tavern they fell to asking the news with the hungry interest of travelers who have been long absent.

They experienced a certain surprise to find that their accountability as jurors had not ceased with their discharge. There was a manifest inclination on the part of public opinion, as embodied in the idlers about the hotel, to hold them individually responsible for the mischances of the trial. Perhaps the impression that they had been long absent was strengthened by the revolution which popular prejudice had accomplished in the interval. Its flexibility could hardly be better illustrated than by the fact that the prankish Mink had suddenly risen in its estimation to the dignity of a public martyr.

"He's a tremenjious wild scamp, the Lord knows," said one, "but folks ain't jailed fur bein' gamesome, an' by rights ye oughter hev turned Mink out'n that jail this evenin'."

"Yessir," assented another. "Mink oughter be mighty nigh Hazel Valley by now, ef he had been gin a fair trial."

That conclusive formula, "This is a free country, by the Lord!" was often insistently reiterated in the discussion, for the bewildered jury discovered that the persuasion of the prisoner's innocence had never wavered after Alethea Sayles had sworn that she had seen Tad Simpkins since the disaster. The community at large had not been subjected to the morbid influences of seclusion, and mental stress, and the nervous shock which the jury had sustained upon the death of Peter Rood, and the necessity of persistent consideration of

spiritual and spectral phenomena forced upon them by the attorney-general.

"You see, gentlemen," said a young sprig of a lawyer, glad to air his information, "you went off on the wrong road. 'T war n't the business o' the defense to account for Tad. 'T was the prosecution's business to prove he was dead and that Mink killed him. And they did n't do it; they just proved he was missing, for that girl swore she saw him afterward. They've got to prove the *corpus delicti*, gentlemen, in a case like this."

The jurymen were laughed to scorn when they suggested their doubts of the genuineness of Tad's appearance.

"Now did n't the attorney-general stuff you as full of lies as an egg of meat!" cried the young lawyer, divided between admiration of the attorney-general's resources and contempt for their credulity.

"Ye air the only folks in Cherokee County ez b'lieves sech," said another by-stander. "Old man Griff an' all his gran'chil'n lef' town yestiddy evenin' plumb sati'fied Tad's alive, an' goin' ter hunt him up. An' then I reckon the old man'll furgit all about his repentance, an' club an' beat him same ez he always done."

"Waal," demanded the ex-foreman, who was disposed to maintain the difficulty of the question, "how could a idjit keer fur hisself all this time?"

"Tad never war sech a idjit; could run a mill, an' plough, an' pull fodder, an' feed stock! I'll be bound thar's a mighty differ round old man Griff's diggins now, sure. He 'peared a idjit mos'ly when he war beat over the head. Mos' folks would look miser'ble then. He air lackin', I know, but I reckon he kin work fur hisself ez well ez he done fur old man Griff. It's a plumb shame ter jail Mink Lorey fur fower month more till he kin git another fool jury ter try him, an' mebbe send him ter the Pen'tiary fur five year. I dunno what

oughter be done ter sech a jury ez you-uns."

It was probably well for the public peace that events of general interest had taken place during the seclusion of the jury which the by-standers found a certain gloomy satisfaction in detailing, and their attention was thus readily enough diverted from the disagreements of the jury-room to the circumstances of Peter Rood's funeral, — who preached the sermon, and who were in attendance. They all sat, solemnly chewing, tilted back in their splint-bottomed chairs on the front gallery of the little hotel. The lights which came from the doors and windows of the building, slanting out in wide shafts, seemed to sever the gloom in equal sections. The figures of the men were dimly seen in the dusky intervals. The stars, in infinite hosts, marshaled in the black sky, for the moon was late tonight. Only about the horizon were melancholy desert spaces. The summit line of the distant mountains was indistinguishable in the gloom. The landscape was all benighted. The presence of invisible trees close at hand was perceptible only to some fine sense of the differing degrees of density in the blackness. A horse trotted through the slant of light falling into the road and showing the sleek roan of the steed and the impassive face under the drooping hatbrim of the rider, — then loomed an indeterminate centaur in the alternate glooms. The sounds of the town were shrill, then faint, with lapses of silence. One forlorn cricket was piping somewhere between the bricks of the pavement.

"'Pears ter me," said Bylor, "tolerable cur'us ez they wagoned deceased" — he had adopted the word from the reports of the sermon — "way up yander ter Eskaqua Cove, ter be buried in the graveyard thar."

"Waal," explained a by-stander, "his mother 'lowed he'd feel mo' lonesome

down hyar 'n he would 'mongst the mountings, — an' I reckon he would."

"Ennybody ez air dead always looked lonesome ter me," suggested Ben Doaks.

"I don't b'lieve thar 's a man in the Newnited States, alive or dead, ez lonesome ez me!" cried the cattle-owner. "I wisht that thar durned moon would heft over the mountings. Ez soon ez she shows her aidge I 'm a-goin' ter light out arter my cattle an' Bob."

"'Pears ter me," said Doaks, reflectively, "ez things hev turned out mighty cur'us, ez he war buried in the same graveyard whar Lethe Sayles seen Tad's harnt."

"I wouldn't go by thar of a dark night fur nuthin'," declared Bylor. "Mought see both of 'em."

"I reckon," said Ben Doaks, "ez Peter Rood knows all 'bout'n it now, — whether it war Tad's harnt or no."

Something at a distance sounded sharply and fell into silence.

"I reckon folks ez air dead hev got suthin' mo' ter tend ter 'n studyin' 'bout folks they knowed in this life," said Bylor, nodding his head with grim conviction.

"Yes, sir-ee!" exclaimed the ex-foreman, as he chewed vigorously, and spat at the post which upheld the floor of the gallery above; he was an effective marksman. "They hev got a verdict in the courts of the t'other world on Peter Rood by now. They ain't got no failin' human jury thar," he continued sanctimoniously. "I reckon he 's burnin' in Torment before now." He offered this suggestion with the singular satisfaction in the symmetry of the theory of fiery retribution characteristic of the rural religionist.

Ben Doaks stirred uneasily. "I dunno 'bout that," he said, dubiously. "Rood war a perfessin' member." He, himself, laid great stress upon this unattained grace.

"I know that," said the ex-foreman, "but 'tain't done him no good. I hearn

him 'low at camp ez he war a backslider, an' ef the truth war knowed I reckon he war a black-hearted sinner."

Once more that strange sound, half smothered by the distance, smote upon the air. Then the regular hoof-beat of a horseman riding by on the red clay road interposed and rattled against the stones, and echoed from the bridge below with hollow reverberations.

"What war that cur'us noise?" demanded Ben Doaks.

"Sounded ter me like cattle a-beller-in'," said old man Beames.

The attentive pause was illustrated by the red spark of each man's pipe, dulling as it was held motionless for a moment in the hand; then restored to the smoker's lips, it glowed into subdued brilliancy, sometimes giving an elusive glimpse of the delicate and shadowy blue smoke curling from the bowl. There was nothing but a vague murmur, dropping presently into silence.

"I b'lieve," said Bylor, "ez Peter Rood hed suthin' on his mind."

"Me, too," spoke up another man. "He sot next ter me, an' he looked troubled an' tried, somehow, an' wunst in a while he sighed mightily. I dunno what ailed him."

"I reckon he war sick," suggested a by-stander.

"He did n't 'pear ter be sick. He turned an' looked at me plumb pleased ter death when that Lethe Sayles 'lowed Tad war alive. An' then when the 'torney-gineral made it out ez 't war jes' Tad's harnt he jumped for'ards, an' pinte with his finger, an' next thing I knowed the man war a harnt hisself."

The sound in the distance had become continuous, louder. Once more it broke upon the conversation. "Boys," said Jerry Price, in a tone of conviction, "suthin' is a-goin on somewhar."

The vocation for the rôle of spectator is strong in humanity. Each of the long, lank mountaineers started up with unusual willingness, under the impres-

sion that he was balked of some entertainment at which nature intended that he should be dead-headed. The distant murmur was once more lost in the sounds nearer at hand. A sudden resonant, brazen clangor challenged the dark stillness. It had a vibratory, swaying iteration, for it was the court-house bell, rung as an alarm to the law-abiding population. As the group started swiftly in the direction of the sound, a man came running at great speed down the pavement, almost overturning old Beames, and called loudly to the proprietor of the hotel, asking if Judge Gwinnan were within. They recognized the deputy sheriff as he rushed into the bar-room.

"The old man's been hevin' hell with Mink Lorey, down yander at the jail," he explained in breathless gasps. "He kerried on like a crazy idjit when we tuk him back,—fout like a wild-cat every foot o' the way. An' now thar's a crowd at the jail a-batterin' the doors, an' breakin' the winders, an' swearin' they'll take Mink Lorey out."

In pursuit of the promise of excitement their feet did not lag. They heard, as they set out, the deputy's rasping voice behind them renewing his anxious demand for Judge Gwinnan; then all other sounds were lost in the ceaseless thud of their own feet, and the insistence of the bell filling the darkness with its deliberate alternations of tone, till the night rocked and swayed with the oscillating, remonstrant sound. Approaching the court-house, they could hear those fainter and continuous vibrations of the bell-metal, the turbulent but bated undertones, that set the air a-trembling and seemed some muttered affirmation, some reserve of clamors, that should presently break out, too, and intone wrath and measured menace. The darkness seemed unparalleled, since there was something to be done and at hazard. Only at long intervals in the blackness, windows and doors of dwell-

ings were opened, and here and there a venturesome female head was thrust out in baffled and hopeless curiosity. But most of the houses had closed blinds and barred doors, for the alarm of the court-house bell had told the inmates all that the prudent might care to learn. The streets of Shaftesville, grass-grown as they were, had known the tread of lynchers, and distrusted any lawless mission. It was so dark that men, meeting at intersections of the streets, ran blindly against each other, recoiling with oaths,—sometimes against trees and posts. A few provident souls, carrying lanterns, and looking in the blackness like fleet fire-flies, were made aware when they encountered the rescuers, in pressing in among the crowd in the jail-yard,—the posse and the mob otherwise indistinguishable,—by having the lanterns struck out of their hands. The jail was silent; its very vicinity had a suggestion of glum resistance. Some consciousness in the air of a darker and solid mass was the only cognizance that the senses could take of its propinquity, except, indeed, the sound of breaking glass. A rail had been dragged from a fence, and, in the hands of unseen parties, after the manner of a battering-ram, the glass in the lower panes was shattered. This was wanton destruction, for the bars withstood the assault. The working of some instrument at them, ever and anon, was an evasive bit of craft, for, follow the sound as they might, the sheriff and his posse could never locate it. A light showing in an upper window was saluted by a volley of stones, and quickly disappeared. The missiles fell back in the dense, panting, nameless, viewless crowd, eliciting here and there a howl, succeeded by jeering laughter.

Once, as the glass crashed in a lower window, a child's voice within whimpered suddenly; a soothing murmur, and the child was silent.

"Mis' Perkins," called out a voice

from among the mob to the jailer's wife, "make Jacob open the do'! Tell him we'll string him up ef he don't, when we git holt o' him."

There was intense silence in the closely jammed, indistinguishable crowd without, for who could say who was the posse or who the mob, helpless against each other?

A murmur of remonstrance within. An interval. A sharp insistence from the crowd, and a quavering response.

"I *can't*, gentlemen!" cried a shrill feminine voice. "Jake's sech a bull-headed fool, he *won't*!"

The summit line of the distant mountains was becoming vaguely visible; the stars were not less bright, the black earth was as dark as ever, but the moon-rise was imminent.

There was suddenly a surging commotion in the crowd; it swayed hither and thither, and rushed violently upon the door. The point of attack being plain enough, there was some feeble resistance, offered presumably by the posse. A pistol was fired in the air — another — a wild turmoil; all at once the door crashed and gave way; half the assailants were carried over its splintered ruins by the force of their own momentum. There were lights enough now springing up in every direction. Men with torches dashed through the halls, holding them aloft with streaming clouds of flame and smoke, as erratic as comets. It required only a moment, with the united exertions of half a dozen stalwart young fellows, to break the door of Mink's cell; it offered no such opposition as the main entrance.

There was no cry of joy as they rushed in; no fraternal embrace for the liberators who had risked so much in the cause of natural justice.

The cell was empty. The bars at the window were firm as ever. The locked door was broken but a moment ago. And he was gone!

The word rang through the building.

The infuriated crowd pervaded the cell in a moment, like some tumultuous flood. The jailer himself was not to be found. His wife and children had sought refuge elsewhere.

The doors were guarded against the sheriff, while a select party searched every room in the house. Some serious fright was occasioned to certain malefactors, who had reason to fear the people more than the law, and esteemed the jail in some sort as a haven, but there were many appeals for liberation. One of these, a victim of the federal court, Big Brandy Owen by name, made so earnest an insistence that his case was considered. But he was no genuine moonshiner, it was argued, in inversion of the usual pleas; he was only a saloon-keeper, who had fallen a victim to the liquor laws. "We dunno ye," they prevaricated. "Ye ain't labeled Brandy, ye see." And so they locked his door upon him.

They did as much damage as they could, in default of accomplishing their object, and on retiring they dispersed without recognition among the peaceful citizens who had weakly striven, half heartedly, to uphold the law.

The moon was up. The Great Smoky Mountains, in magnificent immensity, clasped the world in the gigantic curve about the horizon east and south. The trees seemed veiled in some fine, elusive silver web, so gleaming a line of light came to the eye from their boughs. Frost sparkled upon the grass-fringed streets. The shadows were sharp and black. The stars — few now — faintly scintillated in empyreal distances. The town was so still, not even a dog barked. The rescuers experienced a luxury of bravado in the realization that it was for fear of them that it was fain to hold its breath and lie in darkness, save for the light of the moon. Perhaps it was as well, and spared further mischief, that they exulted in riding their horses at a gallop through the streets, breaking now

and then into wild fantasies of yells, with a fantastic refrain of echoes.

The rioters after a time dispersed. A long interval, and perhaps a single equestrian figure would ride down the straggling street and whoop aloud, and turn in his saddle to listen for a comrade's response, and then ride on.

Finally silence fell. The waning moon was high. The night was well-nigh spent. Sundry movements of shadows on window blinds, sundry dim yellow lights showing through them, despite the lustre of the moon, indicated that the inhabitants considered that the drama had been played, and were betaking themselves to bed. Alethea Sayles, crouching in the dormer window of the cottage where the witness fee had sufficed to lodge her, looking with dilated eyes over the little town enmeshed in the silver net of its frosted trees, strained her ears in the silence, and exclaimed in the anguish of suspense, "They mus' hev tuk him out, aunt Dely, or they would n't hev been so gamesome."

She knew little of town ways. Had the mob been successful, the frost itself could not disappear more silently.

Mrs. Purvine, her wise head pillowed, for the first time in her life, as she remarked distrustfully, on "town folkses' geese," sleepily assented.

The moon looked down in Alethea's upturned eyes. The fir that stood by the window tapped upon the pane. She felt as if it were a friendly and familiar thing, here where there were so few trees; for the sight of houses — crowded, indeed, they seemed — overwhelmed her in some sort, and embarrassed her. It was all a-shimmer with the frost; even an empty bird's-nest on a bough was a miracle of delicate interweaving of silver gleams. Her hair in its rich dishevelment fell in coils and tangles half-way to her waist. She clasped her hands over one knee. It was an interval of peace.

"Lethe!" said Mrs. Purvine, rousing

herself. "Ain't that gal kem ter bed yit!" The admonition was a subterfuge. She was about to impart information. "Lethe, ef ye b'lieve me, these hyar crazy muskrats o' town folks hev got *sun-bonnets ready-made* in these hyar stores."

The vicissitudes of the trial had been the veriest trifles to her. She had utilized the metropolitan sojourn. She had pervaded the stores, as women of her sort do elsewhere. Mighty little there was in these stores that aunt Dely had not rummaged.

"Ye tole me that afore," said the absorbed Alethea.

Mrs. Purvine chuckled aloud as she reviewed the fact. It afforded her an occult complacency, yet she laughed at it.

Presently she recurred to it.

"My cracky! Lethe," she exclaimed, "*who* makes 'em?"

And with this problem in her mind, she fell asleep among the dubious comforts of "town folkses' geese."

XV.

The fires of discontent smouldered throughout the next day. Although many of the country people had left town, there was more than the usual stir upon the streets. Idle knots of men strolling about or standing on the street corners neglected their avocations in eager discussions of the events of the previous evening. There was very general reprehension of the action of the mob, — so general that it might suggest a wonder as to whence came its component elements, and an unpleasant feeling that perhaps a satirical ringleader might be advancing these rebukes, and watching with secret laughter their effect. Many rumors prevailed, some so fantastic as to balk the credulity that sought to accept them, and others probable enough to be a solution of Mink's

disappearance. Some maintained that he had been liberated by the mob. Others said that at the time of the onslaught he had been hidden in the cellar with the jailer and the jailer's family; and this was again roundly denied, for the cellars were reported to have been thoroughly searched. It was said, too, that the prisoner had been gagged, bound securely, and boldly carried forth from the back door through the crowd in the intense darkness, and that he was now held in retreat at the sheriff's house. However it might have been, that officer received about noonday two or three threatening letters signed, "The men that elected you."

He had since been disposed to exonerate himself, and he bore a troubled, anxious face about the town, and talked in a loud, strained, remonstrant falsetto. It was through some words which he let fall, in the perturbation of the discovery that he was liable to be held to account personally by this unknown and numerous enemy, that it became public he had applied to Judge Gwinnan, not in his judicial capacity, but for advice in this emergency, and that it was Gwinnan who had devised the ruse which had baffled the rescuers.

The curiosity as to Mink's fate grew so pronounced as the day wore on that a party of young roughs went openly to the jail and interrogated the jailer. For that functionary had returned. He showed himself at the window of his stronghold jauntily enough. He had a jovial expression, a black mustache that turned cheerfully upward,—for he laughed often and usually laughed last,—quick brown eyes, and a bushy, unkempt head; he was unshaven and in his shirt-sleeves. He seemed to care not an atom for the illogical views of his fellow-citizens.

"I'm appinted by the sher'ff o' Cherokee County ter keep folks in jail, an' by Hokey, I'm a-goin' ter do it."

They begged him to let them in;

they had come to see him sociably,—a-visitin', they protested.

"Can't git in hyar, 'thout ye steal a horse or kill yer gran'mother, one." He shook his keys jocosely at them, and vanished.

At noon, when the train was due at the little station, the mystery was solved. The jailer was strolling up and down the platform, grave enough for once in his life, and with apparently no purpose. Asked if he were going to Glaston he replied, with an effort at his usual manner, "Not in these clothes, if the court knows itself, an' it rather think it do!"

It was a day of doubtful moods, of sibilant gusts of wind and intervals of brooding stillness. There was a pervasive suggestion of moisture in the air, but as yet no rain. The odor of decaying leaves came from the woods on the other side of the road. The sunshine was uncertain. White clouds were silently astir in the upper regions of the atmosphere; among the distant blue ranges the intervenient valleys could be distinctly located by the mist rising from them, elusively showing, then veiling the further heights, and anon falling like some airy cataract over a mountain side, seeming to cleave it in twain, and simulating a gap, a pass, in the impenetrabilities of the massive clifty range. The little stream that flowed along on the other side of the rails reflected the vacillating sentiments of the sky: now a cloud driving faster than its current showed up on its lustrous olive-green surface among the reflections of the crimson sumach bushes that lined its banks, and now it glittered in a burst of sunshine and emulated the azure of the changing heavens. The little town lay at a considerable distance; whether it hoped to grow up to the depot, or desired the advantages of civilization without its close contact, one might speculate in vain. Its clustering roofs were quite distinct among the thinning red and yellow and brown leaves of the trees.

A number of loungers waited to watch the train pass; for it was only a short time since the road had been completed, and the engine was still a mechanical miracle in the estimation of many of the country people, who came sometimes great distances to see it. Harshaw was going down to attend the court at Glaston. He was much smarter than usual, although he wore on his yellow head a soft wide hat, which gave him a certain highwayman-like aspect. A gay necktie of blue shot silk showed beneath his yellow beard; his stiffly starched cuffs, already much crumpled, protruded beneath his coat sleeves.

"What are you about, my friend? Going to jump the country?" he demanded of the deputy-sheriff, who was embarrassed, and replied evasively that he was waiting to see a man. Harshaw turned to greet Gwinnan, who was also going off, having adjourned the court a few moments too late the preceding evening and thereby failing to catch the night train. Harshaw accosted him with a full expression of his large, bluff, familiar manner. It was received with a certain coolness, which may have been Gwinnan's normal social temperature, but Harshaw was keenly alert to descry significance, and was disposed to refer it to the hasty threat at the court-house door. Gwinnan's impassive inexpressiveness gave him no intimation whether or not it had been repeated, and as the judge stood looking about the little unpainted wooden depot, all its business easily to be comprised in the two rooms, Harshaw began to detail to him how much the road had cost, how it was hoped it would aid in developing the resources of the country, how it had already begun to conduct itself like a sure enough grown-up railroad, and had got into law. Suddenly the two shining parallel rails trembled with a metallic vibration. A distant roar growing ever nearer and louder impinged upon the air. A cloud of smoke appeared above

the trees, and with a glitter of ornished metal, a turmoil of sound, a swift gliding rush, the overpowering imperious presence of the engine gladdened the sight of the simple country folks.

Gwinnan was silent as Harshaw talked, until suddenly that worthy broke off, "Hello! what's going on here?"

Some distance up the red clay road from the direction of the town, a buggy was driven at a furious rate, with the evident intention of forestalling the departure of the train.

All the loungers saw it. The conductor saw it, and yet he cried out, "All aboard!" and sprang upon the platform as the train began to move. The by-standers understood the ruse the next moment. There were two men in the buggy: one was handcuffed; the other was the sheriff. The deputy and two guards dragged the prisoner across the platform and upon the slowly moving train, which forthwith rattled away around the curve at the greatest speed of which it was capable, leaving the suspected rescuers gazing blankly at it, and realizing that because of the insecurity of the county jail Mink was to be lodged in the metropolitan prison of Glaston.

It is said that nothing so expands the mental horizon as the experience of emotion. In this sense Mink was becoming a wise man. He knew despair not as a word, a theory, a sentiment, but in its baffled, futile finality. He had conned all the fine vacillations of suspense. He had exhausted the delusions of hope.

Only the supreme passion of rage had as yet unsated capacities. As he sat in the car, shackled, among his guards, he fixed his shining eyes, full of suppressed ferocity, on Gwinnan's face, who was absorbed in a book and heedless of his fellow-travelers. The guards did not notice the prisoner's gaze, and after a moment it was diverted for a time. For Mink had quick enough percep-

tions and no mean power of deduction. He divined that his guards and fellow-passengers were in much perturbation lest the train should be stopped. At every intersection of the country roads with the track there was a perceptible flurry amongst them, an anxious outlook to descry mounted and armed men.

He had himself no further expectation of deliverance.

"Nobody's goin' ter resk ten year in the Pen'tiary fur rescuin' me in broad daylight whar they could be knowed. Ef the mob wanted ter hang me, though, *they would*," he said, with the cynicism of the truth.

"Nobody wants ter hang you-uns, Mink, nor hurt ye no-ways. All ye need is a leetle patience ter wait fur another trial," said the deputy.

"I ain't got no mo' patience," said Mink drearily.

His fatigued faculties, that had almost sunk into stupor under the strain of excitement and suspense, roused themselves to take note of the surroundings. The motion of the train filled him with amaze. He held his breath to see the fantasies of the flying landscape without. The panting snorts and leaps of the engine, like some great living monster, the dull rolling of the wheels, the iterative alternating sound of the clanking machinery, each registered a new estimate of life upon his intent, expressive face. His eyes rested on the lamp fixtures shining in their places as if he beheld enchantment. The tawdry ornamentation, the paneling of light and dark woods with occasional glimmers of gilding, the faded red velvet of the seats, were to his unaccustomed eyes unparalleled magnificence. He asked no questions. He accepted it all simply, without comment, without consciousness. His fine head, with its rich coloring of complexion and eyes and hair, looked as if it might have been painted upon the panel of maple on which it leaned, he sat so still. His hat lay on the seat

beside him; he was well used now not to wear it. It may have been because he was innocent, it may have been because he felt no shame, but the handcuffs on his wrists seemed not more ignominious than a wild creature's captivity.

He had been so docile, so unresisting all the morning that the deputy, who had grown to like the young fellow in their constrained intercourse, and valued him far more than a duller and a better man was disposed to treat him as gently as was consistent with duty. The guards were jolly and they joked with him; but he had little to say, and presently they talked to each other, and looked over their shoulders at the rest of the company, covertly entertaining themselves with such fragments of the conversation as the roaring and clangor of the train permitted to be audible. They noticed after a time that the surroundings had ceased to interest him, and that he was looking with lowering and surly ferocity at Judge Gwinnan, intent upon his book.

"Look-a-hyar," said one of the guards, nudging Mink violently, "ye 'pear like some wild varmint. Ye look ez keen an' wicked an' mean ez a mink. Quit eyin' Jedge Gwinnan like that, else I'll blindfold ye, — sure 's ye born, I will."

Mink's dilated eyes rested upon the unconscious, half-averted face for a moment longer. Then they turned to the face of the deputy in front of him.

"That thar man," he said between his set teeth, and for all his voice was low it was distinct, even in the rumbling and noise of the train, so charged it was with the emphasis of intention, the definiteness of a cherished revenge, — "d'ye know what he hev done ter me? He put Pete Rood on the jury, though he knowed Pete hated me, an' why. He put the jury in jail, kase they war fools, an' 'lowed they hed a harnt on the panel, an' bein' jailed confusticated 'em so they could n't find a verdict. *He* knows an' *they* know Tad's alive, but I hev got ter

bide in jail fower month longer an' resk the Pen'tiary agin, account o' a drown-ed boy ez hev run away. An' when my friends wanted ter take me out'n jail, — God A'mighty ! I did n't know I hed sech friends, — he goes out'n his way ter tell the sher'ff how ter flustrate 'em. An' I war gagged an' ironed, an' toted out'n the back door, an' kep' at the sher'ff's house, an' am tuk off on the train. 'T war n't his business. Ye know thar war n't ez much ez that done whenst the lynchers kem fur Tim Jenkins, — *not ter save the man's life.*"

"Waal, he hed ter be hung some time, ennyhow," said the deputy indisputably.

"What did this hyar Jedge Gwinnan do all this hyar fur?" continued Mink.

"Waal, Mink, he war obleeged ter, by his office. Ye know I don't hold no grudge ter ye, though ye mighty nigh bruk my head when I arrested ye; yit I'm bleegeed ter iron ye an' gyard ye. I could n't set no mo' store by ye ef ye war my own blood relation," said the deputy.

"Naw, sir! naw!" exclaimed Mink. "This hyar man have tuk a notion ter Lethe Sayles, — I seen it; an' he 'lows I ain't good enough fur her, an' he be doin' sech ez he kin agin me on account o' her."

The deputy sheriff broke into a horse laugh. The others laughed, too, but more moderately. "Ye air teched in the head, Mink," one of them remarked.

"Mebbe so," Mink responded quietly enough, but with a glancing gleam in his dark eyes. "But I'll remember what he hev done ter me. An' I'll kill him fur it. By the Lord, I'll kill him fur it. An' yc shell see the day."

He leaned back against the window, with his eyes cruelly bright, his lips curving, tossing his tangled hair with a quick, excited gesture, as if he saw his revenge an accomplished fact.

Somehow his look impressed the guards.

"Naw, ye won't," said one of them. "Ye won't do nuthin' like it. Ye air goin' ter jail *fower* month an' arter that ter the Pen'tiary *five* year, an' time ye git out'n thar ye'll be so powerful pleased ter be foot-loose ye'll mind yer manners the rest o' yer days, an' ye will hev clean furgot Jedge Gwinnan."

He evidently thought some harshness salutary. Mink made no reply, and they presently fell to talking together of their town affairs and gossip, excluding him from the conversation, in which, in truth, he desired to take no share.

XVI.

In contrast with the steam-cars, the old ox-cart was a slow way of getting through the world, and had little of that magnificence which forced itself upon Mink's jaded and preoccupied faculties. But as Alethea turned her face toward the mountains, it seemed the progress into Paradise, so happy was she in the belief that the rescuers had prevailed. For she, aunt Dely, and Jerry Price had left town early that morning, before doubts and contradictions were astir. The waning yellow moon still swung high in the sky, above the violet vapors of the level west. Long shadows were stalking athwart the fields and down the woodland ways, as if some mystic beings of the night were getting them home. A gust of wind came shivering along the road once and again, — an invisible, chilly presence, that audibly rustled its weird garments and convulsively caught its breath, and was gone. Above the Great Smoky Mountains the inexpressible splendors of the day-star glowed and burned. She walked behind the cart much of the time with Jerry, while aunt Dely sat, a shapeless mass, within it. A scent of tar issued from its clumsy wheels, heavy with the red clay mire of many a mile; a rasping creak exuded from its axles,

in defiance of wagon grease. The ox between his shafts had a grotesque burlesque in the moonlight. The square, unpainted little vehicle was a quaint contrivance. Four of the dogs ran beneath it, in leash with their nimble shadows. And aunt Dely's sun-bonneted head, nodding with occasional lapses into sleep, was faithfully reproduced in the antics of the silhouettes upon the ground that journeyed with them.

Now and again the Scolacutta River crossed their way in wide, shining curves scintillating with the stars, and then Alethea would perch upon the tail-board, and Jerry would clamber into his place as driver, and the dogs would yelp and wheeze on the bank, reluctant to swim, and the ox would plunge in, sometimes with a muttered low of surprise to find the water so cold. Forging the stream was slow work; the wheels often scraped against great hidden boulders, threatening dislocation and destruction to the running gear. The transit was attended with a coruscation of glittering showers of spray, and left a foaming track across the swift current. Sometimes it was a hard pull up the steep, rocky bank opposite. The old ox had a sober aspect, a resolute tread, and insistently nodding horns. His sturdy rustic demeanor might have suggested that he was glad to be homeward bound, and to turn his back upon the frivolities of civilization and fashion. Not so aunt Dely. It seemed for a time as if her enforced withdrawal from these things had impaired her temper. She woke up ever and anon with caustic remarks.

"I reckon now, Lethe Ann Sayles, ye be goin' ter bide along o' yer step-mother?"

"Ye know that's my home. I hev ter, aunt Dely."

The girl's voice was clear, sweet, thrilling with gladness, like some suddenly awakened bird's singing a stave before dawn.

"I b'lieve ye!" satirically. "Enny-

body but you-uns would be 'shamed ter own up ez ye hev got no home. Old ez ye be, an' ye ain't married yit! How old be ye? Lemme see," — with a tone intimating that she would give no quarter, — "nineteen year, five month, an' fower days. It's plumb scandalous," she muttered, arranging her shawl about her. "Ye Bluff!" addressing the ox in a querulous crescendo, "ye goin' ter jolt the life out'n me, a-tryin' ter ape the gait o' the minchin' sinners ye seen in Shaftesville! Actially the steer hev got the shuffles! I tell ye, Sodom an' G'morrah war n't nowhar fur seethin' sin ter Shaftesville. The devil be a-gatherin' his harvest thar. His bin an' barn air full. Them folks will know some day ez store clothes ain't no defense agin fire. They hev bartered thar salvation fur store clothes. But I do wisht," she broke off suddenly, dropping her voice from her sanctimonious whine to her cheery drawl, "I hed one o' them ready-made sun-bonnets. I hed traded off all my feathers an' truck for store sugar an sech afore I seen 'em. I was so full o' laff that I could n't keep my face straight whenst I viewed the contrivance."

The darkness had fled; the moonlight had failed; the fine, chastened pallor of the interval — the moment's pause before the dawn — showed the colorless sky, the massive dusky mountains, the stretches of woods below, almost leafless now, the gaunt, tawny fields here and there, the zigzag lines of the rail fences, the red clay road. There were gullies of such depth on either side that the ox, who received so little supervision that he appeared to have the double responsibility of drawing and driving the cart, demonstrated, in keeping out of pitfalls, ampler intellectual capacities than are usually credited to the bovine tribe. But indeed his gifts were recognized. "I ain't s'prised none ef some day Bluff takes ter talkin'," his mistress often averred, with her worldly pride in her possessions.

The wind freshened; the white frost gleamed; a pale flush, expanding into a suffusion of amber light, irradiated the blue sky; and the great red wintry sun rose slowly above the purple ranges.

They had barely passed through a gap of the mountain, and entered Eskaquia Cove, when they saw riding along an intersecting road close to the bank of the river a girl in a yellow homespun dress, with a yellow bonnet on her head, and mounted on a great white mare. She had the slaie of a loom in her hand which she had borrowed of a neighbor, and which served to explain her early errand.

Alethea, in her joy, had forgotten Elvira's sneers and gibes the night she had brought to the Hollow the raccoon which Mink had given her. All other considerations were dwarfed by the rapturous idea that he was at liberty. Eager to tell the news, she sprang forward.

"Elviry!" she cried. The girl drew up her mare and turned about. Alethea ran down the road and caught the bridle. "Elviry," she reiterated, "Reuben air out o' jail! He's free! He's free!"

The news was not received as she expected. Elvira put back her bonnet from the soft rings of short hair that lay about her head. She fixed her dark eyes on Alethea in doubting surprise.

"Waal," she demanded, as if herself sitting in judgment, "who killed Tad?"

"Tad be alive ez I be!" cried Alethea, harried by the reawakening of those questions which she had thought were forever set at rest.

"An' did the jury say sech?" Elvira asked. It might have seemed that with the breach between her and Mink complete, she was not rejoiced to hear of his good fortune.

"The jury could n't 'gree," said Alethea breathlessly. "The rescuers tuk him out."

"Sech ez that be agin the law," said Elvira staidly.

"I ain't keerin' fur the law!" cried Alethea. "He hev done no harm, an' all the kentry knowed it. An' 't war n't right ter keep him cooped in jail. So they tuk him out."

She lifted her head and smiled. Ah, did she indeed look upon a wintry landscape with those eyes? So irradiated with the fine lights of joy, so soft, they were, it might seem they could reflect only endless summers and plains of asphodels. The gaunt, bleak mountains shivered in the niggardliness of the averted sun; the wind tossed her loose locks of golden hair from beneath her brown bonnet as if they were flouts to the paler beams.

Elvira looked down at her with the pitiless enmity of envy.

"Waal," she said, "'twixt ye two ye hev done me a powerful mean turn. Mink kep' a-tryin' ter cut out Pete Rood till I did n't know my own mind. An' then ye a-tellin' them tales 'bout harnts till Pete drapped dead, — ye knowin' he hed heart disease! Yes, sir, he's dead; buried right over yander in the graveyard o' the church-house in the cove. An' I reckon ye be sathi'fied now, — ef *ye kin* be sathi'fied."

She looked away over the swift flow of the river, and fell to flecking her shoe with the hickory switch she carried.

Alethea's face fell. She still stood holding the mare's rein, but aunt Dely's voice had broken upon the silence. For Bluff had followed Alethea when she turned from the main road, and had refused to be guided by Mrs. Purvine's acrid adjurations. As to Jerry, he was stalking on ahead, unaware that the others were not close on his steps. Sawing upon the ropes on Bluff's horns which served for reins, aunt Dely succeeded in drawing him up when she reached the spot where the two girls stood. She suddenly joined in the conversation with an astute intention.

"Yes, sir, Mink's out," she said, con-

firming her niece's statement. "An' ye'll hev ter do mighty little tollin' ter git him back agin, Elviry," she added beguilingly.

"I don't want no jail-bird roun' me," said Elvira, with a toss of her head.

"Mebbe ye air right, chile!" cried Mrs. Purvine. "That's edzacly what I tole Lethe." She nodded gayly, and her head-gear, swaying with the expressive gesture, could not seem more jaunty had it been a ready-made sun-bounet from the store. "Ye mark my words, Lethe air goin' ter marry a man she seen in Shaftesville." Elated with this effort of imagination, she continued, inspirationally, "He 'lowed she war a plumb beauty, beat ennything he ever dreampt could hev kem out'n the mountings. He air a town man, an' he be a fust rate one."

"Oh, aunt Dely!" faltered Alethea, amazed and almost speechless.

But aunt Dely, charmed with the image she had conjured up, had no mind to relinquish this mythical man, and added another touch of verisimilitude: "He's well off, too. Lethe, she don't keer nuthin' 'bout riches, but bein' ez I hev' sociated so much with town folks, I sorter set store by worldly goods, — though not enough ter resk my soul's salvation, nuther."

Aunt Dely's evident desire was to combine spiritual and material welfare, and in that she was not unlike more sophisticated religionists.

The opinionated Bluff being induced to turn around at last, aunt Dely let fly a Parthian dart: "But ez ter you-uns, Elviry, I dunno whether ye hed better be lookin' down on fust one boy, an' then another. Ye'll git lef' hyar a lonesome single woman, the fust thing ye know, — *the only one in the cove!* But then, mebbe ye'd better jes' bow yer mind ter the dispensation, fur arter all ye moughtn't be able ter ketch Mink. The gals honey him up so ez he air toler'ble sp'iled; they 'low he air

special good-lookin', though I hev never been able ter see good looks in him sence he kem ter my house, one night, an' bedeviled my front steps so ez they hev never been so stiddy sence."

"Aunt Dely," cried Alethea, when they were once more on their homeward way, "what ailed ye ter tell Elviry sech a pack o'" — Respect for her elders restrained her.

"I war prompted by my conscience!" replied the logical Mrs. Purvine, unexpectedly. "I can't be at peace with my conscience 'thout doin' all I kin ter purvent a spry, good-lookin' gal like you-uns from marryin' a wuthless critter sech ez Mink Lorey." She made no secret of her designs. "He be good a plenty an' ter spare fur that thar snake-eyed Elviry Crosby, but I want ye ter marry Jerry Price, an' kem an' live along o' me."

The immaterial suitor evolved by Mrs. Purvine's conscience dwelt in Alethea's mind with singular consistency and effect afterward. When she was once more in Wild-Cat Hollow, and day after day passed, — short days they were, of early winter, — and Mink did not come, expectation was supplanted by alternations of hope and disappointment, and they in their turn by fear and despair. Was it possible, she asked herself, that he could have heard and credited this fantastic invention of Mrs. Purvine's affection and pride; that Elvira had poisoned his mind; that he was jealous and angry; that for this he had held aloof? Then the recollection of their old differences came upon her. His sorrows had obliterated them in her contemplation. It did not follow, however, that they had brought her nearer to him. He had long ago fallen away from her. Why should she expect that he would return now? She remembered with a new interpretation his joyous relief the morning that she had told to him and his lawyer in the jail the story of her glimpse of Tad; although she

had shared his gratulation, it was for his sake alone. She remembered his burning eyes fixed with fiery reproaches upon her face in the court-room, when the disclosure was elicited that it was in a graveyard she had seen the missing boy. After all, she had done nothing for him; her testimony had fostered doubt and roused superstition, and other and stronger friends had effected his release.

She became silent, sober-eyed, and absorbed, and went mechanically about the house. Her changed demeanor occasioned comment from Mrs. Jessup, who sat idle, with a frowzy head and an active snuff-brush, by the fireside instead of on the porch, as in the summer days. "When Lethe fust kem back from Shaftesville she 'peared sorter peart an' livened up. Her brain war shuck up, somehow, by her travels. I 'lowed she war a-goin' ter behave arter this like sure enough folks, — but shucks! she 'pears ter be feared ter open her mouth, else folks 'll know she hev got a tongue 'twixt her teeth." For Alethea found it hard now to reply to the continual queries of Mrs. Sayles and Mrs. Jessup, who had relished her opportunity, and in the girl's observation of village life were enjoying all the benefits of travel without impinging upon their inertia or undertaking its fatigues. The elder woman sat smoking in the corner, her pink sun-bonnet overhanging her pallid, thin face, ever and anon producing a leaf of badly cured tobacco, and drying it upon the hearthstone before serving her pipe. Now and then she chuckled silently and toothlessly at some detail of the gossip. It had hurt the girl to know how little they cared for the true object of the expedition. They had not even asked for the result of the trial. Mink Lorey was naught to them, and they did not affect a picturesque humanity which they did not feel.

"Waal, sir!" Mrs. Sayles would say, "I'll be bound them town folks air talkin' 'bout Dely Purvine yit. I jes' kin

view in the sperit how she went a-bogue-in' roun' that town, stare-gazin' everything, like she war raised nowhar, an' war n't used ter nuthin'. Did n't the folks laff powerful at yer aunt Dely?"

"I never seen nobody laffin'," protested Alethea, loyally.

Jacob Jessup, sober enough, but surly, was wont to sit in these days, too, idle by the fire. The farm work, such as it was, had been done. The stock he fed when he liked. He chose to consider Alethea's metropolitan trip as a bit of personal self-assertion, and sneered whenever it was mentioned, and sought to ignore it as far as he might. For his own part, he had never been to Shaftesville, and he grudged her the distinction. He would not recognize it; he treated the fact as if it were not, and thus he extinguished it. He seemed somehow, as he sprawled idly about, to take up much more room by the fire than the women, despite their skirts, and he was often engaged in altercations with the dogs, the children, and the pet cub as to the space they occupied. The bear had been reared in a bad school for his manners; he had grown intelligent and impudent and selfish in captivity among his human friends. He would stretch himself along the hearth in front of the family, absorbing all the heat, snarling, and showing his teeth sometimes, but steeling himself in his fur and his fat and his fortitude, and withstanding kicks and blows till his persecutor was tired. Sometimes Jessup would catch him by the rolls of fat about his neck and drag him to the door, but the nimble beast would again be stretched upon the hearthstones before the man could reach his chair. Jessup did the brute no great hurt, for, lowering and ill-natured as the fellow was, he was kindly disposed toward animals, and this made the more marked a sort of spite which he seemed to entertain toward the raccoon which Mink had given Elvira, and which she had brought to Alethea. The grotesque

creature was in some sort a domestic martyr. As it scuttled about the uneven puncheon floor, he would affect to stumble over it, swear at it, seize it by the tail, and fling it against the wall. But the coon was of a mercurial disposition, and its griefs were readily healed. It would skulk away for a time, and then be seen eating stolen delicacies in its dainty fashion, washing the food between its two fore-paws in the drinking pail. Old man Sayles, silent, subdued, sat a sort of alien at his own fireside, sorting seeds, and bits of tobacco, buttons, herbs, tiny gourds, which went by the name of lumber with him, in a kind of trough beneath the window that served in lieu of sill. Now and then he passed his hand over his head and sighed. Perhaps he regretted his second matrimonial venture; for the domestic scene was one of frowzy confusion, very pronounced when crowded into one small room, instead of being shared with the porch, which the wind swept now and shook, and where the mists congregated of evenings or the frosts convened. The children, L'onidas and Lucindy, were shrill at play. The baby had got on its feet, and was walking into everything, — unwary pans and kettles and tubs of water. Tige's overbearing disposition was very manifest in his capacity as fireside companion. And when the chimney smoked, and L'onidas preferred his complaints at Alethea's side as she sat and carded wool, and the cub leaned his weight against her as he contemplated the fire with his head upon her knee, and her step-mother scolded, and Jacob Jessup fumed and contradicted, and the experimental baby brought down the churn with a crash, while the cat lapped amid the waste, Mrs. Jessup would shift her snuff-brush to the other corner of her pretty mouth, and demand, "Now ain't Lethe a plumb fool ter live hyar along o' sech cavortin' ways up on the side o' a mounting, a-waitin' fur a pore wuthless scamp like Mink Lorey, when she

could hev a house ter herself in Pioningo Cove, with no hendrance but Ben Doaks, a quiet, respectable boy, ez I don't look down on kase he ain't got religion! I know some folks ez religion itself can't help."

Sometimes, however, — it was at long intervals, — even Mrs. Jessup would be summoned to rouse herself from the heavy sluggishness that made all exertion beyond the necessary routine positive pain. The code of etiquette that prevails in the mountains, simple as it is, has yet its rigorous requirements; and when the death of a kinsman in Eskagua Cove presently occurred, the graceless creature deplored it less than the supervening necessity of attending the obsequies. There was no snow, nor ice, nor rain, to urge as an excuse. The weather was singularly fine and dry. It was easier getting down the mountain now than in the summer. And so she was constrained to go.

The sunshine was still, languid; the air was calm. Wild-Cat Hollow wore its wintry aspect, although below in the cove one might have glimpses of red and yellow, as if the autumn yet lingered. Everywhere there was a wider outlook because of the denudation of the woods, albeit the landscape was the more gaunt, the more rugged. It was like a mind stripped of the illusions of youth; the stern facts are the plainer, and alas! more stern. The purplish-garnet hue of the myriads of bare boughs in the forests covering the mountain slopes contrasted with the indeterminate blue of the sky. There was a fibrous effect in their fine detail; even the great mass, seen at a distance, was like some delicate penciling. Singularly still it was, the air very dry; the dead leaves on the ground did not rustle; the corn-stalks, standing withered and yellow in the fields, did not stir. The only motion was the slow shifting of the shadows as the day went on, and perhaps high, high even above the Great Smoky, a swift passing of

wild geese flying southward, their cabalistic syllable *Houk! Houk!* floating down, seeming in the silence strangely intoned and mysterious. At night a new moon looked through the gaunt, naked trees. The feeble glimmer from the little log cabin was solitary. The stars themselves were hardly more aloof from the world, from life. The narrow vista through the gap only made visible how darkly indistinguishable was the cove, how annihilated in the blackness were the mountains.

No sound of cattle drifted down now from the bald; the herds were gone; sometimes in the midnight the howl of a wolf echoed and reëchoed in all the tortuous ways of the wilderness; then silence, that seemed to tremble with fear of the reiteration of the savage cry. Alethea was prone to be wakeful and sad and anxious, so perhaps it was well that she had much to occupy her thoughts during the day. The baby fretted for its mother. Mrs. Jessup was not a model mother, but she was the only one the baby had, and it was not recreant to filial sentiment. It exacted a vast number of petty attentions from Alethea which it had never before required. Tige and the cub resented the pampering she gave it; they were jealous, and made their feeling known in many dumb manifestations: they kept themselves sadly in the way; now they were hungry, and now they were thirsty, and they whined continually about her.

She hardly noticed at first that a thick haze had appeared over the cove, yet did not dim the sky. It climbed the mountain sides, and hung like a gauze veil about the cabin and the sheds. Suddenly she became aware of the pungent odor of smoke. She put the child away from her, as it clung to her skirts, and stepped out upon the porch. The dog and cub pressed close after her, fancying that they scored one against the baby, who had sunk, squalling because of its desertion, upon the floor.

She looked about for a moment at the still white presence that had usurped the earth, the air, the sky.

"Somebody hev set out fire in the woods!" she cried.

"Hev ye jes' fund that out?" drawled Jacob Jessup, as he sat on the porch. Her father and he were languidly discussing whether they should fire against it. It was far enough away as yet, they thought, and with the annual conflagrations in the woods they had become experts in judging of the distance and of the emergencies of fighting fire with fire.

She listened as they talked, thinking that Sam Marvin's home, miles away, would presently be in danger, if they were right as to the location of the fire. The cruel flames would complete the desolation she had wrought. Her conscience winced always at the recollection of its bare, denuded plight. Some small reparation was suggested in the idea that she might save it; she might go thither now and fire the dead leaves on the slopes below. Above there was a desolate, barren stretch of rocks, covering many acres, which the flames could hardly overleap. There was no wind, but a slight stir was now in the air. Its current was down the mountain.

She set out, Tige and the coon with her: the wild thing ambling demurely along with all the decorum of cultivated manners; the domestic animal barking and leaping before her in mad ecstasy for the simple privilege of the excursion. The cub looked after them from the doorway, whined, and crept within to the fire.

As she went she was vividly reminded of the day when she had journeyed thither before, although the woods had then worn the rich guise of autumn, and they were now austere and bleak and silent, and shrouded in the white smoke. She even noted the lick-log at the forks of the road, where she had sat and trembled and debated within her-

self. She wondered if what she had said in the court-room would pursue the moonshiner in his hiding-place. Would it harm him? Had she done right or wrong? It seemed to her that with some moral perversity the wrong always pursued the right, and overcame it, and transformed it.

Still walking on up the steep slant to the moonshiner's house, seeing only a yard or two before her, she presently came upon the fence. She paused and leaned upon the rails, and looked about her. The corn-field comprised more acreage than is usual in mountain agriculture. The destination of the crop was not the limited legitimate market of the region. It was planted for use in the still. She experienced another

pang when she realized that it too was a grievous loss; for Sam Marvin had been forced to leave the fruit of his industry when it stood immature in August. Now, the first of December, the full crisp ears leaned heavily from the sere stalk. She wondered that the abandoned crop, a fine one, had not been plundered. Then she bethought herself how deep in the wilderness it stood secluded. All at once she heard a rustling among the corn. Her first thought was the bear. In amaze she discerned a wagon looming hard by in the smoke. Then the indistinct figures of a man, a woman, and a half-grown girl came slowly down the turn row. To judge from their gestures, they were gathering the corn.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

No adequate biography of Honoré de Balzac has yet been written; a fact somewhat strange, considering the interest and attractiveness of the subject and the abundance of the material available. Of sketches and collections of anecdotes concerning him there are plenty, but for the most part they are trivial. The world has been informed so fully upon his peculiarities, his personal habits, his extravagances, that it may easily have exaggerated the importance of all these details, and have come to judge the character and mind of the writer by them. When Balzac is mentioned, probably most people remember him as the author who drank inordinate quantities of black coffee; who worked with extraordinary persistence and energy; who wore a white monk's frock when at his desk; who was regarded by his literary friends as a kind of Pantagruelian oddity, full of visionary ideas, given to romantic inventions, such as the estab-

lishment of the order of the Cheval Rouge; who alternated long periods of rigid seclusion and furious composition with brief outbursts of Tourangian jollity and festivity; who was a large-hearted, coarse, vigorous boon companion among his fellows; and who wrote the *Comédie Humaine*, a work concerning which the general ideas are probably somewhat vague.

Viewed in the light of his correspondence and his books, however, the life of Balzac takes on a very different aspect. It appears tragical, in fact. Nothing in his childhood or youth suggested the power he was to display in his maturity. At college, indeed, he developed a strong memory and an omnivorous taste in reading. But the receptivity of his mind seemed at this period greater than its power of assimilation. The flood of new ideas pouring in upon his brain stupefied him. A lethargic condition resulted, which alarmed his teach-

ers and friends, and he was taken home. Yet there is evidence that even at college his genius had begun to manifest itself, for it was there that he meditated and composed the *Theory of the Will*, which (as related in Louis Lambert many years later) a stupid teacher confiscated, and the loss of which he often regretted subsequently. Now it is to be remarked that in this *Theory of the Will* Balzac spoke, however unconsciously, with the kind of authority belonging to the possession, in an unusual degree, of the property analyzed. The power of the human will has seldom been more strikingly displayed than in his own career; and if the prodigal exercise of an abnormal power of volition did not in his case result in success until the capacity to enjoy the fruition of his hopes and ambitions had been exhausted, it was because he contended against difficulties which would have crushed a weaker man at the outset.

He was a mere boy when the yearning for literary fame came upon him. His parents desired him to be a notary, and he passed three years in a law office, acquiring there a mass of knowledge which he turned to good account afterwards. But the life was insupportable, and at length he was humored by his family, who allowed him two years to make the experiment in Paris, but, not to encourage him in what they thought a foolish whim, put him upon so short an allowance that no student in the Latin Quarter ever lived the life of the garret more thoroughly. There he encountered his first check. He found that he could not write anything but trash. Confident from the first in his genius, its expression was slow, laborious, and painful. His experience resembled that of no other great writer. For years he produced novels which contain scarcely an indication of his powers. He knew his work was bad, but at all events these poor stories had a certain commercial value as "pot-boilers," and his ne-

cessities were then, as always, urgent. He wrote forty novels before he caught and held his public. This fact shows the part his tremendous will power played in his career. Such a man could not be discouraged. He knew the capacities that were in him, and he would work until they obtained the mastery over their stubborn and intractable vehicle. But he was impatient. He was convinced that if fame brought money, money helped fame. He would become rich, then, by some enterprise which did not absorb all his mind. He embarked in a publishing scheme. He conceived the idea of printing the French classics in a compact form and issuing them at a low rate. The idea was good, for later it succeeded, but the time was not then ripe, and Balzac's undertaking failed. He left the publishing business heavily in debt. From that time to his death, almost, he was the slave of his obligations, and no man ever toiled more strenuously to discharge them. The agonies of César Birotteau are assuredly not imaginary. The author who described them looked into his own heart and wrote. The sense of commercial honor which sustained the perfumer was one of Balzac's most marked characteristics. It is true that the desire of fame spurred him on in his labors, but primarily they were undertaken to pay his debts; and it was the endless struggle with these that incited him to the continuous, exhausting fecundity which killed him in what should have been his prime of life.

The extent of his powers can be realized only by observation of his work. Here was a man who for ten years staved off disaster by issuing notes of hand, the payment of which and the interest on which maintained a constant demand for money, and it all had to be earned by his pen. To secure the sums required from month to month, incessant toil was necessary. He met the exigency by working sixteen,

eighteen, hours in the twenty-four; and this for months together. It has been said that his letters during this period are colorless. They are indeed sad. They indicate a mind and body strained to the utmost limit of endurance, a resolution of iron, and at the same time a pathetic sense of deprivation and isolation. He writes to his sister Laure that he yearns for Fame and Love. "Ah, Laure, Laure," he cries, "shall I live to attain my desire?" He was to die with the cup at his lips. But nothing less than death could interrupt his labors. While working as no galley-slave ever worked, having always two, three, sometimes four, books in hand at once, he found time to read prodigiously, to observe with care and precision, to make social studies in all directions, to acquire and dispense an encyclopædic knowledge. In *Facino Cane* he relates how he used to follow people in the street, workingmen, peasant women, all sorts of odd characters, to learn how they talked and on what subjects, and to obtain knowledge of their life and motives. In the same way he would wander for hours through the streets of Paris seeking good names for his creations. Like Dickens and Hugo, he attached much importance to names. He held that what he called a "dead name," that is an invented name, was objectionable. He always sought the names of living people for his uses, and was fastidious in his selection. With all the strenuousness and persistence of his work, he never hurried in finishing it. The most elaborate care was given to the perfection of everything he wrote. He had all his proofs pasted on broad sheets of cardboard, and in reading them he made so many changes that sometimes the cost of correction was more than that of composing the work originally. He would demand six, ten, a dozen, proofs, and over these he toiled as hard as over the first draft. His conscientiousness was great, and it was

shown in the smallest details. He would make a journey of several hundred miles to write a description of a landscape, a town, a house, and his portraits of places are as minute and complete as his portraits of persons. He was assisted by a memory which must have resembled Macaulay's in scope and retentiveness. He possessed the same faculty of seizing the pith of a book while glancing over the pages with rapidity. He was upheld in his incessant and exhausting labors by a constitution of remarkable strength and endurance, and a temperament of the South, reacting naturally against all that is dismal and sorrowful in life, grasping at every opportunity for joyousness, repairing the waste of mental and bodily tissue by thoroughgoing recreation whenever possible.

Nevertheless, Balzac's letters are painful. They not only indicate the stress of his unintermitted toil, but they show how the sordid, pecuniary anxieties of his situation weighed upon him. I cannot agree with the critics who see in his constant references to money only a greed of gain. It seems to me that Balzac is not chargeable with that fault. He wished, no doubt, to be out of debt and to be rich, but he cared more for his work, especially in his later years, than for what it brought him. His chief anxiety was to be independent, but the unthrifty methods of raising money which his poverty compelled him to employ continually retarded him by raising up fresh liabilities in the shape of interest, and so the Sisyphean labor was prolonged. In his correspondence the bitterness of his lot is plainly revealed. His letters to his sister and his mother, both of whom he cherished with a most constant and unselfish love, a love testifying to the unspoiled freshness of his heart even to the last, are full of complaints mingled with words of encouragement. He is killing himself; he is working eighteen hours a day; he goes to bed at seven, rises at one, works till

eight in the morning, takes a cup of coffee, and goes on again until four in the afternoon. But, courage! such and such a sum will be earned soon, and then such and such a payment can be made. It has been questioned whether he was really so heavily in debt as he represented himself to be, but there is apparently no warrant for doubt as to this. For a long time his literary earnings were small, and though he received comparatively large sums for his books during the last ten years of his life, he gives ample proof that the bulk of his income was absorbed in meeting his liabilities. No man so chained to the oar could have given his best thought to correspondence. It is in his books that one must look for that. But his letters to the lady whom he eventually married, the Countess de Hanska, and to his old friend Madame Zulma Carraud, and to the Duchesse de Castries, are full of fine reflection and often graceful and tender expression. To his sister especially he confided his hopes, ambitions, and difficulties. To her he shows his innocent literary vanity, his opinions of his own books, his views of the place they will take, and, too often, the chagrin caused by his over-sanguine previsions of the public judgment. There is no doubt that he was vain, that he believed in his own powers, that he was prone to regard all his books as masterpieces, that when he took up a new subject he thought his treatment of it would enlighten the world. But it is equally true that this self-confidence counted for much in his ultimate success, and that it was better justified by the actual extent of his powers than is often the case.

The plan of the *Comédie Humaine* came to Balzac after he had established his reputation. He was a long time in discovering his vocation, but he had been educating himself for the great work of his life during his dreary apprenticeship. He would become the

analyst of society. He would do for the human family what Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire had done for the brute creation. The *Comédie Humaine* was to be a philosophical dissection of society, a description of contemporary life and manners from top to bottom, and embracing all ranks, classes, and occupations. The conception was gigantic, and, when all the defects of the work are allowed for, it will have to be admitted that the execution is marvelous. Nor could it have been even partially accomplished save by the method Balzac adopted. A series of separate and unconnected stories would not have admitted of the subtle working out of complicated and far-reaching sequences of events such as real life presents. In the ordinary novel it is necessary either to represent a section of life cut off abruptly, without beginning or end, or fidelity to truth must be sacrificed to the exigencies of the plot. Balzac, by carrying his characters through a whole series of stories, was enabled to present them in many different aspects, and at the same time to work out those side-plots and ramifications of human relationship with which real existence abounds. His method enlarged his canvas enormously, and also gave an entirely new interest and emphasis to his situations. But only a master could have accomplished so great an undertaking with the measure of success he has achieved, or could have avoided the difficulties inherent in the scheme. In considering the qualifications demanded for the work, some of the faults charged upon Balzac are at least explained. To do what he attempted,—that is, to paint human nature as it existed in his time and country,—a mind as many-sided as nature is needed. But to paint human nature as manifested in the social organization, a catholicity of view is required which excludes optimism. It is one thing to describe the world as it ought to be, or as one would have it, but quite another to

describe it as it is. In most novels we find bad men repenting and becoming good, virtuous men rewarded by material prosperity, the villains punished and the heroes triumphing. But how far is this from what actually happens! As John Stuart Mill observes, "The general tendency of evil is towards further evil. Bodily illness renders the body more susceptible of disease; it produces incapacity of exertion, sometimes debility of mind, and often the loss of means of subsistence. Poverty is the parent of a thousand mental and moral evils. What is still worse, to be injured or oppressed, when habitual, lowers the whole tone of the character. One bad action leads to others, in the agent himself, in the bystanders, and in the sufferers. All bad qualities are strengthened by habit, and all vices and follies tend to spread. Intellectual defects generate moral, and moral intellectual; and every intellectual or moral defect generates others, and so on without end." This, of course, is but one side of the case, but it is precisely the side which fiction usually ignores, to the detriment alike of art and verisimilitude. But Balzac did not ignore it, and his recognition and full representation of it constitute one of his strongest claims upon posterity. In him, indeed, we see a resemblance to Nature, who distributes good and evil impartially, indifferently; elaborating the hideous and venomous tarantula as carefully as the gentle dove or the fragrant rose, and not seldom seeming, as in the tiger, to lavish her most splendid ornamentation upon incarnations of ferocity and savage power. Balzac took society as he found it. He did not attempt to improve it, unless showing it its own image might have an elevating tendency. He regarded his mission as that of a scientific social historian. And he undertook not only to describe society in its external aspects, but to analyze the springs of its various activities, to explain and characterize the motives

that inspired it, and to dissect away the conventional tissues which concealed its true desires and intents.

In applying his analytical methods he was deterred by no sentimental restraints. He looked everywhere, and set down what he saw,—vice or virtue, honor or infamy, as the case might be. That he should have been a cause of offense to many was inevitable, and equally so that the frank intrepidity of his analysis should be denounced as insufferable coarseness. He is coarse. There is no need to deny it, and his coarseness is often an injury to his work. But the question is whether, with a more delicate temperament, he could have done the work before him; and if the answer to this question is in the negative, as I think it must be, it will perhaps be considered well that he did it, even with the drawbacks attached to it. For so powerful a work has never been accomplished by another, nor is likely to be. And even in his most audacious moods, when, as his critics have said, he seems to take special delight in the analysis of some monstrous vice, some hideously deformed character, the marvelous insight which exhibits the inmost workings of a depraved human soul, the equally marvelous truth of touch which shows the gradual obscuration and extinction of the good principles and tendencies, assuredly produce upon the reader no seductive or demoralizing effect, but rather the emotion caused by the spectacle of an implacable destiny urging the lost creature to its doom.

Take as an illustration the shameful career of General Hulot, in *La Cousine Bette*. In all fiction there is nothing at once so appalling and so true as the study of that character. Beginning with a vice, he proceeds to the establishment of a habit. The habit masters him. To it are sacrificed, in succession, his domestic happiness, his fortune, his friends, and finally his honor. Ruined, expelled from the society of his equals,

humiliated, and broken-spirited, he becomes the mere thrall of a base appetite which has absorbed all his vital energies. In the end the appetite grows into a temperament, and the wretched victim disappears in an abyss of ridicule and imbecility, having broken the heart of his noble wife for the sake of a servant wench whom he makes her successor. The remorseless manner in which the career of General Hulot is traced, as though he were a curious disease rather than a man, undoubtedly adds to the impressiveness of the narrative. Every new symptom is faithfully recorded. The growth of the vicious habit proceeds steadily, pitilessly. One by one all the barriers between the victim and ruin are thrown down. As he sinks lower we observe the degradation of his mind. With each relapse the recuperative power diminishes, and when the terrible end arrives we feel that nothing else was possible in the circumstances.

Take, again, the career of Lucien de Rubempré, in the *Illusions Perdues*. There the key-note is struck in the first chapter. We have before us two young men: the one, simple, upright, patient, confiding, humble; the other, brilliant, gifted, fickle, unstable, selfish. Lucien is the second, and he works out his destiny in strict accordance with evolutionary law. His career in Paris is strikingly presented. Going there as a poet, from the provinces, with lofty ideals and ambitions, he is plunged into indigence. Temptation falls in his way. He has the choice between the companionship of a Spartan band of young philosophers and patriots, and affiliation with a circle of journalists, unscrupulous, selfish, malignant, corrupt. The journalistic employment offers him some material advantages. He is dazzled, and yields. Once in the downward way, everything tends to hasten his fall. His scruples are easily overcome, and he learns to lampoon his friends, to dupe

his employers, to play a base and double game. The description of the Paris journalism of the period in this book is one of Balzac's revenges, and it is a terrible revenge. He had been the target of the *feuilletonistes* for years. They had denied his genius, laughed at his pretensions, ridiculed the seriousness of his purpose, refused to see any but the frivolous side of him. In the *Illusions Perdues* he gave them their answer. There is no reason to suppose that he rendered them less than justice. Certainly his representations, though attacked, have never been refuted. The French journalism of the time was undoubtedly very corrupt, and he exposed that corruption with unequalled force and courage. Lucien de Rubempré joins this band of press brigands, and for a time prospers exceedingly; but having been foolish enough to desert the liberal for the administration journals, he is furiously assailed by all his former friends, and this is the beginning of the end for him. He has many adventures, but his feeble character carries him steadily downward, in spite of all opportunities to recover lost ground, and at last, having exhausted the possibilities, he dies by his own hand. Now the capacities and course of Lucien de Rubempré are in perfect accord. There is no error of judgment on the author's part. The young man marches straight, as by the necessity of his nature, to a given goal, and it is impossible to conceive of his avoiding the disasters which are at once his fault and his misfortune.

One of the most terrible of Balzac's characters is Philippe Bridau. In him we see a man who, beginning life fortunately, and having acquired honors and reputation in the army under Napoleon, falls into habits of debauchery. At first his faults are peccadilloes. But he has no real principle. He is thrown among scoundrels, and they quicken his degradation. One vice facilitates another. He proceeds from bad to worse, and

presently he appears a full-fledged villain, a thief, an assassin, a wife-murderer, a parricide. As he descends, his character hardens. His speech indicates the growth of infamy within, as his actions show his increasing familiarity with the externals of vice and crime. The picture is revolting, it is horrifying, but it is not monstrous. Philippe Bridau grows into the ruffian and scoundrel he is before our eyes. Each change for the worse is registered, and springs naturally from antecedent causes. It is thus that evil really tends to extend and increase evil. It is thus that the evolution of the bad in human nature proceeds. The subtlety and fidelity of the analysis, moreover, constitute an irresistible attraction. We appear to be witnessing one of those sombre dramas the Greeks affected. We feel that the Fates are presiding over the action, and that the evil must work itself out despite all opposition to its influence.

The tendency of weak humanity to take the line of least resistance, so often observed in real life, has been freely illustrated by Balzac. Thus the young Rastignac, in *Le Père Goriot*, on his introduction to the Parisian world plumes himself on resisting the bold and undisguised criminal propositions of Vautrin, but falls with scarcely a struggle into the net spread for him by Madame Nucingen. The fate of old Goriot makes a strong impression on him for the moment, but he goes from the grave of the miserable father to the house of his mistress. He has made his choice, and having parted with his scruples, and being endowed with audacity and perseverance, he mounts, prospers, becomes wealthy and distinguished. Is not this also in harmony with nature? Society does not punish the vice that respects conventions. It rewards courage and success without any regard to the morality of the applicant. Many of Balzac's characters are reprehensible, and flourish. Many are virtuous, and suffer.

We find virtue oppressed and vice triumphing, in his pages. We find dull greed often outstripping brilliant parts. We find malice joined with energy stronger than amiability linked with infirmity of purpose. But in all of this the writer has been entirely true to nature, and has fulfilled his function of analyst loyally and without bias.

The force of dominant ideas upon human character has seldom been more strongly exhibited than in Father Grandet and Balthazar Claes. The first is the type of the miser. Having passed his best years in amassing money, having become enormously wealthy, he develops a parsimony and a greed which would be merely disgusting if not relieved by a force of character which makes him, if not less a miser, at least a remarkable one. Here, too, the gradual growth of the vice maintains the interest, while the cunning of the crafty old man in compelling his sycophantic relatives to do his work and bear his expenses proceeds naturally from his lust of gold. In Balzac's hands the most odious of vices acquires a certain sombre grandeur, and in revolting from Grandet's meanness a regret is felt that a man of so much intelligence should become the victim of so degrading and dehumanizing a passion. What Grandet is, however, his character and environment have made him, and the trick by which he forestalls the market for his vintage is not more natural than the gesture of cupidity with which, when dying, he seeks to grasp the silver crucifix.

In *La Recherche de L'Absolu* the same study is varied. Balthazar Claes is a rich Fleming, who dabbles in chemistry until he thinks he has discovered the universal solvent. To this idea he becomes a prey, and by degrees is so absorbed by it that he forgets his obligations as a husband and father, and dissipates his fortune in the pursuit of his experiments. His neglect, abstrac-

tion, and reckless expenditure break his wife's heart. For a time he returns to himself, and promises to renounce the quest of "The Absolute." But the dominant idea is too strong for him, and with the infatuation and obstinacy of the chronic drunkard he at last seizes every opportunity to procure fresh means for his favorite pursuit, hesitating at nothing to obtain what he wants. After doing all in his power to ruin his children, he dies at last in the belief that he has grasped the secret; but strength and life fail him before he can impart it to any one. So, it might be said, Balzac himself toiled through a long career to find the secret of happiness, and died at length in the bitterness of realizing that it had come to him too late to be enjoyed.

That Balzac was specially attracted by the eccentric and the sinister in human nature is certain, and M. Gabriel Ferry, in one of a series of papers recently published in a Paris journal, on Balzac and his Friends, has given an illustration of this in the author's own words. In a conversation with George Sand, Balzac thus defined the difference in their method. "You," he said, "seek man as he should be; I take him as he is. Believe me, we are both right. These two paths lead to the same end. I am also fond of exceptional beings; I am one of them. I am obliged to bring forward my vulgar characters, and I never sacrifice them unnecessarily. But these vulgar characters interest me more than they do you. I magnify them; I idealize them, in an inverted sense, in their ugliness or their stupidity. I give to their deformities startling or grotesque proportions. You do not know how to do this; you do not want to see the people and the things which give you the nightmare. You idealize in the pretty and the beautiful; it is a woman's work."

The dramatic instinct was strong in Balzac, and he could not sacrifice the

larger opportunities for the display of his analytic and graphic powers which the exploitation of the seamy side of life afforded. Yet there is more of reality than of imagination in many of the scenes and characters in his books which have been most criticised. M. Ferry gives an example of this in relating George Sand's remarks upon the scene in *La Cousine Bette*, where Madame Hulot, distracted by the threatened ruin of her family, offers herself to Crevel. George Sand protested that this was monstrous, incredible. Balzac replied, "The history is real, the fact happened. I have conveyed into my romance an example of human baseness, — that is all." In the same way, when taxed with exaggeration in describing the wealth of old Grandet, he at once named half a score of living men in the provinces still more wealthy, and specified one who was in the habit of keeping always in his house a sum of several millions of francs in money. The part played by money in Balzac's works has been much commented on. Certainly he did ascribe to it a potent influence in society, but the only important question is whether he was justified in his position. He is not alone in maintaining that the cult of the Golden Calf is the dominant religion, and as much has been asserted of other countries than France. The view he presents of a society moved and controlled mainly by selfishness is no doubt humiliating. The almost illimitable power he attributes to wealth is not less so. But the charge brought against him, of taking an unnecessarily low view of society, seems not altogether clear. If the facts are not as he represented them, the indictment will hold. But inasmuch as he never pretended to depict life from the idealist point of view, confining himself strictly, or as strictly as he could, to describing things as they were, it is necessary to prove his infidelity to the actual before he can be justly arraigned.

His bad people stand out from the canvas with startling vividness. There is an energy about them which makes them seem to be more a work of love with their author than they really were. This energy, however, is the most remarkable fact in all Balzac's work. The creative imagination has never been stronger than in him. Explanation of this gift, in the present backward state of psychology, is almost hopeless. All his biographers and critics have attempted it, and all have failed. Chasles and Gautier come nearest to the truth in saying that he was *a seer*. He himself could not define his power, but several times he has essayed fragmentary outlines of it. Thus in *Facino Cane* he says, "Observation had already become intuitive with me, or, rather, it seized external details so thoroughly that it proceeded beyond them instantly; it gave me the faculty of living the life of the individual upon whom it was exercised, by putting myself in his place." And he says, further on, "To what do I owe this gift? A second sight? Is it one of those faculties the abuse of which leads to madness? I have never investigated the causes of this power. I only know that I possess and make use of it." All masters of fiction have this creative and substitutive power more or less. It was strong in Dickens and in Thackeray. But it has never been manifested at the same height as in Balzac. The tremendous energy which informs all his work, and which lends such significance to his speculations on the will, given in *Louis Lambert*, — that essence, as he puts it, which is subtler and more powerful than electricity, — endowed the creatures of his imagination with a vitality not less real and vivid than that which animates material beings. It did more than this. The fiery heat at which his brain worked not only impressed upon his characters a bodily distinctness and individuality, but it forced to the front and kept in evi-

dence everything which belonged to that individuality. Balzac's men and women appear so real because we are made to enter into the most intimate relations with them. It is not merely their physical portraits that are drawn for us with a master's touch; it is their mental habits and characteristics, their foibles, their virtues, their thousand-and-one petty ways, and their habitations, from garret to cellar. Taine says that Balzac first describes the town, then the house, and then the person who lives in it. He does so, but not exactly for the reason given by Taine. It is because this knowledge is really essential to the comprehension of men and women. All of us speak to our contemporaries as plainly through our personal habits, our domestic arrangements, our furniture, books, pictures, bricabrac, music, and whatever goes to make up the sum of our intimate manifestations, as through our intercourse, business, and politics. Balzac knew this intuitively: hence the prodigious elaboration and pains with which he completes his picture; hence the importance he ascribes to inanimate things, and especially to houses, rooms, and furniture.

There is in the profusion of his details not seldom something oppressive. The reader, if he be accustomed only to thin and colorless fiction, is made giddy by this crowd of images, and rendered uneasy by the earnestness of the narrator. Balzac said of himself, "Ideas flow incessantly to my brain. I am like a tree loaded down with too heavy a crop of fruit." There is truth in the figure. His fecundity was so great that while it did not confuse him, it no doubt often prevented him from making a selection among the swarming ideas which surged through his mind. But through all and over all the power of that mind is manifested. Sainte-Beuve says that Balzac's energy almost makes the page tremble as you are reading. It pervades all his works as the throbbing of the en-

gine pervades an ocean steamer at sea. And next to his energy is his flexibility. The Nasmith steam hammer, which can gently crack an egg, or fall with fifty tons' weight upon a heated mass of iron, is a not inapt symbol of this versatile genius, which could descend into the mud with a Marneffe, or rise with a Seraphita into an atmosphere too rarefied, almost, for mortal lungs; which could enter one day into all the scoundrelism of a Philippe Bridau, and on the next could paint a Benassis, a David Sechard, a César Birotteau, a Colonel Chabert, a Cousin Pons. If, as has been alleged, Balzac's good people are all more or less imperfect, the fact itself is a proof of the fidelity of his art. For in real life imperfection is the rule. It is only in idealistic fiction that wholly upright, pure, impeccable characters are found, and the further they are removed from the weakness of our common humanity the less they impress us. There is only one such character in Balzac, and that has been singularly misunderstood. Seraphita is not a romance, but a mystical poem, and a noble one. The central figure, Seraphitus-Seraphita, is emblematic of the spiritual condition in which, all the frailties of incarnated existence having been overcome, sex ceases; for pure spirit can have no sex. Reality is left behind in this book, which is not a story, but a didactic work, and which contains not only the Swedenborgianism Balzac got from his mother's library, but a mass of occult doctrine, the origins of which must be sought in the theosophy of India. Balzac was deeply disappointed because Seraphita did not acquire the popularity he had anticipated. Few men would have hoped to obtain any vogue for such a book; but he lived so much in the ideal that it was even more interesting to him than what the world calls the real. To Balzac his creations were the most real things he knew. When Jules Sandeau was once telling him about the sickness of his

sister, he interrupted him: "That is all very well, but let us return to reality; let us discuss Eugénie Grandet." Nor was there any affectation in this. He had called into existence a world of his own. He had peopled it with his own creations. They were endued with the vibrating energy of the brain from which they sprang. If they lived for the world, how much more did they live for him! When he went on a journey he would say, "I am going so-and-so; it is where M. Benassis, or Madame de Mortsauf, live." He always thought of his characters as of the people whom in all the world he knew best.

If he yielded too much to his predilection for the *bizarre* and exceptional, if his dramatic instinct led him to put his evil characters in too strong relief, it must not be ignored that he dealt conscientiously with his virtuous men and women, that he has described the beauties of nature with exquisite delicacy and insight, that he has written scenes of pathos not excelled in literature. If in some of his novels of Parisian life the atmosphere is close and malodorous; if in his pictures of the sordid scramble for wealth he has introduced us to too many Gobsecks, and Claparons, and Molineuxes, and Fraisières, and Kellers, and Nucingens, and Du Tilletts, in such stories as *Le Médecin de Campagne* he has led us into the most pure and stimulating of country air; in the *Lys dans la Vallée* he has given us charming rural sketches. Taine quotes with admiration one of his descriptions of a country garden on a spring morning. There is no odor of the lamp about it. It breathes all the freshness and fragrance of free nature, and it is elaborated with the un-failing patience and scrupulousness which Balzac brought to all his work.

His good men are thoroughly human, and therefore not free from faults. But where are there to be found more inspiring examples, more thrilling and moving representations? César Birot-

teau would not be half the man he is were it not for his weaknesses. As he stands, feeble, narrow, ignorant, vain, gullible, there is a grandeur and a nobility about him which draw all our sympathies to him. The Père Goriot, is he not a foolish, indulgent old man, of loose morals and a single idea? But as we follow the tragedy of his life, and stand at last beside his wretched death-bed, the greatness of his love and sacrifice transfigures him before us, and we uncover before a majesty of calamity which compels our respect. The Médecin de Campagne is a larger canvas, less thronged, and less saturated with passion. The feeling that breathes through it is of steadfast beneficence, not born of, but incited by, deep personal grief. It is not an ideal picture, for Balzac knew the original, and has named him in his letters. In the Illusions Perdues David Sechard stands nobly out as the type of an honest man. In the Parents Pauvres appears one of the most touching of the author's creations,—the friendship of Pons and Schmucke. Both these are wonderfully drawn characters, but the latter is perhaps unique in its simplicity, tenderness, loyalty, and affection. Humanity is the better for such studies, even when they end tragically, and Balzac, though often bringing his good people to sorrow and death, so subtly employs his art that the material success of brazen vice, however flourishing and triumphant, appears sordid and shameful by the side of the martyred virtue.

Many of Balzac's young men are endowed with energy, audacity, unscrupulousness, self-love; in short, all the qualities fitted to advance adventurers in the turbulent Paris world. They succeed often by fraud and treason, duplicity, mendacity, and chicane. They tread under foot better but less hardy people. They make ladders of their friends, and kick them down when they are no longer useful. They are immoral, cynical, heartless. But their success only renders

them more odious. In no case is it so represented as to be seductive. Rather, the inference drawn is that by such methods worldly success can be attained, but at the sacrifice of all that makes life worth living to any being above the level of a brute. These fashionable parasites, these neophytes of the Bourse, these haunters of the *coulisses*, are after all but convicts and criminals in masquerade. They inspire loathing and contempt, both they and the women with whom they are related. All this reverse side of Paris life, however,—we have the word of Balzac's contemporaries for it,—has been faithfully described by him. Sainte-Beuve, who disliked him heartily, has admitted this circumstantially. Gautier, Gozlan, Werdet, Desnoirterres, Baschet, Taine, all have declared the work of the social historian lifelike and true. It is ugly, hideous, if you will, but it is not imagined. Sainte-Beuve, indeed, says that Balzac sometimes confounded the realities of life with his own creations, and no doubt this is true. A man who brought into existence between two and three thousand people, each and all vitalized from head to foot, and who could not thenceforth rid himself of this swarm of characters, might easily commit such errors occasionally. But much of what has been called exaggeration in Balzac arises from the intensity and force of his creative faculty, which threw everything into the strongest relief, and which infused into the veins of all his personages an activity so preternatural as to make their behavior at times appear strained to the reader unfamiliar with his style. Also, as Gautier has said, his artistic tendency to present striking pictures caused him to arrange his scenes and figures with a view to realizing the full value of contrasts, of high and low light. Thus, in the *Ménage d'un Garçon*, he employs the virtues of Joseph Bridau as foils to the vices of his brother Philippe. Thus D'Arthrez and Chris-

tian are contrasted with the Du Tillêts, the Rastignacs, the De Marsays, the Maxime du Trailles.

In the exploitation of the life of youthful genius in poverty Balzac has shown that profound knowledge which comes from personal experience. He had lived it, and in the struggles of Lucien de Rubempré, of Raphael, and others of his characters he reproduced his own trials and griefs. Goethe's

"Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte,"

did not apply to him. He had eaten the bread and drunk the water of affliction, and his inner vision had been enlightened. In the *Peau de Chagrin*, indeed, as in *Facino Cane* and *Louis Lambert*, he has given many autobiographical fragments. He never hesitated to utilize his own experiences or his own possessions in this way. It is said that the famous gallery of pictures collected by Cousin Pons contains an accurate catalogue of his own paintings, and there is no doubt that he arranged a room in his house, in the *Rue des Batilles*, for the express purpose of testing the accuracy of a tragic scene he had conceived between Henry de Marsay and Paquita. It is to be noted that few of his young men are poets; in fact, in the whole *Comédie Humaine* there are only two, Canalis and Lucien de Rubempré. Balzac neither wrote verse, nor cared for it. In the *Grand Homme de Province à Paris* there are some sonnets. These were written by his friends. Gautier composed one, Madame Emile de Girardin another. It would be a mistake to conclude that Balzac had no poetry in him. His works prove the contrary abundantly. But he certainly had not the gift of verse.

Little has been said so far concerning his female characters. It is as impossible to render an intelligent judgment upon them in a few words as it would

be to define the intellectual, moral, and social status of the population of a city in a sentence. Balzac's aim was to sound the heights and depths of the society of his time. He excluded no types and he softened no characteristic marks. He meant to put on his vast canvas the best, the worst, and all the many intervening classes. Accordingly, his range of study is as wide as civilized humanity. For a time there was a disposition, especially among foreign critics, to question the fidelity of his studies of great ladies; but since his letters have been published it is apparent that he not only had ample opportunity to observe this class of women, but that he took advantage of his friendships with several of them to obtain their judgment upon his conceptions, and that his Madame de Mortsauf, Duchesse de Langeais, Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, Princesse de Cadignan, Duchesse de Beauseant, and the whole list of aristocratic women that sweep through his pages underwent the jealous criticism of noble friends of the author, whose position and experience were guarantees for the soundness of their judgments on social questions belonging to their own order. But the fact that the women were the first to recognize Balzac's powers speaks for itself. "Who," says Sainte-Beuve, "has better painted the belles of the Empire? Who has drawn more delightfully the duchesses and viscountesses of the end of the Restoration? — those women of thirty, who awaited their artist with a vague anxiety, so that when he and they met there was, so to speak, an electric shock of recognition." It was in the *Femme de Trente Ans* that this part of Balzac's mission was first clearly revealed. There is in that work a marvelous depth of analysis. The writer penetrates into the innermost soul of his heroine, and lays bare her mental processes with a precision and fullness which may well have astonished his generation. From that

time the woman of the period realized that she had found her historian, her painter. Certainly, the portraits which issued from Balzac's studio were often anything but flattering. To a Madame de Mortsauf or a Baronne Hulot succeeded a Marneffe, a Sylvie Rogron, a Madame Nourrisson, even, that epitome of depraved womanhood. The evil pictures were not less careful, striking, lifelike, than the good ones. Sorrow went hand in hand with Virtue. Nothing can be more pathetic than the situation of that beautiful victim, Madame de Mortsauf, in the *Lys dans la Vallée*. Placed between a brutal husband and an ardent lover, she maintains her honor and purity at the expense of her life. It is a battle, but without its sustaining excitement; a sombre, prolonged, deadly contest, in which at every turn the outrages and cruelties of the husband plead the cause of the lover. The death of Madame de Mortsauf is profoundly touching, and conceived with great power. Yet it is in the trials of women in the middle class that Balzac, perhaps, has produced his strongest effects. The history of Agatha Bridau and the Widow Descoings, for example, the history of Eugénie Grandet, that of the wife and daughter of César Birotteau, that of Margaret Claes and her mother, are full of a knowledge of life which seems more thorough and familiar than that displayed in the scenes from a higher social sphere. Balzac affected a cynicism about women which is largely contradicted by his own creations, and almost wholly by his own life. The Rabelaisian wit and *grossièreté* which he exhibited when with his artist and literary friends, and which took form in the *Contes Drolatiques*, were hardly real manifestations of character. The man who had but two strong desires in life, — "to be famous and to be loved;" who deliberately renounced all the pleasures of Parisian existence, and led the life of an ascetic, of an anchorite, in or-

der to attain freedom from debt and celebrity; who held that the writer must mortify the body in order to give full vigor and lucidity to the spirit, and acted for twenty years upon his own theory; who to the close of his life showed such tenderness of affection to his mother and sister; who loved but one woman, and married her, cannot, without introducing hopeless confusion into any study of his character, be regarded as the coarse, sensual creature Balzac has sometimes been represented. Few, indeed, of his contemporaries lived as pure a life as he. In his writings the vivid description of immorality must not be confounded with what is not to be found there, namely, the display of a fondness for the vice described. It is true that Balzac often painted evil with a certain scientific enthusiasm, but it was a scientific enthusiasm, — the enthusiasm, for example, of a physician for a new disease, and not the passion of a sensualist or a lover of evil for evil's sake. The distinction here is important, and cannot be safely disregarded. The creator of the Marneffe, had he been what some seem to have thought him, could never have been the creator of Madame de Mortsauf, of Pierrette, of Eve Sechard, of Seraphita.

He has portrayed many noble women. He has lavished an unequalled analytic and descriptive power upon them. He has delighted to show them in the family relation, unselfish, patient, tolerant, confiding, always ready to sacrifice themselves — nay, to crucify themselves — for those they love. He has shown them loyal, affectionate, prudent, wise, far-seeing, pure, innocent. His women are not, indeed,

"too good
For human nature's daily food."

They are natural, with the defects of their characters as well as with the virtues. But they are thoroughly real. We all know many like them. It is human nature that Balzac lays before us,

and with a fullness and completeness no other writer has approached, if we except Shakespeare. If in the ethics of the female world he describes there is sometimes that which jars upon the Anglo-Saxon mind, fault must be found with the state of society rather than with its historian. Balzac assuredly drew with a faithful and exact pencil the manners and morals of his time and country. In so doing he reproduced of necessity the local color, the national characteristics. We must accept these if we wish to avail ourselves of the immense magazine of facts concerning human nature which the *Comédie Humaine* constitutes.

Something has been said incidentally of his mystical writings, but they deserve a closer examination than can be given them here. In the first place, it must be observed that all men of strong creative force, all great writers of fiction especially, naturally and indeed inevitably lean toward the preternatural. This tendency was strong in Dickens and Thackeray and Bulwer. It must be so in those who possess the faculty of peopling "the void inane" with creatures of fancy, and of imparting to them all the traits and characteristics of living humanity. The idea of another sphere of existence is perfectly simple to the man who daily and hourly enters into and acts in such a sphere, and who knows that the creations of his brain have for him a reality often as objective as that of the desk he writes upon. Balzac, being thus gifted and thus prepared, inheriting also from his mother a liking for the occult, read widely in the literature of mysticism, and assimilated his studies easily. He knew the extent, antiquity, and uninterrupted descent of the occult sciences. The researches into mesmerism and clairvoyance which were made in his time were followed by him with deep interest. He knew and had experimented with the Didier brothers, whose clairvoyant feats a gen-

eration ago were the talk of Paris; nay, of Europe. He was as familiar with Herder as with Swedenborg. He had studied the Cabala and the mediæval alchemists as well as the sparse fragments of Oriental occultism and theosophy then open to the Western world. In his sketch of the Theory of the Will, given in Louis Lambert, he has summed up a philosophy which certainly was not his own invention, but many of the inductions of which he, with characteristic boldness, carried farther than his predecessors had ventured. In his speculation on the base of thought, he has postulated the existence of a force almost completely one with the *Akasa* of Hindu occultism, that subtle world essence, the matrix of electricity and magnetism, which some modern men of science have almost recognized in terms. In Louis Lambert and Seraphita, however, two distinct lines of thought are traceable. In writing the latter book he was under the influence mainly of Swedenborg. The framework and the salient outlines are from the seer's doctrine. In the strange discourse delivered by Seraphita before her ascent into the mountains an older mysticism than that of Swedenborg may be perceived, and an infusion, always luminous, of Balzac's own thought. In the extension given by him to the conceptions or revelations of previous writers, the keenness of his spiritual insight and the robustness of his reasoning power are exhibited strikingly. In Louis Lambert he has dealt more with the doctrines of the cabalistic writers, and here also are found many theories curiously in accord with the speculations which have recently been introduced from Asia to the West. It was not to be expected that these works should be received with the welcome given to his studies of society, though he himself was chagrined at their comparative failure. Even now there are relatively few readers who are prepared by previous

study to appreciate or comprehend them. They indicate, however, the grasp of Balzac's mind, and they refute the criticism which would deny him the possession of power or capacity in the higher regions of thought and imagination.

That he was thoroughly at home in those higher regions is too much to say. He could breathe at a great altitude, and he did not lose his self-poise or his perceptive faculties there. But the great work of his life was on a lower plane, among the toils and strifes of mundane existence; and the philosophy which pervades his writings is that of a man of the world. In politics he was an absolutist, and this position was a natural result of his observation and his limitations. He saw vividly and comprehensively the life of his own period. He had concerned himself little with the past. Democracy as revealed to him was full of evil. Absolutism in action he had not familiarized himself with, and therefore he regarded it as a remedy for and refuge from the license, the lawlessness, the iniquity, which he encountered. Being an absolutist, he was also in favor of a strong ecclesiastical system, and for the same general reasons. These theories, founded upon a too restricted view of human progress, are unworthy of him, but we should no more judge him by them than we should judge those English men of science of the present day whose strange views of politics have recently been put forward. It is when he has to do with the affairs of his own world, with questions of social moment, the laws of commerce, criminal jurisprudence, art, music, manners and customs, architecture, etc., that he exhibits his reflective and critical power most brilliantly. As Taine says, he reasons, and his characters reason, about everything, and almost all that is said deserves to be studied.

Balzac's style is peculiar. He took infinite pains with it, but he could not make it light or graceful. It is a close-

ly woven, compact, altogether unique style, representing the abundance and the energetic emission of his ideas. With him the difficulty always was to find room for the thoughts which crowded incessantly upon him. There was never any barrenness in his brain. On the contrary, the profusion of his ideas, the clearness of his impressions, the completeness, to the smallest accessories, of the mental pictures which his mind evoked, compelled in him so strong a habit of elaboration that the reader is often almost overwhelmed by the prodigality of his descriptions, and for those who demand only the story the frequent delays resulting appear vexatious and unnecessary. This packed, pregnant style would indeed be injurious to the reputation of any author less heavily freighted with important matter. But in Balzac, if there is at times a plethora of description, there is nothing that can be called padding. If he may be thought sometimes to expend too much labor upon the details of a picture, the relevancy of the details is incontestable, and the finish of the picture marvelous. Everything, too, with him, has a distinct bearing upon the end to be attained, and everything contributes to the impressiveness of that end. The description of the Maison Vauquer, in the *Père Goriot*, for instance, is a necessary introduction to the story. The key-note of the action is there struck. The tragedy is fairly opened by the scene which exhibits that sordid dining-room and its mistress. So, too, with the description of the Claes house, in the *Recherche de L'Absolu*, and also of the northern scenery in *Seraphita*. It is all necessary to the thorough working out of the author's plot. But what relieves Balzac's manner of the heaviness which is its peril is the singular energy of expression which pervades it. This has been referred to before, but it counts for a great deal in every point of view from which Balzac can be examined. There

is a life, a suppressed passion, in all his writings, which differentiates them from those of any other author, and which imparts to them a seriousness and an interest perhaps incapable of a more exact and lucid explanation. The intense absorption of the author in his own creations, the attitude of sober historical narration which even compels the acceptance of occasional extravagances and discords, doubtless contribute to this result. When a writer is convinced of the reality of what he is describing, something of the same faith passes into the mind of the reader; and when the creative energy of the writer is what Balzac's was, the impression produced is almost irresistible. It has been said that he employed strange and uncouth language; that his style was wanting in restraint and purity; that, as Sainte-Beuve intimates, Bonald could have given him useful lessons. Perhaps so, but Balzac is and always will be a much more important figure in literature than Bonald, and for sufficient reasons. He has taken for the expression of his thought whatever words, whatever phrases, were best adapted to give it force and impressiveness. He has rummaged the vocabularies of art, of science, of philosophy. He has not hesitated to use dialect or slang when the occasion called for it. The result is the most varied, rich, and comprehensive of styles, if not the most elegant. Classicism he had necessarily discarded. He was a man essentially of his own time. But he had taken all society for his province, and in writing its memories he employed all the Babel of languages which it comprises. And he was at home in them all, from the *argot* of the Bagne to the *patois* of Touraine; from the terminology of the cabalists to the slang of the studios.

Like many men of genius, he aspired to something foreign to his capacity. He believed that he could write good acting plays, whereas his dramatic abil-

ity, when cast in that form, was paralyzed. He wrote bad or poor plays repeatedly, but never one which could keep the stage. The necessity of succinctness in the drama, and of omitting all the details with which he was wont to crowd his pictures, embarrassed him fatally and caused his failure in this *métier*, which, moreover, he only attempted seriously when his style was fully formed and his literary habits were fixed.

The dramatic instinct was strong in him, nevertheless, and it is answerable for certain of his more serious faults. He was carried away by the situations he conceived, and not seldom sacrificed fidelity to nature to the love of picturesque and moving effects. No doubt, too, he inherited from his Tourangean ancestry a certain tendency to the florid. Thus color was sometimes more regarded by him than justness of composition. In dealing with the more delicate emotions he showed frequently a clumsiness which many writers not endowed with a tithe of his grasp or power have escaped. In the pursuit of his psychological studies, in the dissection of society, he displayed an indifference to the effect of his investigations upon the public mind which has been charged against him as immorality. Such an accusation, however, implies a failure to realize the true nature of Balzac's undertaking. Only when he misrepresents what he saw is he chargeable with infidelity to his engagement.

When the immensity of his labors is considered, the scope of his enterprise, the profundity of his analysis, the vividness of his description, the lifelikeness of his portraiture, the complexity of his plots, the skill with which he conducts the various movements of his characters, their distinctness and individuality, the realism of their reasoning and action, and finally the marvelous force with which all this mechanism is invested, and which urges it on inexorably to the appointed ends, it will perhaps be conceded that

a good many faults and shortcomings are required to counterbalance such qualities, gifts, and performances.

Paul Albert says that Balzac has shown the highest point the human intellect can attain to when destitute of an ideal. That Balzac was not altogether destitute of an ideal his mystical works demonstrate; but since the labor of his life was devoted to an undertaking the accomplishment of which necessarily excluded idealism, it seems rather hard measure to use against him offensively that which was a primary condition of his work. One does not think of reproaching a physiologist for not having an ideal. One perceives that an ideal is wholly irrelevant to his function. Yet Balzac was a physiologist in a very literal sense. It was his business to set down what he saw, not what he would have liked to see. Had he pursued any

other course than that which he followed so persistently and to such astonishing lengths, it would not have been possible for Taine to say, as he did, that Balzac, with Shakespeare and Saint Simon, is the greatest magazine of documents on human nature the world possesses. He is much more than that. He is far too great a writer to be summed up in an epigram, however smart, or labeled with a definition, however neat. As the historiographer of society, his importance and interest are certainly great; but what reinforces and gives solidity and permanence to his work is the penetration — the saturation, rather — of all his writings with that genuine human feeling, human passion, and sense of human weakness which lend to his creations a reality and a life such as will be sought in vain, outside of his pages, in the literature of fiction.

George Frederic Parsons.

JAMES, CRAWFORD, AND HOWELLS.

WE have long been used to the spectacle of English novelists turning out their work with all the regularity and punctuality of a machine in good running order. Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant occur at once to one as authors whose fiction could be counted on every season, year after year; and there was something agreeable in the reflection that one would get his minor canon or small lord, with now and then a bishop and a premier, as promptly and as surely as he got his tax-bill. It is only now, however, that one may count with equal confidence upon the home supply, and through the agency of the monthly magazine one may have his James, or his Crawford, or his Howells, year in and year out. We name these three because they are at present the most distinctly professional novel-

ists in America, and add their books to the annual sum of fiction with a delightful regard for the public eye and ear. Surely, it is no small mercy that, in these days of wearisome readjustment of all earthly affairs, three estimable gentlemen devote themselves with incredible industry and cheerfulness to the task of entertaining their countrymen. They are knights of labor who never seem dissatisfied with their lot, never work less than twenty-four hours a day, — it is impossible that they can accomplish all they do in less time, — and never seem to be engaged on any strike or boycotting lark.

Perhaps it is an equal cause for self-congratulation that they so rarely ask us to listen to their opinion on any of the topics which we go to them to escape. An eminent lawyer, in the good

old days when antislavery agitation was running huge cracks through church and state, expressed his devout thankfulness that there was one church in Boston to which he could go without fear of having his conscience disturbed. We feel a somewhat similar confidence when we open a new book by one of these three authors. To be sure, Mr. Crawford suffered a temporary aberration when a few months' residence in this country sufficed to qualify him to produce that droll variation of an English political novel, — *The American Politician*. Mr. Howells, too, came alarmingly near giving us views upon the divorce question, but was restrained by his artistic conscience, and gave us instead the reflection of an American surface, without his own reflections upon the reflection. But, barring these cases, the authors in question have provided us with a cool and shady retreat from the din and heat of modern discussion.

It might be supposed, at first glance, that Mr. James in his latest novel¹ was not going to let us off, but intended to drag us with him into the labyrinth of the woman question. Nothing could be more unjust. Mr. James, with the quick instinct of an artist, saw his opportunity in the strange contrasts presented by a phase of Boston life which is usually taken too seriously for purposes of fiction. We do not remember any more striking illustration of Mr. James's general self-expatriation. He comes back, as it were, to scenes once familiar to him, bringing with him habits of thought and observation which make him seize upon just those features of life which would arrest the attention of an Englishman or Frenchman. The subtle distinctions between the Laphams and Co-reys are nothing to him, but he is caught by the queer variety of humanitarianism which with many people outside of Boston is the peculiar attribute of that much

suffering city. He remembers, we will suppose, the older form, the abolition sentiment which prevailed in his youth, and now is curious about the later development, which he takes to be a medley of woman's rights, spiritualism, inspirationism, and the mind cure. He notices a disposition on the part of what a clever wit called Boston Proper to break away from its orbit and get entangled in this nebulous mass, and so he takes for his main figure a woman who is young and old by turns, according to the need of the novelist, a Bostonian of the straiter sect, who has yet, by the very force of her inherited rigidity of conscience, martyred herself, and cast in her lot with a set of reformers who are much the worse for wear. Olive Chancellor's high-bred disdain of her seedy associates is mingled with lofty devotion to the cause which they misrepresent, and the composition in character is extremely truthful and skillfully shown. What renders it even more fine as a personal portrait is the admixture of passionate, womanly appropriation of the girl whom she looks upon as the young priestess of the new church of womanhood; and the manner in which the woman is always getting the better of the doctrinaire strikes us as showing more completely than anything else in the book how thoroughly Mr. James has possessed himself of this character.

The second lady of this drama is Verena Tarrant, who was constructed for the purposes of the story, and is, we may say, a purely imaginary being. Mr. James may have had an indefinite image of the Priscilla of Hawthorne's *The Blithedale Romance* floating in his mind when he built this impossible Verena. Impossible, we say, because, while Hawthorne manages to invest Priscilla with a delicacy of nature in spite of her surroundings, Mr. James, in his analysis of Verena, makes her refined, beautiful, spiritual in her power, and in a hundred ways, when he is not

¹ *The Bostonians*. By HENRY JAMES. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

analyzing her, succeeds in betraying a cheap imitation of spiritual beauty. That Olive Chancellor, with a cataract over her inner eye, should fail to perceive the innate vulgarity of the girl is not surprising, but it is too much to ask of us that we should make Basil Ransom stone blind also.

Basil Ransom, however, is in certain ways equally remote from the life which he is supposed to represent. It was a clever notion to bring the antipathetic element from the South, and in a few features this hero of the story has a little likeness to an actual Mississippian; but we cannot resist the conviction that Mr. James has never been in Mississippi, as the phrase goes, and trusts to luck that his readers have not been there, either. We have not much quarrel with him on this ground, however. Perhaps we ought to be thankful, since an intimacy with Ransom's native surroundings might have produced another book of the story, in which the hero should have been built up as patiently and minutely as was the case with the Bostonians themselves. Suffice it to say that the fact of an extreme Southern birth and breeding count for a great deal in orienting this important character.

We have intimated that the book is not in the least a contribution to the study of the woman question, so called. It is rather a study of the particular woman question in this book. Instead of the old, familiar predicament of one heroine and two heroes, one of whom must get and one lose the prize, the two heroes are a man and woman, but the struggle is of the same general character. Who is to have Verena? Shall it be Olive or Basil? That is the question which is asked with great particularity and at great length. The novel is divided into three books: in the first, Basil is barely introduced, but Olive and Verena are built up like a coral reef; in the second, the contesting parties manoeuvre for position; in the third, the

conflict takes place, with what may be called a tussle at the end. We hope we may be pardoned for a slight "derangement of epitaphs" and for a possibly flippant manner in stating the argument of the book. The astounding array of particulars invites one to pause and see if he cannot abstract the generals. Indeed, one stands in amazement before the delicacy of workmanship, especially in the first few chapters. The minute touches with which the portraits of Olive Chancellor and Miss Birdseye are elaborated, and the quick, firm strokes that depict Mrs. Farrinder and the Tarrants, have never been excelled by Mr. James. There is a page given to Mrs. Farrinder which is simply a masterpiece in its way; its compactness intensifies its brilliancy, and the wit of its quiet sentences is as keen as it is easy.

The character, however, on which Mr. James has plainly expended the most careful and, we are tempted to say, loving descriptive art is that of Miss Birdseye. At first one fears that the author does not appreciate her, but one ends by seeing that Mr. James knew the pathetic nobility of the figure, and admired it, even while he was apparently amusing himself and his readers. It is not art alone that can do this, — something of personal tenderness must go into the process; and this character is the one redeeming feature of the book, if one is considering the humane aspects. The other persons are either ignoble, like the Tarrants and Mrs. Luna, or they are repellent for other reasons; but Miss Birdseye one falls in love with, quite to the exclusion of the proper heroine.

When we say that most of the characters are repellent, we are simply recording the effect which they produce upon the reader by reason of the attitude which the author of their being takes toward them. He does not love them. Why should he ask more of us? But since he is extremely inter-

ested in them, and seems never wearied of setting them in every possible light, we also accede to this interest, and if we have time enough strike up an extraordinary intimacy with all parties. It is when this interest leads Mr. James to push his characters too near the brink of nature that we step back and decline to follow. For instance, the details of the first interview between Olive and Verena in Olive's house carry these young women to dangerous lengths, and we hesitate about accepting the relation between them as either natural or reasonable. So far does this go that in the author's exhaustive reflections upon the subject directly afterward we feel as if another step only were needed to introduce a caricature by Mr. James upon himself. All this is still more apparent in the final scene of the book, which ought to have been the climax; instead of which, by its noise and confusion, and its almost indecent exposure of Miss Chancellor's mind, this scene allows the story just to tumble down at the end.

Mr. James himself is, we fear, somewhat contaminated by the people whom he has been associating with in this study. His book begins, as we have said, with a remarkable piece of writing, but by and by he falls into a manner which could only have been caught from the Tarrants. His own manner has a trick of being almost too familiar, with its elisions and its easy-going phrases; but his constant resort to the initial *well* in conversation, and his habit of reporting the mind as well as the conversation of his baser characters in a sort of third personal evasion of elegance, add to the general effect of slouchiness which much of the book produces.

We have been drawn by the spirit of the book into a more minute criticism than we had intended, but after chasing with Mr. James so long, it is difficult not to go on chasing him a little. It is when we stop and take the book as a whole that we forget how fine the web

is spun, and remember only the strong conception which underlies the book; the freshness of the material used; the amazing cleverness of separate passages; the consummate success shown in so dangerous a scene as the death of Miss Birdseye, where the reticence of art is splendidly displayed; and, in fine, the prodigal wealth scattered through all the pages. There is sorry waste, and one's last thought about the work is a somewhat melancholy one, but we all have a lurking affection for prodigals.

It would be hard to find a stronger contrast of methods than that which is exhibited by *The Bostonians* and *A Tale of a Lonely Parish*.¹ With two cities to draw from, Mr. James gave us really only four or five people, but they were types. Mr. Crawford takes us to a quiet English village, and introduces us to all the best people in it, — four or five, also. They are not types, — at least, they do not represent principles, or vagaries, or tendencies, or anything of that sort; but they are characters in a drama which vibrates between the tragic and the comic. There have been novelists who have said, Come to this little retired spot, and look into the apparently uneventful lives of the people; look long enough and deep enough, and you will see what will move you to tears or laughter, — the real conflict which goes on in human souls. But this is not just what Mr. Crawford intends. He sketches a lonely parish, and draws in a mild-mannered vicar and his wife, a young candidate for honors at the university, an unmarried English squire of middle age, and a refined Englishwoman and her child, who come to the village from no one knows where except the vicar and his wife. For nearly half the volume the reader is lightly entertained with the chronicle of the matter-of-fact converse of these people; there is no attempt at discovering

¹ *A Tale of a Lonely Parish*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

their spiritual anatomy, and except for the distant rumble of an approaching catastrophe the reader might think it scarcely worth while to attend very closely to such a harmless society. Nevertheless, he does attend, for he knows that Mr. Crawford, with all his ease of manner and apparent innocence of intention, is too clever a novelist to invite him to so meagre a tale as the ordinary development of the relations between the persons of the story would suggest. There is no subtlety of character-drawing to suggest that one is to be entertained by a conflict of souls; there is no humor to suggest that the whole tale is a piece of playfulness. One is aware, instead, in the earlier part of the tale, that the author is setting his stage. The figures are placed leisurely, but firmly; the scenery is sketched broadly, and one watches the sluggish current of the narrative with entire confidence that a quick, exciting denouement is in waiting.

We think Mr. Crawford has managed all the earlier portion of his tale with capital reference to what is to come. He gives the veteran novel-reader a perfectly open secret to keep; for in the entrance of a young mother and daughter there clearly is supposed some kind of a husband and father concealed in the background, and it requires no great penetration to imagine just the person who does finally appear upon the stage to create the disturbance which sets all the characters into animated activity. For a little while, indeed, one anticipates a double mystery, and is given to suspect Mr. Juxon, the squire, as keeping a secret somewhere about his person; but if Mr. Crawford intended this for a blind, as we think likely, he makes but little of it.

This art of preparation is well understood by our novelist. He employs it with great success, not only in leading the reader through the earlier pages up to the point where the movement sud-

denly quickens, but twice at least in more special instances. The immediate preparation for the advent of Goddard and that for the attack on Mr. Juxon are both excellently managed. There is no cheap use of premonitory signals, but the reader experiences an emotion which may be likened to the sensation one feels in the sultriness which precedes a thunder-storm, or in that breathless condition of the air that makes one look uneasily for a squall.

These marks of a novelist's power are very agreeable, and betoken a good grip of the story and a self-confidence which gives the reader a sense of security and a belief that he is not going to be trifled with. In this respect Mr. Crawford shows a positive advance on his previous work. He shows also a good understanding of the limitations of his story. Even the inconsequential character of John Short's infatuation for Mrs. Goddard, which at first seems like a feeble diversion in the tale, comes to have a fit enough place, and certainly is not overworked or allowed too much importance. The simplicity of modeling accords with the whole plan of the story. The characters all have a reality; but this is reached not by any attempt at building up carefully conceived individualities, but by a vivid and ready use of conventional persons with whom the reader is already acquainted. No one needs a special introduction to any of the people in the book; if formally introduced, one is ready to say, Your face is so familiar to me that I am very glad to have the pleasure of calling you by name.

No, the attraction of the book lies in its really being a tale, and a clever one. The situations follow each other, when the action finally is accelerated, with a quickness and naturalness which do not suffer the interest to flag. One is in no great doubt as to the termination, but one is quite curious to know the successive turns; and this, we take it, is a trib-

ute to the skill of the narrator. Is not this the proper function of the tale, that it should interest the hearer not so much in the issue as in the unwinding, and that the hearer should be just enough intent upon the immediate situation to be ready to leave it as soon as it opens into the next? At any rate, we pay Mr. Crawford his dues when we say that his tale interests one up to the end, and leaves nothing but a general satisfaction at the turn everything has taken. As we have intimated, the novelist's aim is very different from that of a writer who has taken up his quarters for the time within the consciousness of his characters, and is busily engaged in exploring his temporary establishment.

Do we come back to a novelist of this order when we inquire into the nature of Mr. Howells's latest novel? ¹ A careless classification includes Mr. James and Mr. Howells, but we fancy we are doing them both justice by wedging Mr. Crawford in between them. They are really scarcely more like each other than each is like their younger companion. Their common ground is simply that they occupy themselves with similar material,—namely, the men and women whom their readers are likely to meet,—and that they work from individuals to the general, rather than, as in Mr. Crawford's case, accept ready-made individuals out of the general lot. The use which they make of their material is very different, even as their purpose is different. Mr. James is bound to find out all he can about his characters, and he performs a vast number of experiments with them, extremely ingenious and very satisfactory to the scientific mind. Mr. Howells is not a vivisectionist; he is a naturalist, who makes use of the microscope occasionally, but ordinarily depends upon his own highly developed organ of sight, for a study of the habits and variation

of a few species which have come to interest him. He widens his range of observation and then contracts it, but his mode of operation remains the same. What his characters will do when left to themselves, that is his interest, and he watches them with unflinching attention. The difficulty with him, as with many another naturalist, is that he is too much of a specialist, and that his specialty limits the range of his sympathy. Sparrows, orioles, wrens, are all engaging little creatures, and one may observe them with great delight; but after all, an ornithologist may make a mistake who looks with all his might and main at some chattering English sparrows, when likely as not there is a flight overhead of some strong-winged wild geese sweeping northward after a southern hibernation, or possibly even some hawks poisoning in upper air for a downward swoop.

It is by such decorous figurativeness that we hint at our slowly hardening disappointment over the limitations which Mr. Howells chooses to set himself. What we continue to admire is the fidelity with which he portrays the life which does interest him, and the unflinching charm which lies in his lightness of touch. He has chosen for his theme in *Indian Summer* a very elusive yet sure human experience, for he has attempted to fix that consciousness of loss of youth which afflicts many men at the uncertain period when a slight sluggishness of one's nature is discovered,—the sumach period that comes at different ages in different persons. He has not intimated that women have such a period, but he concentrates his attention upon the hero of his story, who is admirably conceived. The grace with which he has managed to betray Colville's self-discovery without torturing the reader, to keep his hero heroic while he smiles at him, is the best thing in the book. As usual, the incidents of the story are insignificant; we are told

¹ *Indian Summer*. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

rather how the several people behave than what they do. In one instance, however, there is a very clever turn to a situation, which is so quietly done as possibly to escape the attention of some. At the critical moment of the story, if the story can be said really to have a crisis, the hero, who could be happy with one, if t'other fair charmer were away, betrays instinctively his choice when, as he runs to the side of the carriage about to be overthrown, he cries, "Jump, Mrs. Bowen! Jump, Effie! Imogene"—Imogene understands that order of his thoughts very well, and prefers to be pulled out of the other side of the carriage by Mr. Morton; but it is characteristic of Mr. Howells that he should let his crisis take care of itself, as it were. So essentially undramatic is he that if he were engaged in setting forth the life and career of Julius Cæsar, the Rubicon would appear in all the diminutiveness of its actual nature, and not broadened or deepened by its historical overflow. He would doubtless say, in justification of himself, that the crossing of the Rubicon was not momentous in itself; that it merely represented one step in a series, every one of which was significant if you chose to consider it so; that a person is rarely consciously dramatic, and that it is a mistake to treat him as if he were. We are not offering to discuss at length Mr. Howells's philosophy of novel-writing, but wish to indicate something of the practice into which it leads him,—a practice, we contend, that lessens the meaning of every selected act by making no one of them especially significant. Mr. Howells may wish to persuade us, by keeping our eyes intent upon the near roadside, that we are not climbing much of a hill, but the objection to his course is that when we get to the top of the hill we are not suddenly made aware of our progress by being shown the prospect before or behind.

As for the other characters of his story, there are two that win the reader's affectionate interest: the clergyman, who is enjoying a veritable summer after the frost had set in, and Effie Bowen, a delightfully drawn child. It is in the depicting of this little figure that Mr. Howells's art is seen at its best. We do not remember that he has before drawn the portrait of a child, but it is easy to see why he should do it well. His sympathy finds genuine expression, his liking for caprice can be indulged without exaggeration, and the very limitations of a child's nature accord with the limitations of Mr. Howells's art; for he sees people, as it were, here and there, and that is just the way we see a child. No large conception is required, no long-sustained sight following a figure through devious ways, but mainly a sympathetic, penetrating vision of a miniature nature which discloses itself by little signs. Imogene seems to us scarcely a successful portrait. The literary conversation, indeed, is inimitable, and is a first-rate piece of character-drawing; but the basis of the character, in the idealizing of Colville's early love affair, appears too weak to sustain the whole structure. Mrs. Bowen is better, yet neither of the two ladies is quite new enough, as a variety, to warrant us in regarding her as a distinct addition to Mr. Howells's Gallery of Nervous Women.

It is one of the subtle perils of the reviewer that he should mistake his own entertainment for the performance of critical duty. It may be counted, then, either as a return to a sharp sense of his responsibility, or as a wish to range himself with the persons whom he has been considering, when he reminds the reader of what he said at the outset,—that these three authors have a fair claim on public gratitude. We may turn their books upside down or inside out, but, after all, are not the

books positive additions to the sum of pleasure in this tumultuous, sadly knocked-about world? More than that, we may well put our criticism behind

us, or in the fire, if you will, and join in an honest self-gratulation that James, Crawford, and Howells are telling their stories year in and year out.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At the last sitting of the Club a contributor seemed inclined to treat with a certain levity his own suggestion of advertising for a friend. Yet is there not a serious side to what was, no doubt, at bottom, his thought on the matter? If one cannot exactly publish an advertisement for the purpose, might there not be ways, open to persons even of the most sensitive taste, of extending the possibilities of intimate human relations beyond the small circle of hap-hazard association? It is a curious thing to reflect on, that this connection of two persons in friendship, while it is one of the most important facts in their lives, is one of the things left most completely to chance. We do not go out, some fine morning, and examine all the diverse characters in our environment, and deliberately choose this or that one for a friend. It is left rather to mere "accident, blind contact, or strong necessity of loving." A natural reason for this, it may be said, is that the case of friendship is unique among human relations in the fact that the choice must necessarily be mutual. It would be awkward, that is to say, if, after making a deliberate examination of the whole field, we should choose, and not be chosen. Another difficulty in the way of wisely making a free selection among any great number of persons is that, after all, however wide our circle may happen to be, it is only wide relatively to circles which are very narrow. The largest round of acquaintance has but a small circumference in the

great mass of humanity. With the greatest number of those included, moreover, it covers but a "speaking acquaintance." The most experienced and the most widely circulated of us have been able to "summer and winter" but a very few people. Sometimes I think the only men I really know are those who were in college with me. This is not on the principle "*in vino veritas*," but on another principle that might well be embodied in a Latin maxim, if it is not, "*in juventute veritas*;" which is not quite the same as saying that "children and fools speak the truth." This is probably the real reason, by the way, that all through life there are never any friends like the college friends,—there are never any whom we know so through and through; and out of perfect knowledge comes the only perfect trust.

Whatever the difficulties in the way of a wider reach of friendships, it does not seem reasonable that we should be so shut up to the small geographical limitations of our village, or city, or "set." Why might not people seek out friends for their friends? There would be nothing odious about that sort of match-making. I know and love a man in California, for example, who is just suited to a man I know and love in Berlin. Why do I not bring them together? When one prints a book, or even a magazine article, and some kindred spirit, hitherto unknown, is courageous enough to follow his sensible first impulse (instead of letting that sullen goblin, the sober second thought, fling cold

water all over it), and writes to say he likes it, why may not this sometimes be followed up, and become the basis of something worth while? (Of course there are always ear-marks in any such letter, to distinguish that of him who writes because he likes your thought and that of him who writes because he likes to say so.) In some such ways the half-souls that Plato tells about might find their other halves. Or the quarter-souls might find their other three quarters; for was not Plato's idea inadequate to the fact as to most of us, who need a group of at least three others to make a complete and satisfying integer of companionship?

It is an interesting and yet after all a melancholy reflection that very likely, at this identical instant, there is sitting down to a dinner-table in London, or putting on his gloves in Munich, or walking through the Common in Boston, a person who is more nearly akin to ourselves, and more fitted in every way to be our dearest friend, than any one of those whom chance has hitherto thrown in our way. For it *was* chance — or (if we do not like the implications of that word) the concatenation of causes uncontrolled by our own volition — that determined our closest friendship, whatever it is. At the very moment we first took that hand, some other hand, for aught we know, may have brushed by, at no greater distance, on the other side, — a hand that might, it is as likely as not, have *fitted* our own better in every possible respect. How do I know, even as I write these words, and dip my pen in the ink, and pause, but a letter has been addressed in Calcutta or Stockholm which, had it been addressed to me, would have renewed and illuminated my whole future life? But the man and I are fated to be strangers. We have never met, shall never meet. There is no magic telephone threading the air between us; and, if there were, we should only exchange some superficial

word. Nothing short of living some segment of life together can make two men into friends. Even letters are of little avail. The best of our epistles do not bring the deep places of our minds into communication. They are hardly more than some less abrupt species of telephonic "hello."

But, for all that, even the oldest and gnarliest of us keep somewhere a vague belief in new possibilities of intercommunication, and sometimes we are moved to sing (under our breath) in such wise as this following: —

TO THE UNKNOWN SOUL.

O soul, that somewhere art my very kin,
From dusk and silence unto thee I call!
I know not where thou dwellest: if within
A palace or a hut; if great or small
Thy state and store of fortune; if thou 'rt sad
This moment, or most glad;
The lordliest monarch or the lowest thrall.

But well I know — since thou 'rt my counterpart —
Thou bear'st a clouded spirit; full of doubt
And old misgiving, heaviness of heart
And loneliness of mind; long wearied out
With climbing stairs that lead to nothing sure,
With chasing lights that lure,
In the thick murk that wraps us all about.

As across many instruments a flute
Breathes low, and only thrills its selfsame tone,
That wakes in music while the rest are mute,
So send thy voice to me! Then I alone
Shall hear, and answer; and we two will fare
Together, and each bear
Twin burdens, lighter now than either one.

— Do poets often compose in their dreams? I ask this question because of an occurrence for which I have encountered no psychological explanation, though I find that others have had similar experiences. One morning I awoke from a dream in which I had been composing verse, a stanza of which lingered in my memory a few minutes. As I lay thinking it over and endeavoring to retain the words, the very effort seemed to have an effect like a breath on a snow-flake; it all slipped elusively away, and the remembrance of it faded utterly, leaving nothing but the consciousness that it had been.

The process of composition was un-

like that employed in waking consciousness, in which thoughts gradually centre themselves around a poetic conception, and then are moulded into form with slow elaboration and painful mental exertion. All sense of effort was absent. The finished verse, perfect in rhythm and rhyme, came spontaneously into being, like some natural creation, flowing as freely as a brook flows. My feeling on awakening was one of exquisite delight at the beauty of the operation, mingled with dissatisfaction that such excellent means should be employed upon such meagre material; for the *motif* struck me as commonplace, if not meaningless.

I lay no claims to poetic rank, although, like hundreds of other writers, I have frequently devoted to verse-making time which probably might have been better employed in other things. It was done more for mental recreation and as a literary luxury than with ambition for the crown of laurel. The fault of such work was mainly, I think, in a failure to give sufficient finish and symmetrical form to what seemed to be a good poetical conception. I could not make adequately manifest to others the image which I clearly perceived in the marble. In my dream-verse, however, there was no fault to find with the form, but the work itself did not appear worth the doing.

I am inclined to account for this phenomenon of composition in sleep on the principle governing the numerous well-authenticated cases of work performed in a somnambulist state. There have been writers, for instance, who have thus unconsciously done some of their best work. Mental labor of any kind is the more easily accomplished, of course, the less the attention is distracted by consciousness of material surroundings. When our thoughts are concentrated upon what we are doing, then the mind least feels its thralldom to matter. It is for this reason that our work most easily

proceeds after we have been at our desks for an hour or so, and the mechanism of the brain has settled down to smooth and steady running, like the engine of an ocean steamer that has worked its way out of tortuous harbor channels into the deep water of the open sea. It seems likely that somnambulist work is done after a similar fashion. There is a central idea planted firmly in the mind, where lie also the unarranged thoughts on the subject. Certain conditions, akin to those causing crystallization in a liquid where all the requisite elements are in solution, bring about the right adjustment of mental forces; the thoughts obey this mysterious impulse and quickly gather themselves into shape, while the mind is unconscious of everything but the one object in view, and hand and pen automatically do its bidding.

The most notable case of dream-poetry which has come to my knowledge is that of the writing of the poem called *A Rose-Leaf*, by the late Mrs. Helen Jackson, who, in a letter to a friend, related how she actually and literally dreamed it, awaking with the words on her lips. She immediately wrote the verses down, and then handed them to her physician, — it was but a few weeks before her death, — with the question, "Can you tell me what this means? I am sure I do not know, myself!" Another curious instance is that of a lady I know, who tells me that she could not possibly write a line of verse, but that, as she is falling asleep, her thoughts invariably take the form of rhyme and rhythm.

It seems as though the work of the improvisators of the Middle Ages might possibly have been done by their throwing themselves into a state of unconsciousness to external influences akin to dreaming; though, after all, their gift appears to have been the same in kind as that of the trained orator, who attains his facility through self-mastery, and at

the same time a loss of self-consciousness, as he merges himself in his subject.

As the orator, the singer, the actor, throw themselves, by the force of their will, into their art, and in a greater or less degree lose the consciousness of their surroundings, may there not be some way by which we writers could throw our consciousness so utterly into our work that the mysterious machine,

our brain, once set agoing, might keep on, unbeknown to our external selves, until its task were done? Then we might inspect the finished product of our pen in a shape all ready for editorial judgment, which, under such circumstances, would surely be one of approval! If I could only do this, I am sure I would turn out a better poem than the forgotten one of my dream.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biography. Macmillan has issued the fifth volume of the Dictionary of National Biography, bringing the work down to "Browell." The editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen, is avoiding the danger into which he threatened, in the earlier volumes, to fall, that of giving great space to minor persons. — The Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, LL. D., by Charles Burr Todd (Putnam's Sons), will be reviewed in the next number of *The Atlantic*. — Diderot, by John Morley, forms the fourth and fifth volumes of Macmillan's very neat uniform edition of that author's writings. It is safe to pronounce Diderot Mr. Morley's most important work. — The Life of a Prig, by One (Holt & Co.), is a very clever bit of satire, the edge of which will perhaps cut deeper on the other side of the water than on this. The hero's various religious enthusiasms are delightfully described, and his audacity is charming throughout. "If this little work," he remarks, "should have the effect of making even one prig more priggish, the writer will not have labored in vain."

Medicine and Hygiene. Ounces of Prevention, by Titus Munson Coan (Harpers), is a collection of papers having reference to ventilation, drainage, diet, the care of the body, and so forth. Dr. Coan hopes by his little book to help in that training of the community which is to make a man a physician long before he is forty, and to shrivel the other horn of the dilemma. — Tokology, a book for every woman, by Alice B. Stockham, M. D. (Sanitary Publishing Co., Chicago.) This is a revised edition of a book published originally in 1883, and devoted to giving advice as to the production and early care of children. Tight lacing catches it, and we rub our hands. — The Adirondacks as a Health Resort, showing the benefit to be derived by a sojourn in the wilderness, in cases of pulmonary phthisis, acute and chronic bronchitis, asthma, hay-fever, and various nervous affections. Edited and compiled by Joseph W. Stickler. (Putnams.) Dr. Stickler fortifies his position not only by citation of cases, but by many letters from persons who have resorted to

the wilderness, and as these are, in most instances, persons of education and intelligence, the letters have a higher value than ordinary testimonials.

Cookery. French Dishes for American Tables (Appleton & Co.) has an appetizing air. The work, which is conveniently arranged and neatly printed, is translated by Mrs. Frederic Sherman from the French of Pierre Caron, who is described on the title-page as "formerly chef d'entremets at Delmonico's." — E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, issue a series of monthly *menu* cards, giving a very complete list of dishes in season. There is one unknown to us, — hominy ice cream. It must be nutritious; is it also agreeable? — Food Materials and their Adulterations, by Ellen H. Richards (Estes & Lauriat), is a sensible, practical book, which the ordinary housekeeper will find of use.

Books for Young People. Wakulla, a story of adventure in Florida, by Kirk Munroe (Harpers), gives a lively picture of whatever is extraordinary in the experience of settlers in Florida. All the adventures in the book might have happened to one family, but we suspect that most families are provided with lightning-rod devices, and this one was not; hence all the storms of accident burst upon their devoted heads. — Two Arrows, a Story of Red and White, by William O. Stoddard. (Harpers.) Life among the Nez Percés and Apaches forms the basis of this story, in which young Indians and young whites bear a part. The book is generous toward the Indians, and does not make one hang his head so much as some truthful Indian narratives do.

Education and Text Books. Outlines of Psychology, with special reference to the theory of education, by James Sully; reading-club edition, abridged and edited, with appendices, suggestive questions, and references to pedagogical works, by J. A. Reinhart. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) Mr. Reinhart has undertaken to adapt Mr. Sully's comprehensive work to the needs and uses of teachers in America, especially to those who are in training in normal schools.